BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1935

1/-

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COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Sections

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> *Pale hands, pink tipped, the lotus buds that float*
> *On those cool waters where we used to dwell.''*
> KASHMIRI SONG:
> INDIAN LOVE LYRICS

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Use Crème Shalimar and be proud of them! It keeps them in perfect condition. Crème Shalimar is for those who want hands of refinement, culture and charm. Well-kept hands always arrest attention; they excite admiration whether at work or play—knitting or needlework, pouring out the tea, playing Bridge, arranging flowers.

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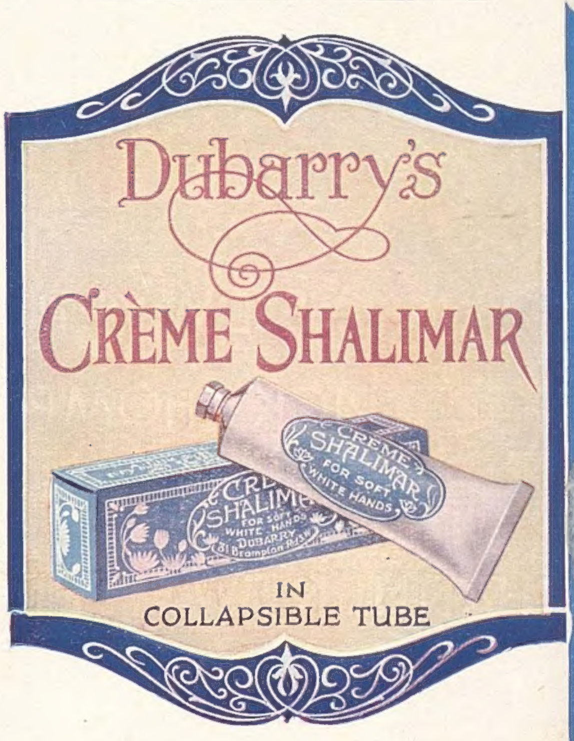

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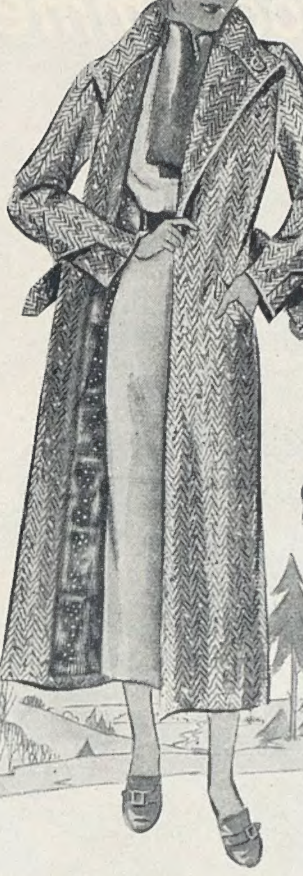
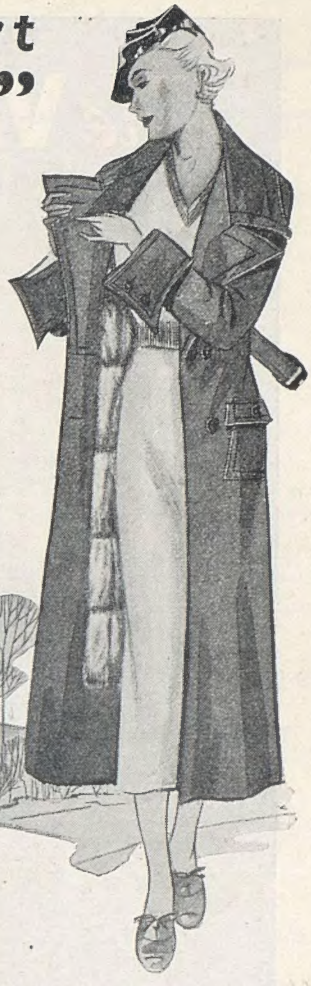
choose a "corocoat"





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post the coupon below for full details of these and other new models, **or call at the corot showrooms** and see them for yourself.

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(below)

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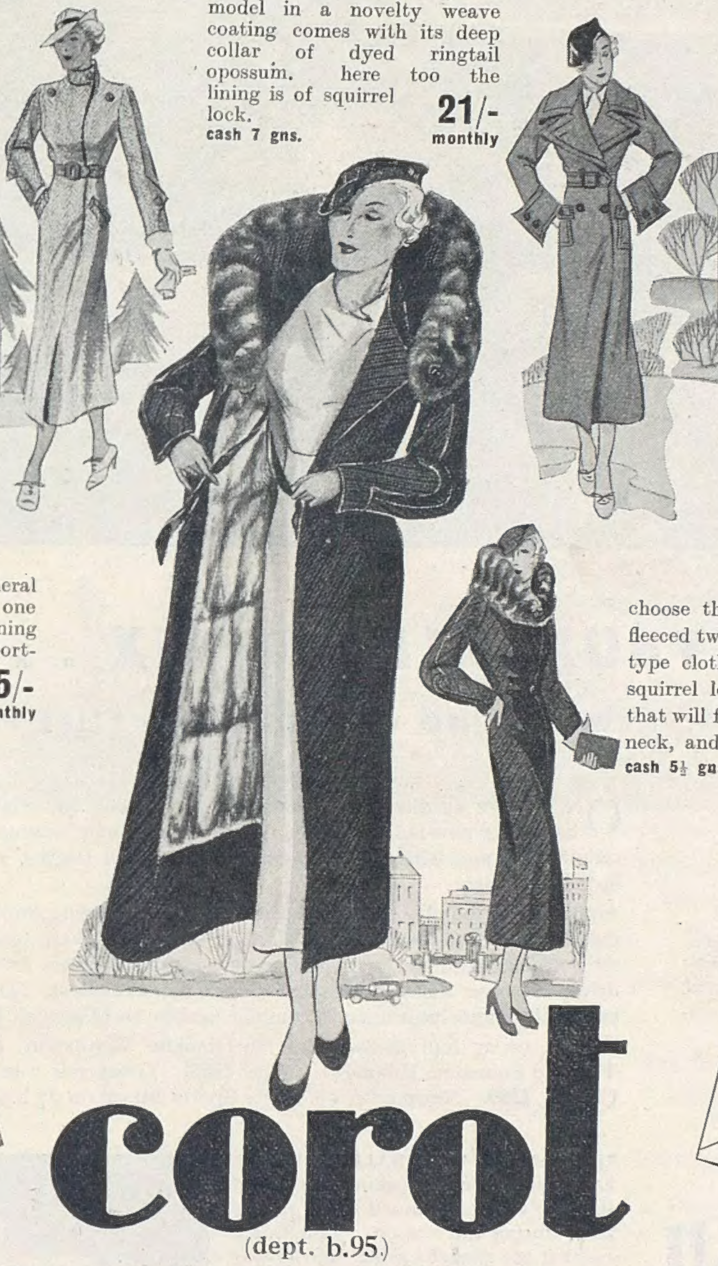

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choose this model in one of the new fleeced tweeds or in a plain camel-hair type cloth, with the lining of natural squirrel lock. notice the storm collar that will fasten closely to the neck, and the large pockets.

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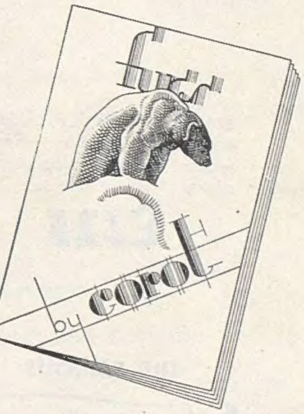

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(dept. b.95)

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name ....

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b.95

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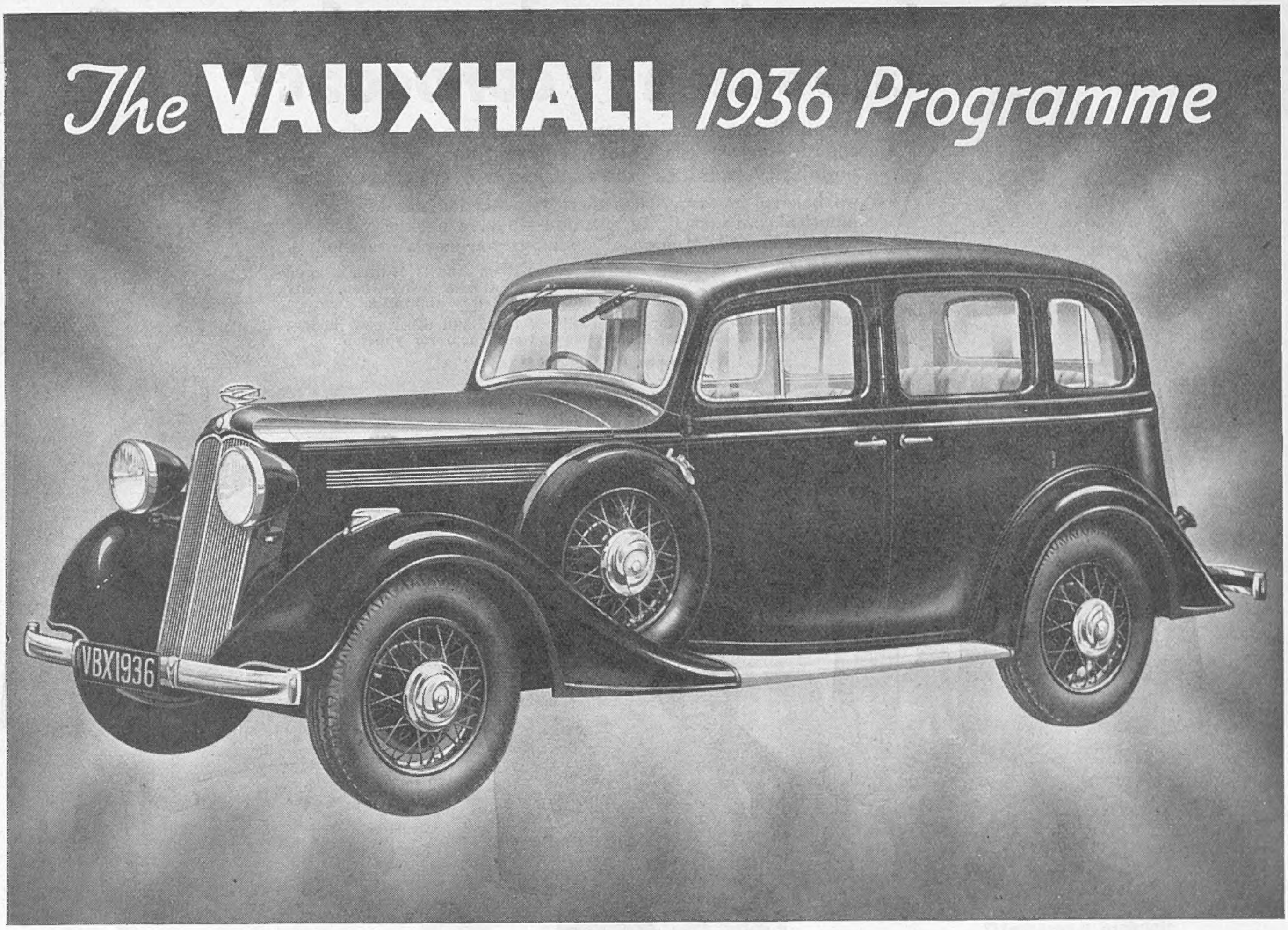

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20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine available to choice. Five-seater Saloon illustrated above.

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Vauxhall

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£205

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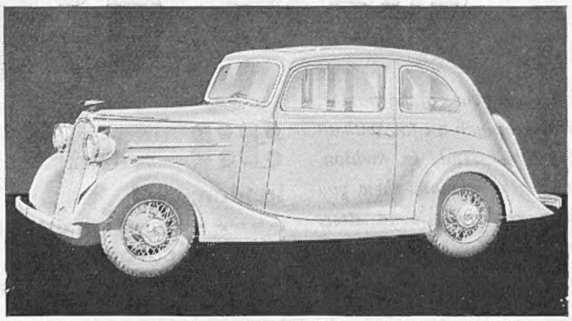

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 11, No. 5. NOVEMBER, 1935

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by *Grant Macdonald*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 152 The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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9 0 ×	6 0	4	1	0	13 6 ×	12 0	12	3	0
9 0 ×	7 6	5	1	6	15 0 ×	10 6	11	16	6
10 6 ×	7 6	5	18	6	15 0 ×	12 0	13	10	0
10 6 ×	9 0	7	1	6	16 6 ×	10 6	12	19	6
12 0 ×	9 0	8	2	0	16 6 ×	12 0	14	17	0
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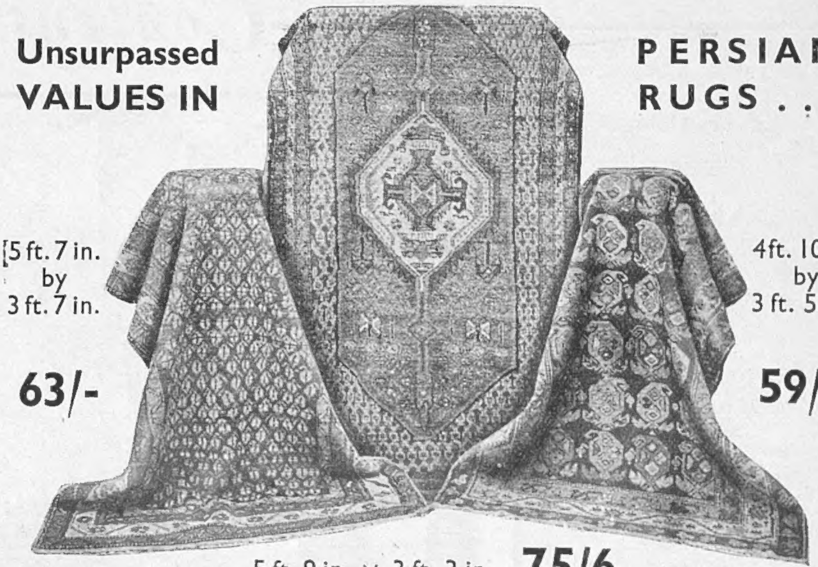

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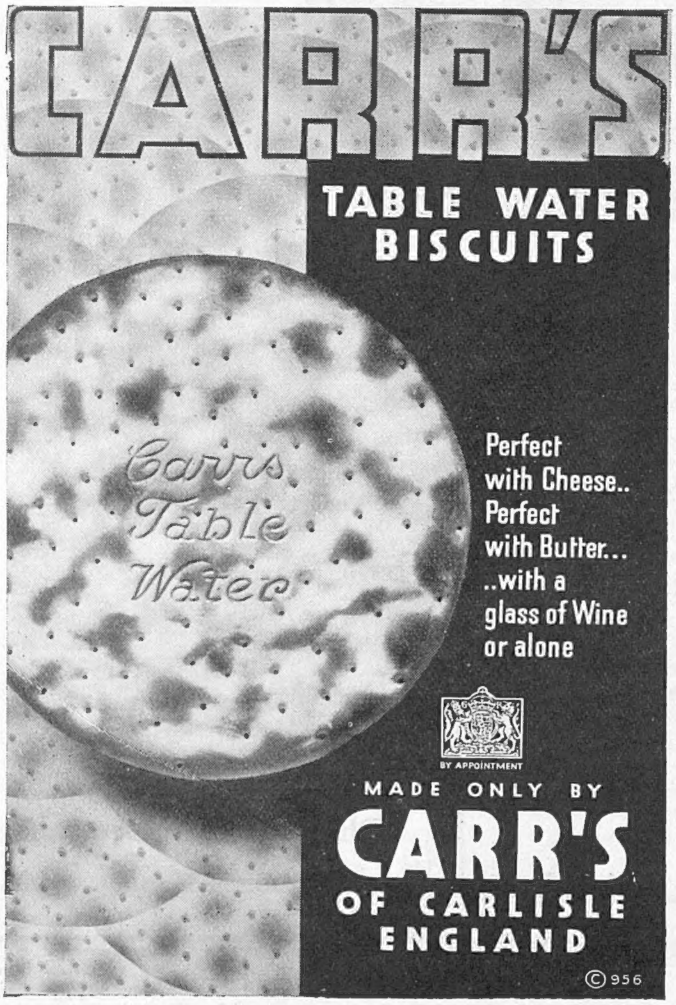

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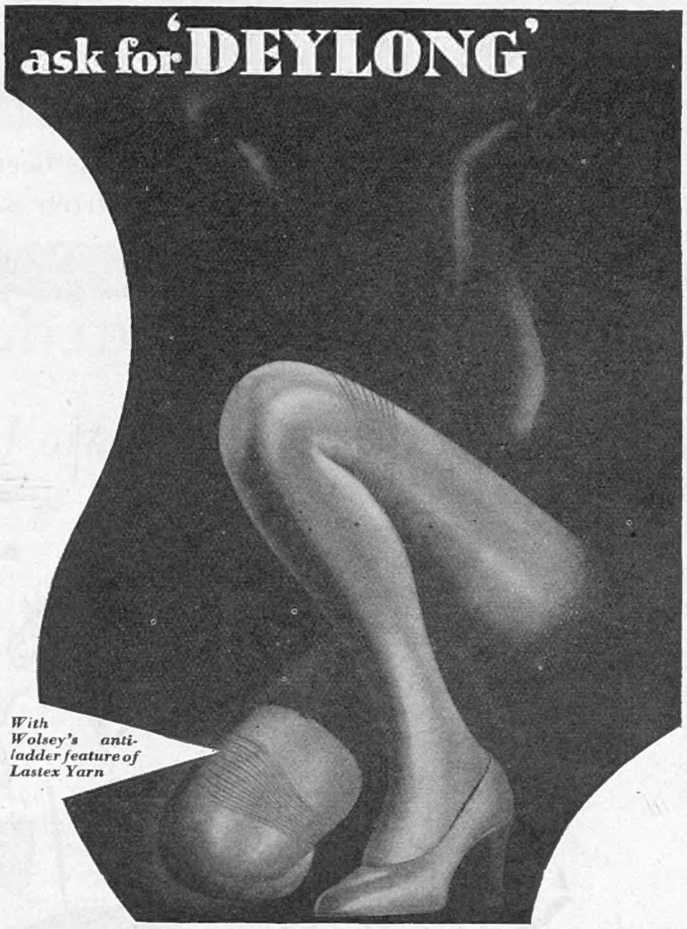
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With Wolsey's anti-ladder feature of Lastex Yarn

'DEYLONG' lets you sit, stretch, kneel, bend, in utter freedom—of mind and body. It yields, it stretches, thanks to the flexible Lastex Yarn inset woven in above the knee. So this welcome Wolsey stocking fits all legs perfectly—even after wear and washing. An effective barrier against suspender damage too. Much more comfortable. Much cheaper. Service weight of pure high-twist silk. **4/11**

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining Wolsey stockings, please write to Wolsey Ltd., Leicester, for name and address of your nearest stockist.

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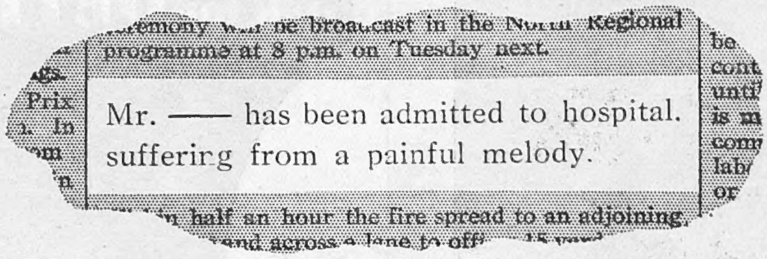
You can get what *you* want in WOLSEY

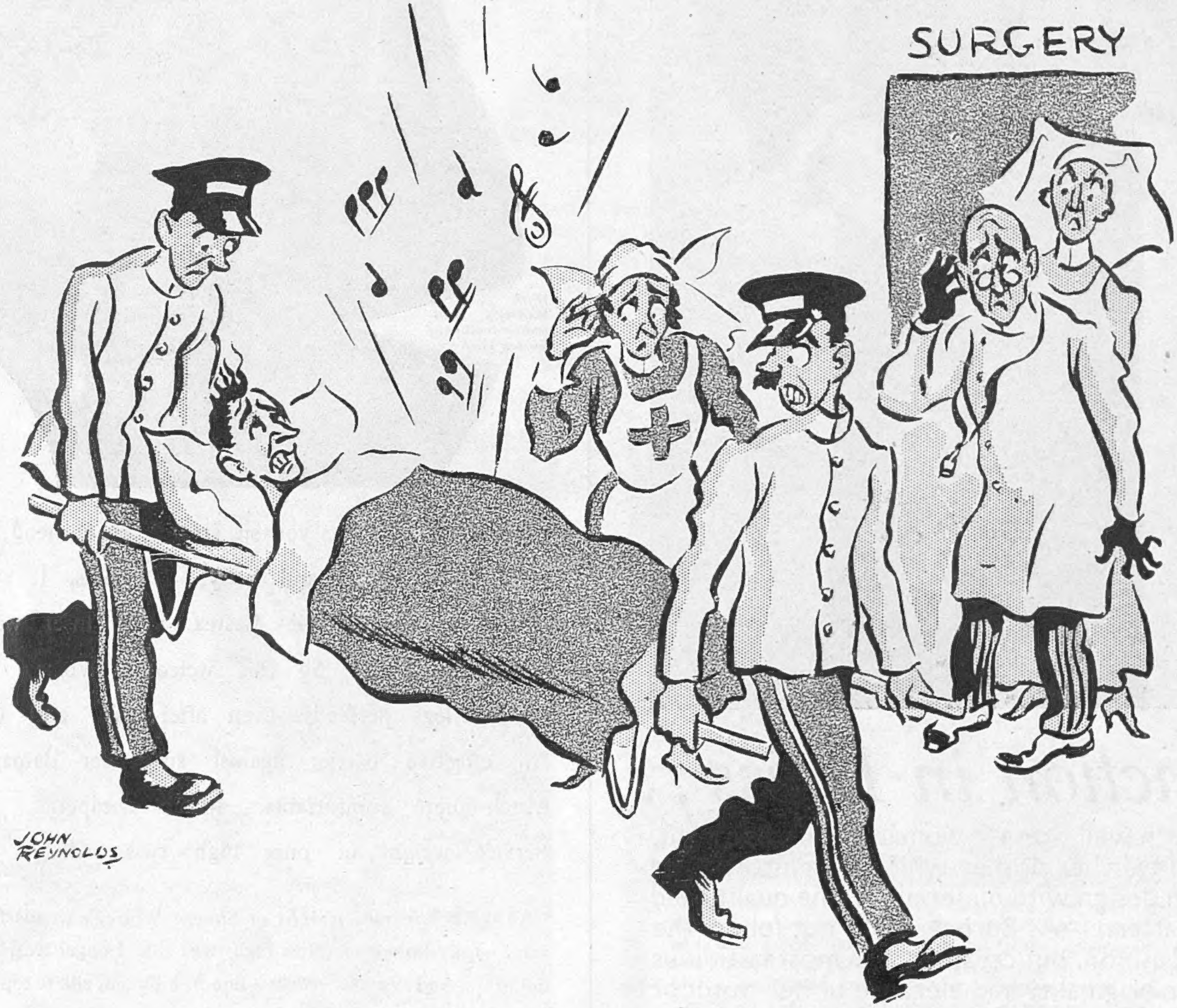
Mistakes will happen . . . .



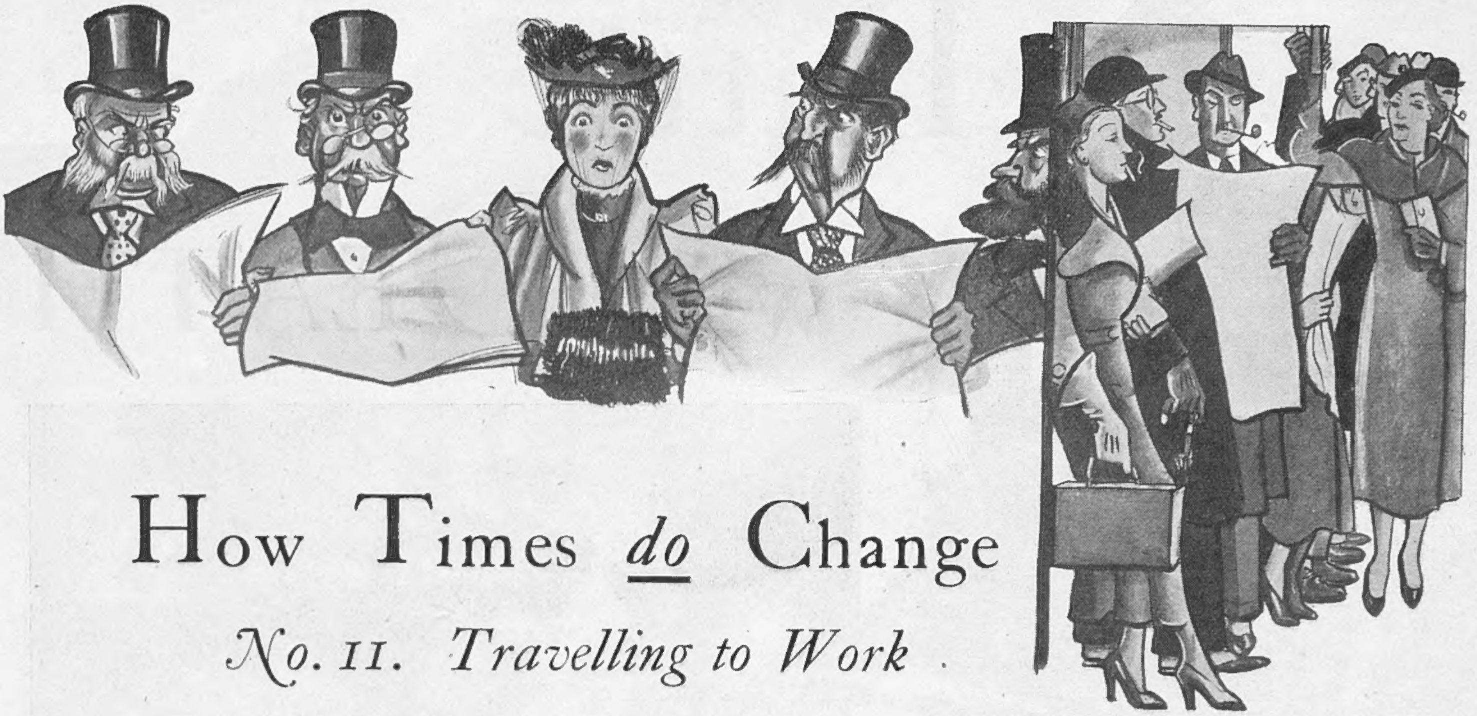
remony will be broadcast in the North Regional programme at 8 p.m. on Tuesday next.

Mr. —— has been admitted to hospital. suffering from a painful melody.

in half an hour the fire spread to an adjoining and across a lane to off 15 yard



but — YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL—



How Times *do* Change

No. 11. Travelling to Work

NOWADAYS folk travelling Citywards must find it hard to believe that a time once existed—and not so long ago—when tubes, with their almost continuous service, were not at hand to convey suburban workers of both sexes to and from their places of business, not, perhaps, so comfortably as in the old days, but with infinitely greater celerity.

In the present year of grace one train is just like another, but when steam had not been replaced by electricity on the suburban services the various trains possessed their own individuality.

Only the hardest working boss patronised an early morning train to, say, Waterloo. It was the 9.15 which was reserved for the seats of the mighty and allowed for a dignified entrance into the City office at 10 a.m. or slightly earlier. No wonder that the suburban platform at so plutocratic a time was a forest of top hats, which were then the boss's only wear and insignia of position.

But if it was foggy——! Ah, those were the days when fogs were "London Particulars." Not only was the terminus reached late, but the further journey from Waterloo Junction to Cannon Street was liable to be unduly prolonged. Indeed, it is on record that staid City gentlemen (with a leavening of Stock Exchange members) have been known to wave their hats and cheer sarcastically when at last a "South Eastern Special" loomed out of the fog from Charing Cross.

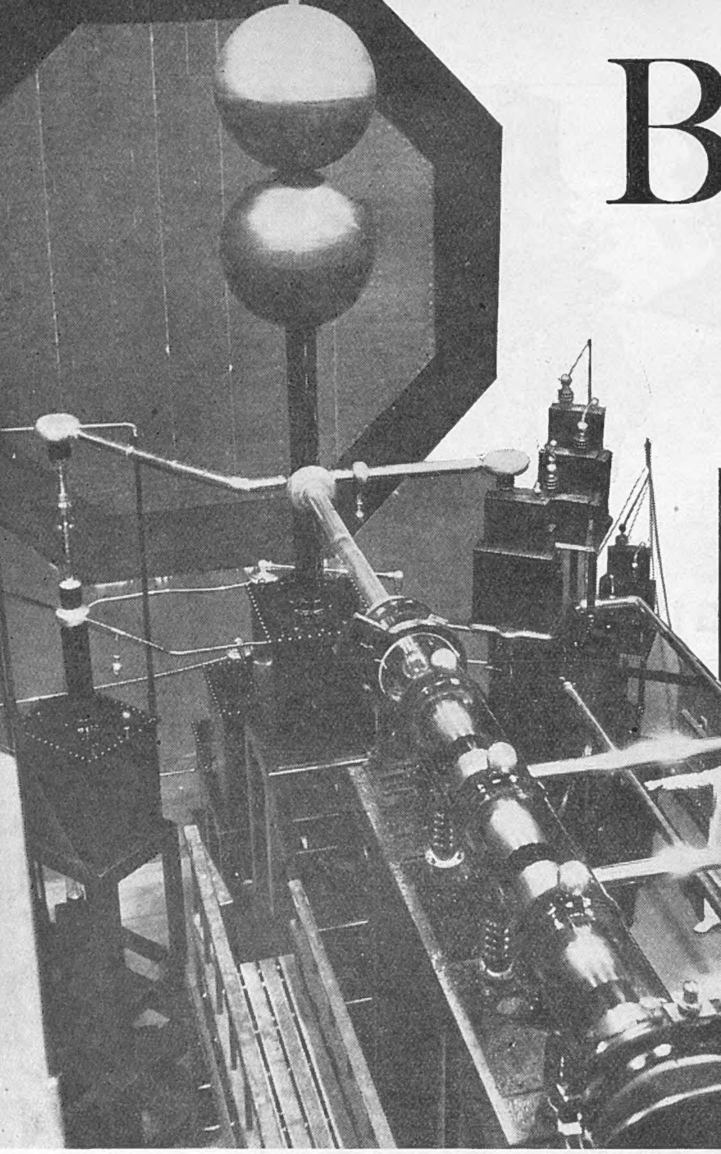
YET another feature which would appear strange to the City worker of 1935 was that these trains of individuality were entirely reserved for masculine passengers. A woman who, for her own convenience, caught the 9.15, was looked upon with suspicion. This was *a man's* train, and for a woman to travel by it "wasn't the thing"; she "created too much attention." Indeed, were she to make a habit of doing so, with or without a perfectly good husband, this was, in the early 'nineties, almost as degrading as for a woman to earn her own living.

YES, in the days when typewriters were not in general use, and it was hardly worth while paying seventeen pounds a year to the National Telephone Co. because there were so few other subscribers, the City was an Eden without Eve.

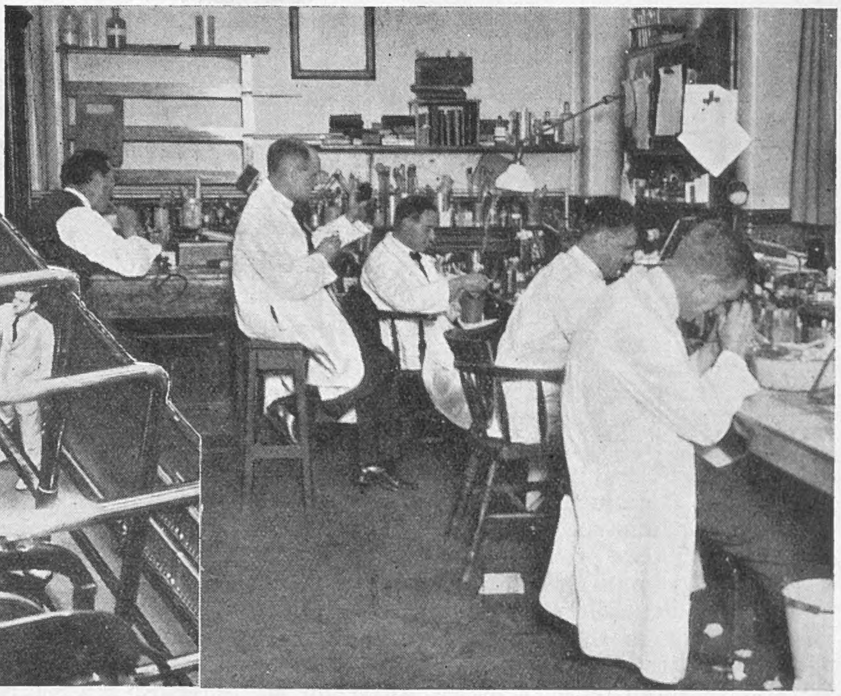
It was just possible that some venturesome swain might give a luncheon to his fiancée at one of the very few chop houses which did not regard women with horror, but she was a *rara avis*, for the bevies of Business Women and the shoals of Shorthand Typists had not yet been born; the tea-shops which they patronise were almost non-existent, and the male breadwinners, who were dissatisfied with anything but the heaviest types of food, were not subject to female competition.

MAYBE there are some disgruntled men—misogynists, of course — who to-day wish that they could have lived in those happy days when the 9.15 possessed an individuality of its own.

Battle with DEATH



A GIANT X-ray apparatus erected in the Cancer Research Department of Mercy Hospital, Chicago. It produces 800,000 volt rays and stands nearly forty feet high



A CORNER of the clinic at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where assistants of Sir Almroth Wright are busy preparing vaccines and injections

Fight to a finish — the everlasting war waged on disease by the Medical Army

By Harold A. Albert

I SQUINTED down the barrel of the microscope. Gleaming confetti-like shapes stirred and writhed in the greenish light beneath.

"That is the graver type of diphtheria bacilli," said the white-coated doctor beside me. "It is capable of killing in twenty-four hours. Hitherto, it has accounted for a third of the children who die between the ages of three and six. But now, I think, we shall halve that death-rate."

And he explained how, for sixty years past, medical men have been striving to distinguish the difference between the lesser and the more deadly type of diphtheria germ. Doctors have known of the grave form—but have been unable to make an accurate diagnosis until the later stages of the illness, when it sometimes proved too late. The more fatal type has accounted for an average 40 child deaths a week. It has brought grief to thousands of homes. Until 1935 sees Dr. J. S. Anderson and Professor McLeod, of Leeds, marking down the infinitesimal difference between the various diphtheria bacilli and evolving a process and a method to enable experts to distinguish between Diphtheria the Lesser and Diphtheria the Graver in a very few hours . . .

I went to other hospitals and other laboratories. I went through the doors of medical institutes, clinics, colleges and germ farms . . . into silent rooms where time is of no importance, while the picked soldiers of humanity wage war with death. Statistics form the G.H.Q.; other research laboratories at the ends of the world are in contact with the latest offensives. A panorama, this warfare, of cultured bacilli breeding upon jelly, of eyes staring through microscopes, typewriters tabulating the latest news from the front, and men in quiet hospital offices comparing reports and issuing further instructions.

With the result that more formerly fatal diseases have been conquered in the last two decades than ever before . . . and more plagues and epidemics brought under control in the last five years than in the whole history of medical science. The armies are moving up. Fifty years ago, tuberculosis, measles and scarlet fever were the major weapons of the dark angel in England. The doctors have ended all that. Whooping-cough fatalities have declined by 60 per cent. Smallpox has been practically wiped out—as a killing agent. Enteric fever has practically gone. Diabetes began to climb in the statistics, but Banting and his insulin ceased that rise.

WHERE are the other ills of yesteryear? Pernicious anæmia went out with the discovery of liver as a cure. Vaccines have defeated tetanus, typhoid, certain types of paralysis—and Banting, far from being content with one outstanding discovery, is working on a mechanism to attract away from the air those fine particles which too frequently in factories and coal mines lead fatally to silicosis. Sir Charles Ballance is on the highway with a cure for facial paralysis, the fruit of three years' experimenting.

To-day, heart disease, influenza, pneumonia and cancer are the major scourges. But they're having their day and shortly ceasing to be—fast proving themselves unable to withstand the big guns of the medical army.

Students at work in the pathological laboratory at University College Hospital

CANCER? Boo!—you shudder at the word, perhaps, hardly realising how far along the track of this disease the detective doctors have gone. Yet nearly fifty per cent. of Britain's cancer patients are being cured nowadays—the cancer victim has come to stand an almost even chance. And it would be as much as a four-to-one chance in favour of life if people consulted their doctors sooner. Cases in the early stages have supplied close on 100 per cent. cures!

Not so long ago, cancer was the "mystery disease." Now the medicos know that one does not catch cancer as one catches measles or the common cold. It is merely a case of sudden insanity among the normal body-cells, which become crazy with greed and commence to grow at the expense of the body and the blood, until the victim dies—actually of pernicious anæmia. And the cause of the craziness? In part, we have learned that too. X-rays can cause cancer. So can tar and certain of its products, and soot. Liver and fish consumed to excess are held suspect, together with the exhaust fumes of motor-cars. Soot—tar—exhaust fumes—do these suspect agents not help to explain the doubling of the cancer death-rate in the transition from Victorian to these modern times?

While Kennaway, at the Cancer Hospital, isolates a cancer-producing substance and then prepares it synthetically—in other words, makes cancer in the laboratory—the Manchester Cancer Committee detects the cause of the high cancer death-rate among cotton spinners and weavers in certain mineral oils used for lubricating the looms. The cancerous fraction of the oil is isolated, a safety oil is discovered and put into use, and—hey presto!—the cancer death-rate in Lancashire falls to normal. Meantime, at the Speyer-Hans Institute, Frankfürt, a movie camera takes slow-motion pictures of the cancerous cells running rampant. Elsewhere a patient scientist is discovering cancer-producing substance in bile and so ascertaining that cancer, like tuberculosis, is probably present in latent fashion within us all. In this fashion, with these several score offensives, the true nature of cancer becomes known to the world. For one cure, other than the prevalent means of the radium needle and the surgical knife, Dr. Thomas Lumsden, of the London Hospital Cancer Laboratories, evolved no less than eight years ago a means of curing cancer in rats by injecting diluted adrenalin. Four years later he had purified a serum which almost wholly contained the cancer-destroying substance. To-day he has become so sure and certain that he can implant cancer from one animal to another and, with his serum, kill the cancer so implanted. His serum can kill cancer-cells which have been removed from the human body and yet not injure normal cells . . .

Serum! That is the new word in the medical warfare on all fronts. Anti-cold serum, anti-'flu, anti-measle, anti-age, anti-cancer . . .

It seems that Bendien was not so wrong, after all, for serum treatment in London's public Cancer Control Clinics definitely cured 21 of 54 cases brought in as inoperable and hopeless, while 18 others improved. Dr. Cronin Lowe, of Eastbourne, too, has followed a modified endocrine inoculation of the sort advocated by the Dutch expert who found help from the world withheld and died before gaining recognition of his claims. Every test to which Bendien submitted himself proved his case 100 per cent. correct. Cronin Lowe, with the Bendien system, treats some thousand cases, curing many absolutely hopeless cases and in others warding off the disease for many years. (*Continued on page* 84)

Sir Almroth Wright, K.B.E., C.B., M.D., F.R.S., originator of the system of anti-typhoid inoculation

Louis Revelis, a free-lance biologist, who has become so sure of an anti-cancer serum that he deliberately infects his hand with cancer, allows a month for the virulent germ to gain ground, and then spectacularly effects a cure

Professor von Euler, Nobel Prize winner, and manager of the Bio-chemical Institute in Stockholm

ROBERT TAYLOR

NELSON EDDY

MICHAEL BARTLETT

HENRY FONDA

JOSEPH CALLEIA

FRED McMURRAY

12 to FOL

PRODUCE a pencil and a neat sheet of paper; put down the names that form a column below these words; make up your minds to watch for those names where films are shown, with a feeling of confidence that money paid over a box-office counter to behold the owners of said names will not be money wasted. For they are all destined to become famous, unless some devilish twist of evil fortune plays them a scurvy trick:

NELSON EDDY.
ROSALIND RUSSELL.
MICHAEL BARTLETT.
LUISE RAINER.
JOSEPH CALLEIA.
PATSY KELLY.
ROBERT TAYLOR.
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND.
HENRY FONDA.
JULIE HAYDON.
FRED McMURRAY.
MARSHA HUNT.

That's twelve, isn't it? Twelve good, safe bets, in a very big field, with plenty of competition. Some of them have made reputations already; others are only just showing their paces, in Selling Plates, which may land them, eventually, in the Big-Money Class.

Nelson Eddy has broken the ice for himself, in very definite fashion. He sang an unimportant ballad in a fairly recent Joan Crawford film as a try-out; then retired into the obscurity of the Hollywood Hills for a few more months. Followed "Naughty Marietta," in which he was leading man to Jeanette MacDonald. And through his performance in that one film, both as actor and singer, Nelson Eddy has bounded to fame and sees his name in electric lights to-day. Moreover, he is to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Rose Marie," and every feminine star in Hollywood is beseeching anyone who will listen to sign up Mr. Eddy as her leading man.

For Nelson Eddy has everything it takes to set tender hearts fluttering in a thrilling manner; added to which, fortunately, he has one of the most magnificent baritone voices of recent years, and the kind of bluff, manly personality that pleases the masculine section of an audience. So everyone is satisfied. That is why Hollywood's high-salaried actors are watching Mr. Eddy with a certain amount of trepidation. He is a blond horse—but dangerous, they argue.

Let us say, without admitting the possibility of argument, that he is a blond Clark Gable, plus that magnificent baritone voice. He has the humour of Bob Montgomery, the debonair dash of Maurice Chevalier, the tall gaucherie of Gary Cooper—and I'm NOT writing advertising copy on What-the-ideal-film-star-should-be. Nelson Eddy is six feet and one inch tall in his socks; his shoulders are almost too broad; he has thick, fair hair, very large blue eyes, and the kind of generous mouth that might possibly be called "curly," which means that it has plenty of curves, and reveals excellent teeth when he smiles.

HIS story is interesting. He will go down to film history as the singing star who taught himself to be a baritone by means of gramophone records. The reason for this was the sad fact that he could not afford to pay for singing lessons. He wanted to be a doctor, but, after singing in the choir at St. Stephen's Church, in Providence, Rhode Island, he took himself off to Philadelphia, where it was his intention to become a trap-drummer in some orchestra or other. Instead, he worked as a telephone operator in some iron works! Then he helped a shipping clerk to do whatever it is shipping clerks *do* do in business hours; but that was dull, so Nelson Eddy voted himself into the banking business. Unfortunately, the banking business gave him not the slightest encouragement; so, passing a newspaper office on his way back from one of several bank-rejections, he dashed in to call on a friend.

JULIE HAYDON

ROSALIND RUSSELL

MARSHA HUNT

By Margaret Chute

LOW

Film Players destined for Fame

Somebody had died just at that moment; the friend was hard at work writing an obituary notice, and gave Nelson a lesson in that fine art. Fascinated, Nelson Eddy forsook the banking business, and became a newspaper reporter, then an advertisement writer, and was hurled out of two good jobs because he would sing while he laboured with words about soap, jam, and furniture polish. No matter: in his humble rooms he had his gramophone, and night after night he played records by all the great baritones of the day. Played them, sang them himself, played them again, and thus taught himself some of the technique of those fine artists. Then David Bispham, spoken of as America's greatest baritone, heard about the "reporter who sang," asked to hear him, and eventually started to teach him—for nothing.

So began Nelson Eddy's musical career. In January 1922, in Philadelphia, to-day's star made his first stage appearance, as the King of Greece in a musical play called "The Marriage Tax." His name was not even printed on the programme (by accident), and in consequence all the local papers yelled for the name of the tall young man who had made such a hit as the King of Greece. So it pays NOT to be advertised at times. From amateur shows he went into the concert world, and then into grand opera. His répertoire, operatically, covers thirty-two rôles; how many will he be permitted to reveal, via the screen?

It was when he deputised at a Los Angeles philharmonic concert for a celebrated singer who had been taken ill that film big-wigs noticed him for the first time. Followed a contract; two years of comparative idleness, while he underwent the painful process known as "grooming"; then "Naughty Marietta," and success in ninety minutes—the length of time it takes to run the film.

Rosalind Russell is as dark as Nelson Eddy is fair. She does not sing—for publication, anyhow—but she knows how to speak lines better than half a dozen other actresses rolled together; she can wear clothes like a first-class society leader, and she has one of the most arresting voices heard for many a weary evening. Tallulah Bankhead's voice has produced raves; Rosalind Russell has one even more rave-worthy in its alluring, pulse-quickening quality.

(*Continued on page* 93

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

LUISE RAINER

Left:

PATSY KELLY

The

IVAR KREUGER, who built up a business controlling practically ninety per cent. of the world's match production

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good . . .

BUT that is only a half-truth. The good may be "oft interred with their bones." Sometimes it survives, despite everything.

There was evil—devastating evil—in the life of Ivar Kreuger, Swedish Match King, whose suicide in Paris on March 12, 1932, staggered the world. He left personal debts to the value of 50 millions, involved France in losses of approximately 50 millions, America 45 millions, Sweden 16 millions. He forged Italian bonds to the value of 28½ millions, faked balance-sheets, juggled with securities which had no existence except on paper, plunged huge corporations he had been instrumental in building up—Kreuger and Toll and the International Match Company—into bankruptcy. He was a financial idol with feet of clay—and the clay crumbled. He wrought more distress and unhappiness than any financier of his age.

But there was good in him, too. He built up, from small beginnings at Kalmar and Jonköping, the Swedish match combine which was ultimately to own 250 factories in forty countries, employ 60,000 workpeople, and control, or partially control, something approaching ninety per cent. of the world's match production.

He was a colossus of big business; and though much of it looked like sinking in the chaos following the crash, most of it has survived him, for he had created a machine infinitely greater than himself—one capable of carrying on of its own momentum when he failed at the controls; one which others could manipulate and command, notwithstanding the handicaps resulting from his misdeeds.

When I visited Stockholm again this summer, one of the financial chiefs responsible for the reconstruction told me of a scheme, nearing completion, which would place the Swedish Match Company once more in control of match-production in most of the European countries and perpetuate the good Kreuger achieved, the essential structure he created.

In brief it is this: the International Match is to sell its

IVAR KREUGER'S magnificent private office in the Match Palace at Stockholm

Swedish Match Miracle

Rebuilding a World Industry. The Kreuger Crash —and After

By Trevor Allen

Author of "Ivar Kreuger, Match King"

A PORTRAIT of Ivar Kreuger when he was a student

A VIEW from an aeroplane of the match factories at Jönköping, Sweden

European properties to Swedish Match for 8½ million dollars, plus Swedish Match Company debentures of the face value of 3,600,000 dollars. This arrangement, tentatively made in May last, but awaiting legal confirmation, should enable the Swedish Match to meet its obligations in the years ahead; and those obligations are severe. It has to pay off no less than 400 million kronor (the Swedish crown is, roughly, a shilling); certain debts, mostly to banks, must be paid off within the next six years.

IVAR KREUGER in Berlin during negotiations with the Government for a German monopoly

THE scheme is the result of three years' patient—and often despairing—negotiation by the most expert technical brains in the industry and in international finance. At the outset the problem seemed insuperable. Kreuger had left his books and documents in an appalling muddle; these experts had to plunge into the ruins and create some sort of order out of chaos.

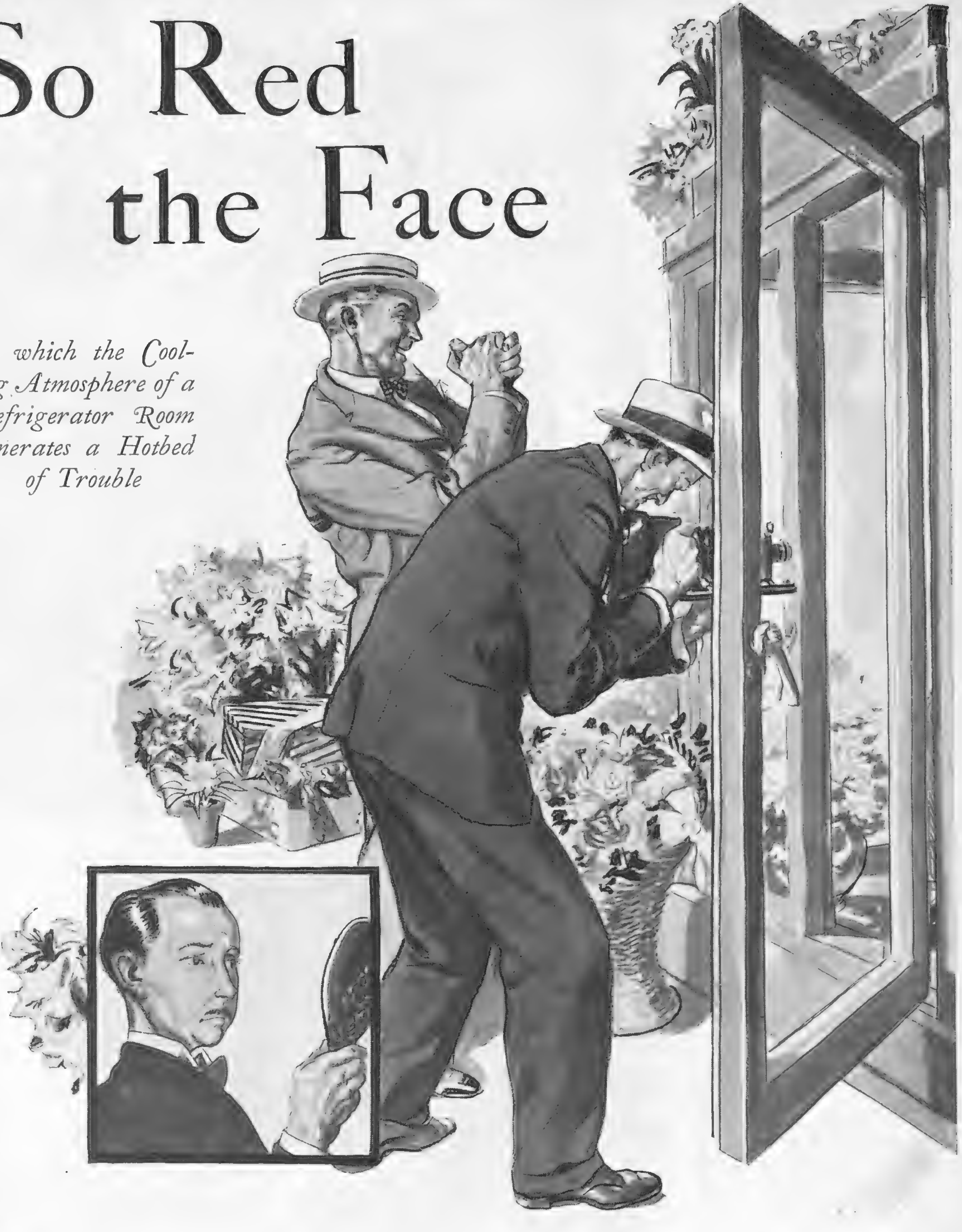
There were fierce disputes between the three principal concerns and their subsidiaries: some contended they had been prejudiced by Kreuger, while others had been excessively favoured. All these differences had to be composed before any headway could be achieved. The process involved wading through, literally, tons of documents, checking and cross-checking between one concern and another—and at Kreuger's death the subsidiaries, great and small, were estimated to number nearly 400, though only 250 were assumed officially to exist. The trouble was that supreme control had been centralised in Kreuger. He was managing head of Kreuger and Toll, the corporation which controlled financial dealings as distinct from production, and owned a large block of their stock. Kreuger and Toll owned the majority of voting in Swedish Match, and Swedish Match owned all the voting stock of Kreuger and Toll. Kreuger, in short, had it all ways and kept the important deals to himself, hardly letting his right hand know what his left did. Certainly, he rarely took his directors into his confidence.

When Kreuger and Toll and International Match went into liquidation their properties were vested in trustees for the benefit of the creditors. The Irving Trust Company became trustees for I.M.; Kreuger and Toll were managed by trustees in bankruptcy appointed by the Swedish Government, except as regards estates in America, which were administered by an American trustee; Swedish Match and the operating companies carried on under a reorganised board of directors.

A baffling financial jig-saw. . . . Before it could be put into ship-shape order the negotiators, working mainly in Stockholm, Paris and New York, had to devise one agreement between the International Trust and Swedish Match, another between the International Trust and Kreuger and Toll, a third between Swedish Match and Kreuger and Toll—and the three were at loggerheads over vital matters involving millions! The correspondence, telephone calls and cables alone cost a few thousand pounds; the (*Continued on page 126*)

So Red the Face

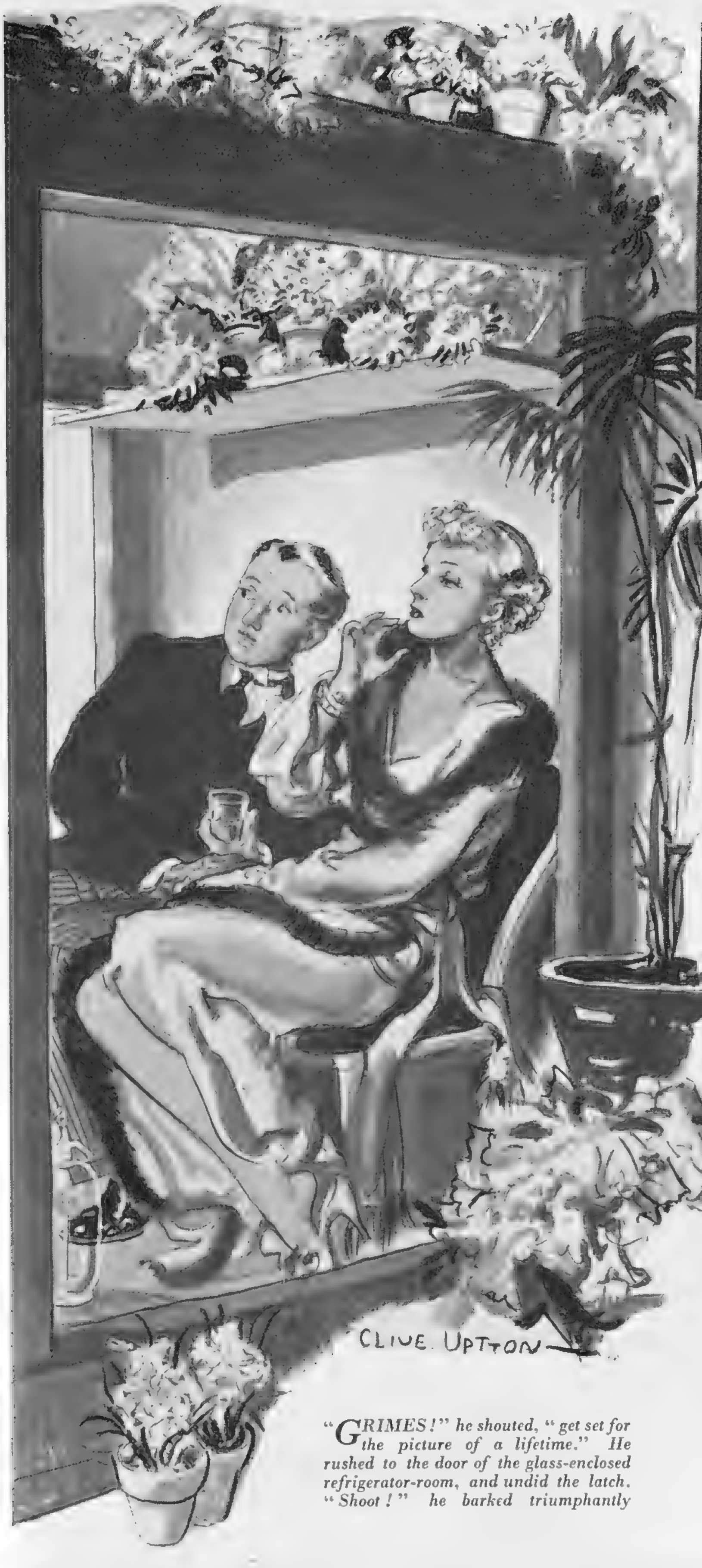
In which the Cooling Atmosphere of a Refrigerator Room generates a Hotbed of Trouble



IT was July, and perspiration bubbled from every pore in greater New York. Henry Plum, sorting ferns with a languid hand in his Hotel Biarritz flower shop, thought that the mercury ought to go over a hundred—easy. Every now and then he laid a wisp of fern on the counter and said, "Whew" in a helpless way.

In spite of the heat, however, Henry looked very neat. He was the kind of man who would always look neat. Henry had nice brown eyes under eyebrows which Nature had traced on his forehead in such a manner that he always wore a slightly amazed expression; a mouth that could not conceivably be arranged into a snarl; and an unobtrusive little button of a chin. The rest of Henry—when clothed—as it invariably was—was as dapper as ever you could wish.

He was not a very good florist—Mr. Enoch Jaffe, who owned Intimate Flower Shoppes, Inc., often pointed this out—but his was a soothing and refined personality, and he was an expert at making sympathetic murmurs while the customers hovered over the baby's breath and gladiola. Little—or more exactly, not at all—did this unspectacular gentleman dream that Fate



"GRIMES!" he shouted, "get set for the picture of a lifetime." He rushed to the door of the glass-enclosed refrigerator-room, and undid the latch. "Shoot!" he barked triumphantly

Illustrations by Clive Uptton

By Virginia Faulkner

had just put the frying-pan on the fire, and was giving a last squeeze to the bellows before shoving him in the direction of the blaze.

It began with the hasty entrance from the street of Ukrainia Pultawa—in full flight from her public. Ukrainia Pultawa, as you doubtless surmise from the name, was a picture star whose activities were about equally divided between being photographed and avoiding being photographed; and the more she did of both, the more famous she became. Ukrainia, whose mind did not respond rapidly to stimulus, accepted this paradox with the same inner resignation which is her best-known outward facial expression—the one which is more often described as enigmatic.

Now, despite her very evident agitation and the appealing gesture with which she turned to Henry, her husky voice retained the slumberous quality of her face.

"Hide me," intoned Ukrainia Pultawa.

"What, Ma'am?" said Henry, instinctively.

"I was not wishing to see reporters," said Ukrainia. "They wait for me by the door of the hotel. Soon they find me. That I do not want."

"Are you staying in the hotel, Ma'am?"

Ukrainia nodded.

"This door," said Henry, pointing, "opens right by the elevators. You might leave that way without being seen."

Ukrainia opened a large purse and drew out a latchkey. Mutely, she handed it to Henry. "Eight nineteen A," she said. "I will walk small beside you, and it will help that they not see."

The trip to the eighth floor was accomplished without incident. Henry unlocked 819A, but even as he did so a man who had been loitering by the floor clerk's desk walked over rapidly.

"Hey, wait a minute," said the man, starting to brush past Henry.

Ukrainia's two hands came up, palm out, and pushed the man brusquely in the face. "Shut the door," she commanded, and as Henry whisked it to, she shot the bolt. There was a violent hammering and oath-noises. Ukrainia walked into the sitting-room.

"Such a heat," she said, pulling off her hat.

"Yes, a real scorcher," said Henry. He stood by the door until the hammering stopped, waited an additional minute and then observed that he guessed he could leave because the man seemed to be gone.

"No," said Ukrainia, "he waits. It is Dodger."

Henry swallowed several times. That would be Art Dodger who wrote a column, "Scene In The Dark—The News Before The News." He cleared his throat. "I guess I ought to know you. Your face is familiar. . . . I'm not very good at names."

"Ukrainia Pultawa."

"Oh," said Henry, and in his tone was such a mingling of joy and awe as it is seldom the lot of prelates and princes to hear. "I've—I've seen you in the films . . . I'm a fan of yours, as you might say," he amplified.

"Yes," said Ukrainia, indifferently. "Now we will have a drink." She considered. "You get out the ice. And I—I squeeze limes."

"You mean—you mean you want me to stay for a drink?" gasped Henry.

"You cannot leave," Ukrainia pointed out. "Now there will be in the hall many reporters, and if you open the door they come in. . . . I was not wishing to see reporters," she repeated in her deep tragic voice.

"You were not wishing to see reporters," Henry breathed after her, almost unconscious that he had spoken. It was a practical demonstration of the oft-cited critical opinion that Pultawa was not an actress but a mesmerist. . . . With reverent hands, Henry got out the ice.

"ANOTHER drink," said Ukrainia.

"We've had five," protested Henry, alarmed. But then he snapped his fingers. "We only live once," he asserted, wobbling to his feet. He looked at Ukrainia who was sitting by the window with the light-laced spires of Manhattan for a background. "Like an angel," he muttered.

The hot bright July day had burned into night, but it was no cooler; the very moon smouldered and the stars were sparks. Henry's *tête-à-tête* with the great woman had lasted nearly four hours, though at first they had not talked much. Ukrainia was a woman of few words—most of them one-syllable, according to her manager—and Henry, in the presence of strangers, was a devotee of the Coolidge cult of silence. It was not until after several Tom Collinses that the conversation—which had consisted of alternate platitudes—took a more personal tinge.

"You do me a favour, I think," suggested Ukrainia.

Mr. Plum looked at his knees and vented a deprecatory titter. "Pooh," he said.

"With you," added Pultawa solemnly, "I do not mind being."

Henry savoured this remark for several minutes. Then, "In 1920," he said, "I was marble champion of Morristown. I went to the state tournament. It was in the newsreels. . . . You probably didn't see me. I was in the second row. But you could have seen my cap."

"In 1920," said Ukrainia, "I was not yet arrived."

Mr. Plum produced three marbles. "Moonies," he said. "Bully taw," and he caressed them lovingly.

"It is an athletic? You still play."

"No," said Henry. "I just carry them for pocket-pieces." After another drink, he gave Ukrainia a demonstration, but the floor seemed uneven. "Cheap construction," he informed her. "Probably a political contract."

It was not until it began to get dark that Henry recalled that he had a wife and dinner awaiting him. He mentioned this hesitantly to Ukrainia, and even went so far as to open the door a crack, but several men at once sprang forward. Then he thought of telephoning Willa—that was his wife—but even in his rather exalted condition he knew that it would be useless to tell her he was spending the evening with a cinema star. She would think he was on one of his infrequent debauches with a fellow alumnus of the Morristown high school.

"Such a heat," observed Ukrainia for perhaps the fiftieth time. "To-night I do not think many will be cool."

"Probably much worse in the tenements," said Henry philosophically, on his way to assemble another drink. And then he emitted a low cluck of alarm. "No more ice!"

Ukrainia came to look.

"Ah," she said, poignantly.

"I'm sorry," said Henry, distressed.

"I will fan," said Pultawa.

Henry's manhood was challenged. "Ukrainia," he faltered, "and I *think* I can call you Ukrainia after what we've—uh—been through, if you will only trust me I will cool you off. That is, if the—uh—reporters have gone."

"I was not wishing to go where people will see me. Besides, I do not look so nice."

"Trust me," persisted Mr. Plum. "And call me Henry!"

For a wonder, the coast seemed to be clear. Evidently the reporters had concluded Pultawa was in for the night, or else chose to depart on the assumption that she was remaining *chez elle* with her cavalier. So down in the elevator went the first lady of the films and the florist. Furtively, they entered the flower shop. The lights snapped on for a minute and then off . . .

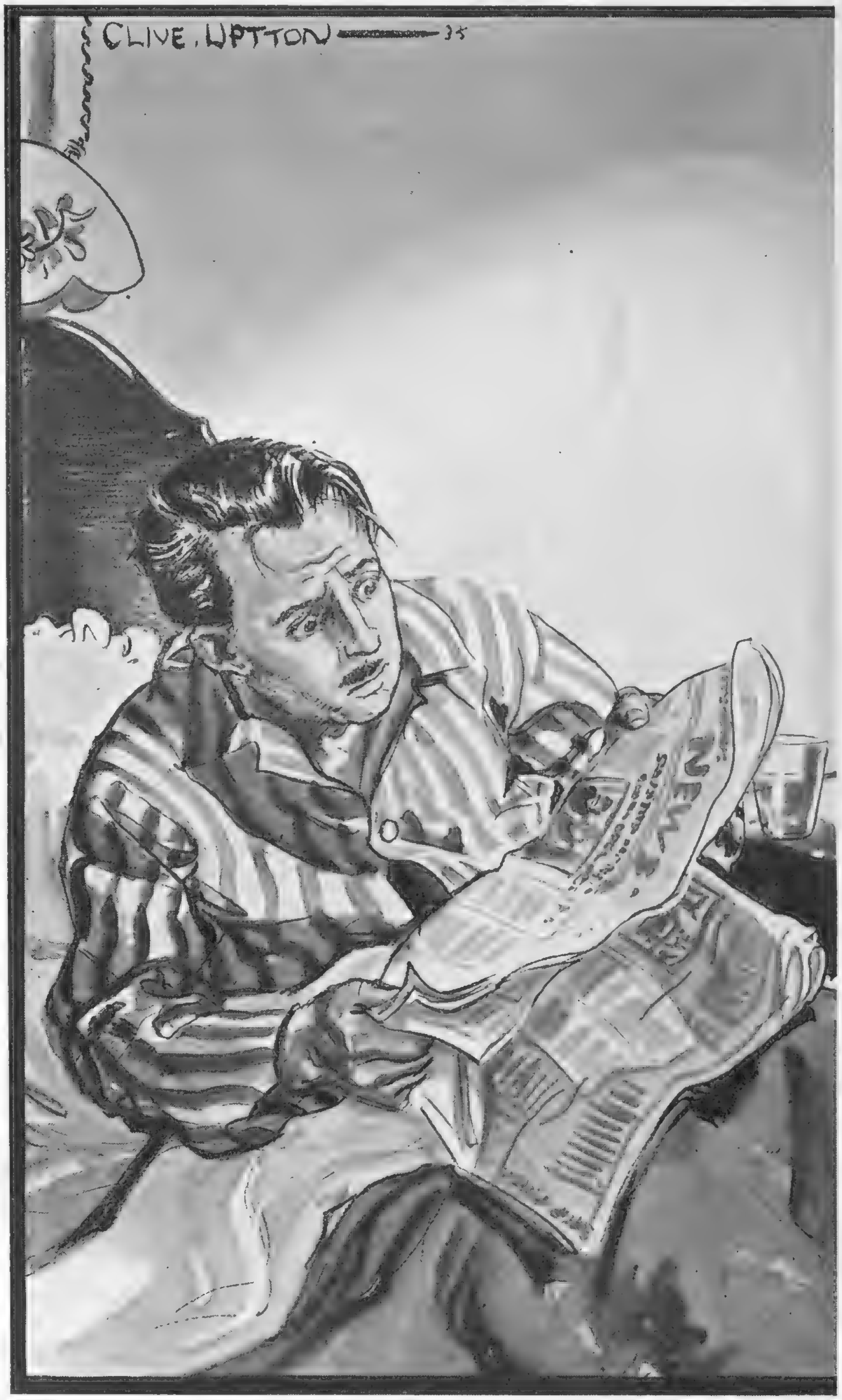
"Come on," said Art Dodger to his cameraman.

"Now where the devil——" he began as he stepped into the shop and turned on the lights. His eyes swept the room. "My God, Grimes!" he shouted, "get set for the picture of a lifetime." He rushed to the door of the glass-enclosed refrigerator-room, and undid the latch.

"Shoot!" he barked, triumphantly.

SLAV STAR AND NEW SWEETIE COOL OFF

New York, July 7. (AP) That the love-making of Ukrainia Pultawa, famed Slavic picture-star, is no illusion of the camera was thoroughly proved last night. La Pultawa was discovered in the refrigerator-room of the Hotel Biarritz flower shop in the company of Henry Plum, with whom she spent the afternoon and evening. Mr. Plum, so far as is known, is a newcomer on the amorous horizon of the celluloid princess.



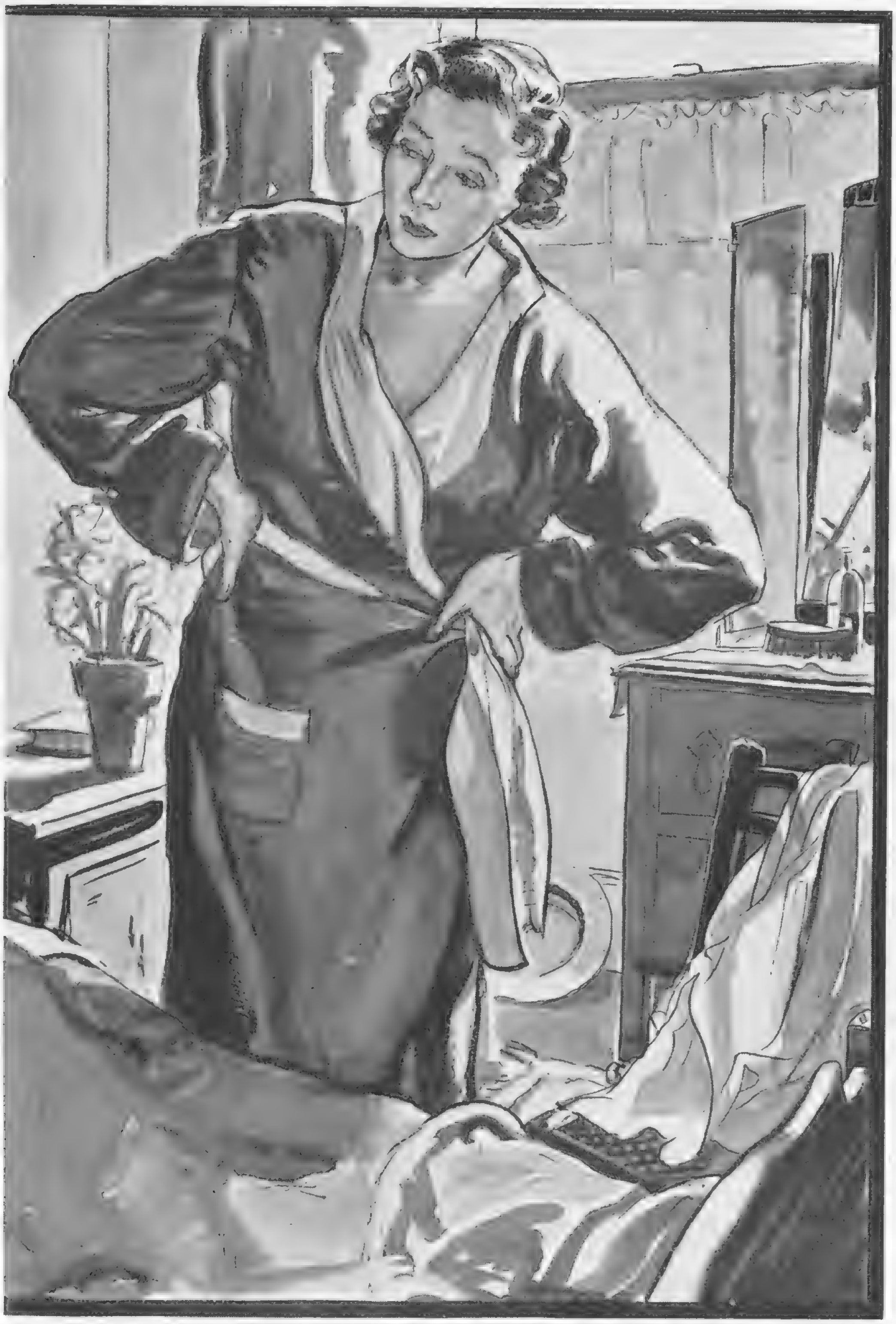
"IT'S not such a very good picture," said

"We were just cooling off," Mr. Plum explained to the columnist who invaded their arctic, if fragrant, Eden. "Miss Pultawa was hot." The star, who does not take kindly to the interest of the public in her activities, made no statement.

Her last picture, which broke all records at Radio City Music Hall, was "Laura the Loved," adapted from a poem by Petrarch, an Italian writer. Mr. Plum resides at 24-14 Dennison Parkway, The Bronx.

Scene in the Dark,
"the news before the news,"
by Art Dodger
(Copyright, 1934, Famous Features Syndicate)

Yo-ho, my precious brood, but what a day and a night your correspondent has put in following the rather large footprints of Ukrainia Pultawa, suave Slav siren from Hollywood. But what chance, I ask you, has mere reelty against a gentleman of the peerage ? Get a load of this, you teeming millions !



Henry. *"I guess we were both kind of surprised."*

La Pultawa's new heart interest, no joke, tends the posies at the Hotel Biarritz flower shop (owned, as my brighter readers will recall, by Enoch Jaffe, who used to subsidise No. 3 from the left in the Festivities). The name of this magnolia magnate, on the word of the Dodgers, is Henry Plum.

Your Mr. D. would give many a kopeck to pipe the pan of Leo Bryan, master-mind and permanent-rave machine for La Pultawa, when he spies the tintype of the happy couple in their ice-box bower. No later than last week did Impresario Bryan shoot me a despatch from Hollywood vouchsafing the info that Ukrainia honest-and-truly was coming east for a little obscurity. H'ya doin', Leo ?

LEO BRYAN dropped the papers to the floor with a snort. "The dummox !" he snapped to Mr. A. B. C. Nordica, of Titan Talking Pictures. "If I thought she had a mind, I'd say she lost it. My God ! You'd think a woman thirty years old—— "

"Twenty-eight," corrected Mr. Nordica.

"That's her I.Q.," continued the testy Mr. Bryan. "An indoor-gardener ! I'm sick !"

"You shoulda went with her," said Mr. Nordica. "A star like Ukrainia you gotta watch as if it was bonds."

"The difference between Ukrainia and a bond," said Leo, "is that a bond eventually matures."

"Well," said Mr. Nordica, "I think she oughta come back before another misfortune arises which don't look so good in the press."

"Get me a reservation on the New York plane," said Leo to his secretary.

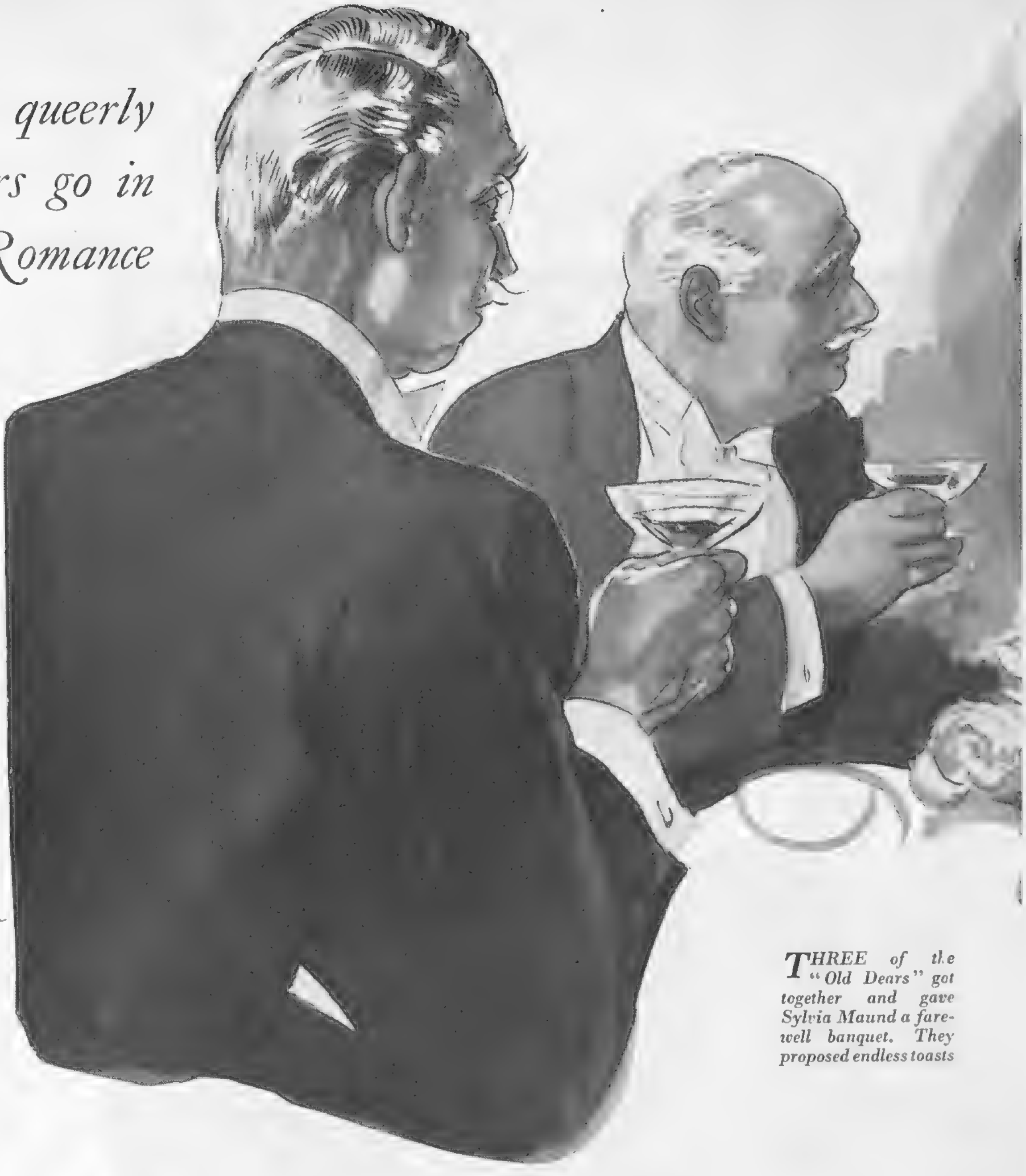
"And if you can't kill the story, build it up," said A. B. C. Nordica.

LIFE, you had better believe, was not standing still for Henry Plum. Perhaps if he had been permitted to remain in his refrigerator that fifth Tom Collins would not have smote his consciousness such a mighty blow. All he knew was that one moment he was in the ice-box with Ukrainia Pultawa, and the next he was seated in a taxi-cab clutching a potted hyacinth.

The hyacinth was a most significant flower in the Plum menage. Henry had once told his wife she reminded him of a hyacinth, because that was his favourite blossom. "Cut flowers you throw out in two-three days," he stated.. "Not

(*Continued on page* 131)

Dreams end queerly when Spinsters go in Search of Romance



THREE of the "Old Dears" got together and gave Sylvia Maund a farewell banquet. They proposed endless toasts

Where Women

SYLVIA MAUND found the article in the "Home Section" of an evening paper. A writer, signing himself "Wanderer," had filled half a column with statistics concerning countries where the gentle sex was in the minority. It carried the intriguing headline of "Where Women are Scarce."

Sylvia Maund read the article three times. Women, she discovered, were rather scarce in Northern Australia and parts of Western Canada; they were also an uncommon commodity in sections of South Africa, but the real shortage, according to the writer, occurred in the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Guinea and Nigeria. There, a lady of any distinction was as rare as the golden orchid.

It was pleasant reading. Sylvia Maund had visions of large quantities of suntanned men in tropical clothing waiting on lonely landing-stages for the arrival of a boat from England. She saw, in fancy, a sweet thing from home being landed in a *panier*, the upturned eyes of the excited males as the lady swung in mid-air, then the wild rush to lift her out of the basket. Sylvia had read of the landing *paniers* used on African coasts where there were no sheltering harbours. She thought them romantic.

"I dislike Australia," she murmured. "Kangaroos and sheep and things. And I have little love for Canada. Canadians are so fearfully proud of being Canadians. South Africa is dreadful. All those Boers and tsetse flies.

She considered the other places mentioned. The names were rather thrilling. Gold Coast! Ivory Coast! Guinea! They were words that suggested wealth and comfort. They were pleasing on the tongue. Gold, ivory, guineas!

Sylvia became suddenly active. She dialled a number and addressed herself to the voice that answered. "It's Sylvia, Billy, dear," she said. "What do you know about the Gold Coast and Ivory Coast? No, no! Not coats—coasts. They are countries somewhere in Africa. . . . What? Nigger places? . . . Yes, yes, but white women go there, don't they? . . . That's what I thought. . . . Why? Well, it's like this, I'm thinking of going out there. Yes, I am! I've just read a piece in to-night's paper saying that out there—are you listening? Yes, saying that out there women of any distinction are very, very scarce."

After "Billy" had expressed astonishment and had politely informed Sylvia Maund that she was out of her mind, the lady rang off, paused a moment to powder her flushed face, then dialled in succession six other gentlemen, all addressed by their Christian names and all called "Old Dears."

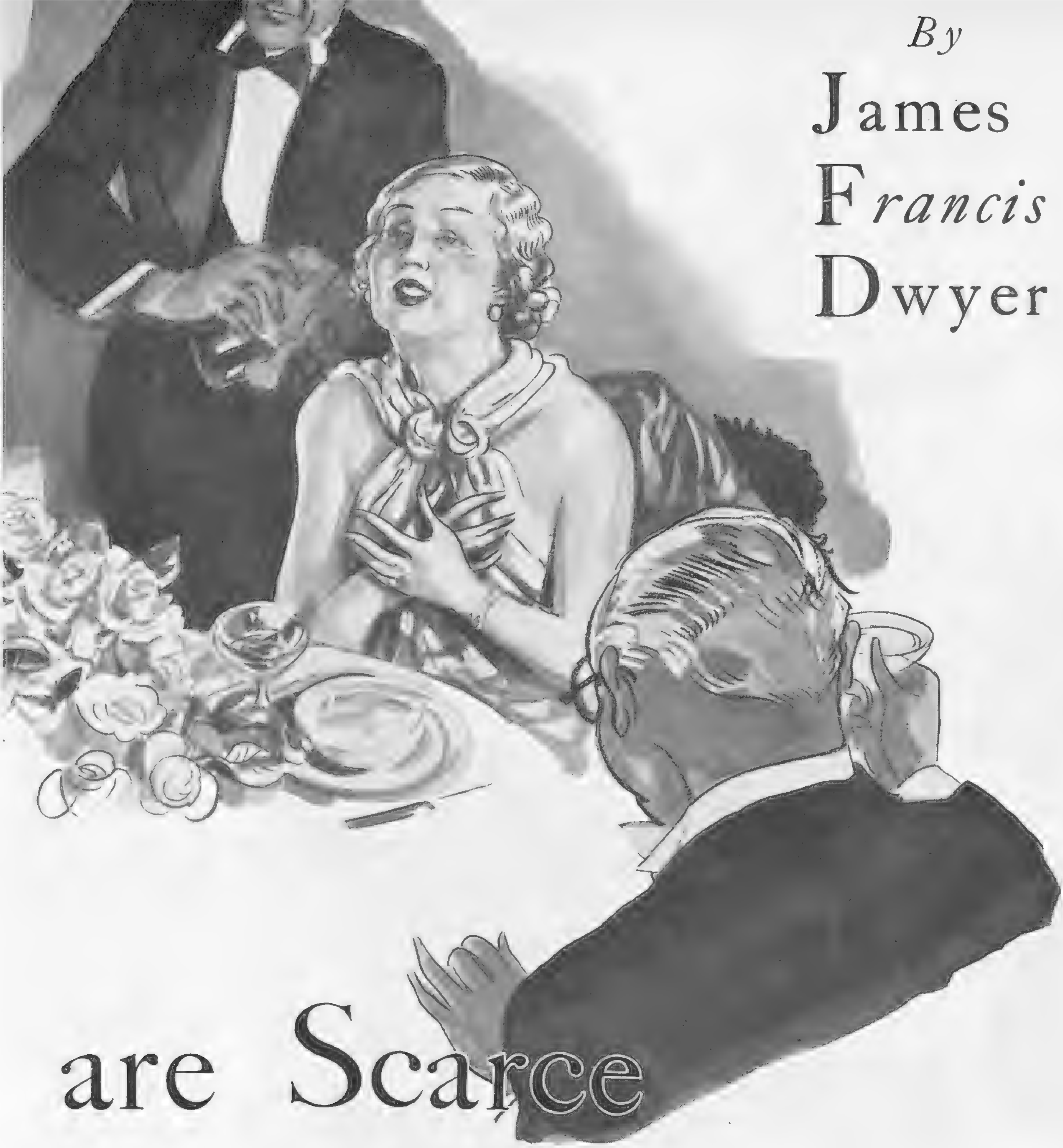
The "Old Dears" were startled, to say the least. They interlarded their misleading statements about the Gold and Ivory coasts with explosive remarks. There were wild shouts of: "What the devil are you talking about, Sylvia? What's that? *Where women are scarce!* What has that got to do with you? *What?* Help to wipe out the shortage? *You!* Why you're out of your mind!"

Colonel Blitherly, one of the "Old Dears," who was called from his port at the Rounders Club to hear Sylvia's announcement, nearly had an apoplectic fit. Stumbled out of the telephone booth in a fearfully perturbed state. Spluttered out the news to old Captain Fursley, "Fursley of the Modder River."

"Silliest thing I've ever heard!" cried Blitherly.

"What is?" snapped Fursley. "Damn it, man, don't comment on a thing of which your listener is ignorant. I told Lord Methuen not to do that. At the Modder ——"

By
James
Francis
Dwyer



are Scarce

" It's Sylvia Maund ! " screamed Blitherly. " Going out to Africa ! Gold Coast ! Ivory Coast ! Monkey-land ! Mad ! "

" Big game ? " asked Fursley.

" Big game your grandmother ! " snorted the colonel. " Men, not game ! Read some silly newspaper article ' Where women are wanted,' or something like that. Going out to see."

" Must be forty-five," said Fursley.

" Over ! " shouted Blitherly. " First time I ever saw her was at Epsom in 1900 when the Prince of Wales won with Diamond Jubilee. Belle of the season. Sylvia Morse she was then. Thirty-five years ago, by gad ! Must have been seventeen or more. Old idiot. Thinks she'll trap someone out in the baboon country."

Fursley sipped his port and spoke. " Rather good idea of the old girl, y'know," he said, leeringly. " I've been in places where I'd have given a hundred quid for the sight of a white woman. Why——"

" If you ever had a hundred quid to throw away on a glimpse of a woman I'm a tame squirrel ! " snorted Blitherly.

" Well, she has a good idea," flared Fursley. " At one spot quite close to the Modder there was a wench——"

" Sorry, can't wait ! " said Blitherly. " Going to see Sylvia. Try to head her off. Damn' fool ! "

BLITHERLY couldn't head off Sylvia. She had made up her mind. Coldly she explained her position.

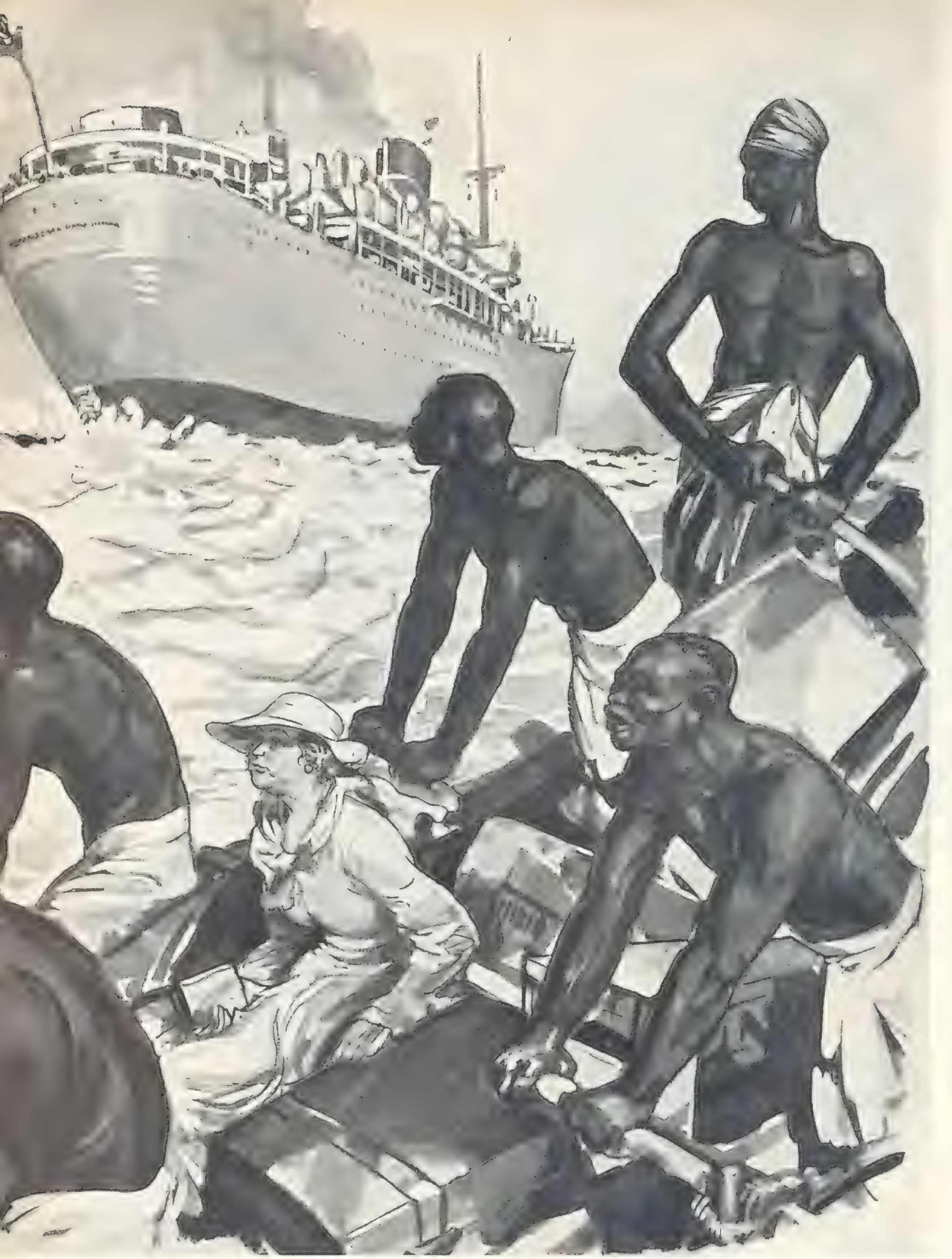
" Getting too old for the London ring, George," she murmured. " Stepping out season after season and getting slammed in the ribs by youngsters. Income dwindling, very little commissions on introducing folk to jewellers and dress makers. No one to chaperon. Once upon a time you could capture a nice American girl and make a year's living out of showing her around. Now the Americans are all broke and can't pay their fare across the Atlantic much less hire a chaperon."

" But—but why go so far ? " spluttered Blitherly. " Jolly rot. Nigger towns. Fleas, flies, mosquitoes and—and——"

" Men," prompted Sylvia. " Splendid adventurous men. How old am I, George ? "

" Blessed if I know," said Blitherly. " No filly, of course. Forty, I s'pose." He blushed as he recalled his remark to Captain Fursley.

" Forty-three," whispered Sylvia. " A secret, George. In London one is old at forty-three, but in those delightful



THE dozen nearly nude natives drove their paddles into the water. The banks of the tidal river came closer

tropical places women of sixty are considered young."

Blitherly knew that she was lying about her age. Surely she was seventeen on that day long ago when Diamond Jubilee carried the colours of the Prince to the front. A good seventeen.

"Well, I'm off," he said. "Told the others yet?"

"Told them all," answered Sylvia. "Telephoned. They'll all be in to argue with me just as you've argued. Goodbye, George."

THE six "others" called in turn. Each used the arguments that Colonel Blitherly had used. Sylvia was adamant. "Too old for the London ring," she murmured. "Although I am really only forty-three."

The "Old Dears" were a little puzzled, but, in their heart of hearts they were relieved. Sylvia Maund was getting to that age when she would become a nuisance. They, the men, were all older than Sylvia, but they believed that a man's age did not matter. Didn't matter at all.

They reviewed recent meetings with her in Bond Street and Piccadilly. Secretly they admitted that she was a little trying. She was full of fads. She would talk interminably about new things. Slimming foods, vitamins, Bulgarian sour milk, or something equally silly. Well, if she wished to go out to some wretched wilderness—what affair was it of theirs?

Sylvia Maund sold a few stocks left to her by the long-departed Maund. The stocks had decreased considerably in the lean years. They brought nine hundred and seven pounds.

Sylvia Maund took the sum in small notes. In her tiny flat in Davies Street she counted the money again and again. She was going to buy a trousseau with it. A trousseau with which to wed Romance. To wed Romance! She would be the queen of lost places, the comforter of empire builders. On strange roads men would whisper her name. They might add to it a town, a district, a whole colony. Sylvia Maund of the Gold Coast! Sylvia of the Ivory Coast! Maund of Lagos! She whispered the titles in the privacy of her flat.

She found delight in watching the astonishment that spread over the faces of the shop girls as she spoke of her proposed Odyssey. She carried a small map of West Africa, and to young women who appeared especially interested she pointed out the territory that she planned to invade.

"Women are so scarce there, my dear," she would say in an undertone. "They are really very wild places. You can buy nothing there in the way of clothes. That is why I am buying for an extended stay? How long? Ah, I don't know. Perhaps for ever. Yes, for ever."

An orgy of spending. Light dresses for the tropics: *crêpe de Chine, organdie, mousseline de soie.*

She was immensely thrilled. Her dreams were of palm trees, beaches of white sand that glittered in the splintery sunshine, blue waters, nigger boys with fans and punkahs. Now and then a great fear clutched her. She found relief in re-reading the article that had inspired her. The heading in itself throttled the fear. "Where Women are Scarce."

OLD Colonel Blitherly reported to Captain Fursley at the Rounders Club. "Buying all the doodahs in town!" he snorted. "Spending every penny on clothes! Old fool! Thinks to hit 'em all in Apeville! Best dressed woman on the Baboon Coast! Mad! Quite mad!"

" Rather romantic," muttered Fursley. " If I had seen a well-dressed woman when I was riding with old Lord Methuen I—— "

" She wouldn't have seen you ! " interrupted Blitherly. " She'd have looked the other way. Confound you, Sylvia Maund is over fifty ! Reckoned it up a score of times. Must have been seventeen when Jones won on Diamond Jubilee ! Well, I've talked to her and she won't listen. Let her go, I say."

The other " Old Dears " had the same opinion. " Let her go ! " was their joint verdict. " Might be right," they muttered. " Who knows ? London is a mighty tough place for a woman as old as Sylvia."

Three of the " Old Dears " got together and gave Sylvia Maund a farewell banquet. Quite an affair. They proposed endless toasts. After it was over, one of the three, who was known as " Boy " Allardyce, although he was well over sixty, had a weeping fit at the corner of Albemarle Street and Piccadilly. A policeman questioned " Boy " as to the cause of the tears, and he surprised the cop by his answer. " Fun'ral, ofsheh," he moaned. " Ole lady, ole as me, goin' way. Gole Coas', Iv'wy Coast, niggers, monkeys, 'skeeters. Fun'ral, ofsheh. Hun'red dreshes, nine coffins. Coffins for dreshes."

The officer steered " Boy " Allardyce to the taxi stand and put him on the way for home. He could see that the old gentleman had got a shock of some sort.

Sylvia's steamer was sailing from Liverpool, and the " Old Dears " decided that two of their number should escort her to the boat. The task fell to Colonel Blitherly and a chap called " Pretty " Truesdale. They didn't enjoy the ride. Sylvia was so afraid that one of her trunks would go astray that she kept both cavaliers on the jump.

" Pretty " Truesdale discovered when he reached the steamer that the captain was an acquaintance. He whispered the information to Blitherly. " Introduce Sylvia," said Blitherly. " Start the old girl off well, y'know. Captain's table an' all that. Last journey, perhaps."

" You talk as if it was a tragedy," snapped Truesdale.

" Quite close to it," said Blitherly. " Old girl going off like this. Makes me a bit tearful."

As a matter of fact old Colonel Blitherly wept openly as the *Branscombe Prince* moved out into the Mersey. Between sobs he begged Truesdale not to mention his tears to anyone at the Rounders Club. " Fellow there, name Fursley, damn' fool," he muttered. " Wouldn't—wouldn't like him to know. Poor old Sylvia."

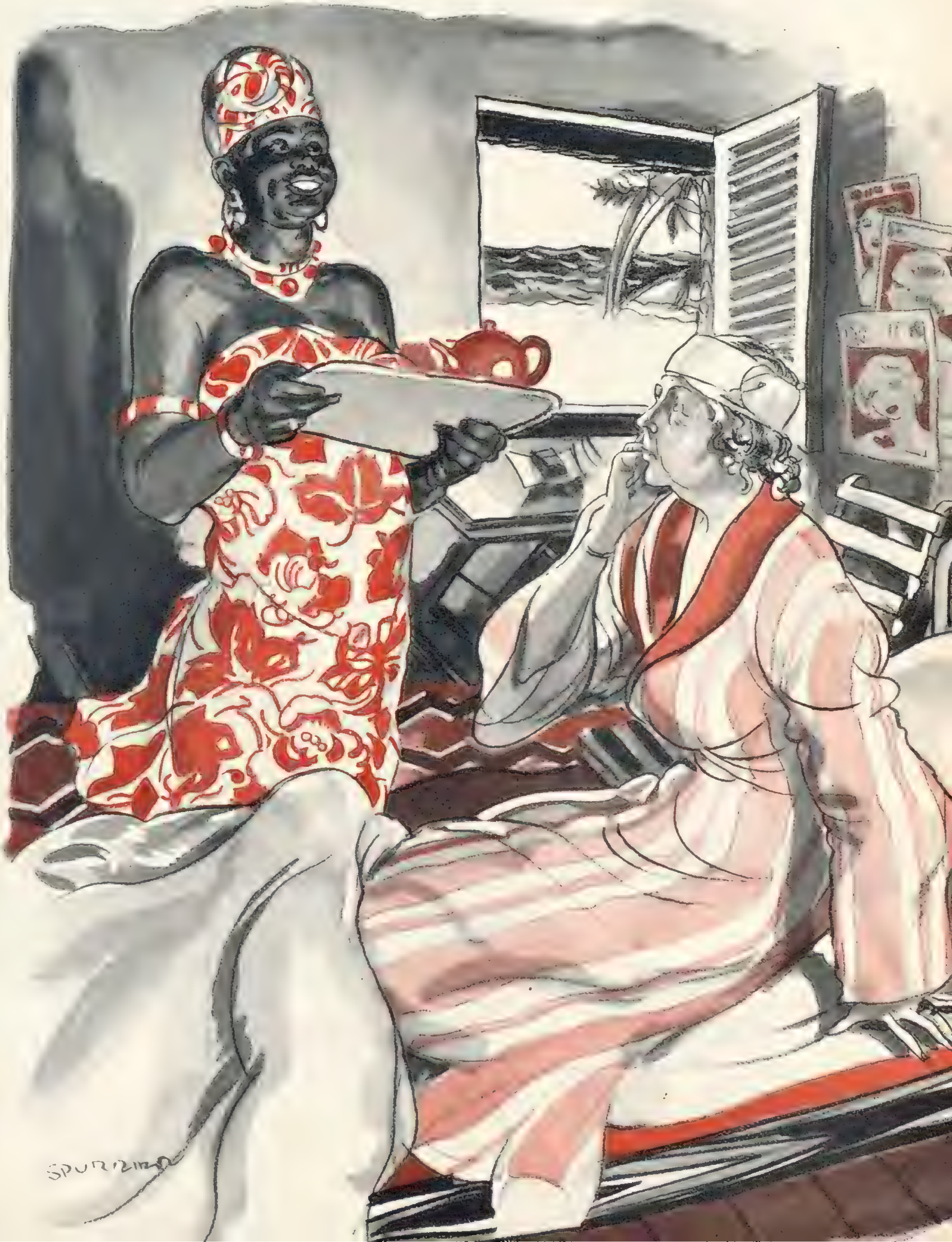
SYLVIA MAUND sat at the captain's table. There were five others beside the commander. Two women in the thirties going out to join their husbands at Accra; a smart young woman of twenty bound for Port Gentil, where a trader waited to marry her; a young civil servant for Nigeria, and a middle-aged Spanish dandy who asserted that he was travelling for pleasure.

Politely they questioned Sylvia Maund after they had declared their destination and the reason for going. Sylvia stood up to the cross-examination. She was going to Lagos. No, she had little idea of the place. No, she had never been out to West Africa. She had no friends there. " I just had a desire to go," she said. " It came into my head suddenly. I read a newspaper article ——"

She paused. The Spanish dandy prompted her. " Yes ? " he murmured.

Sylvia Maund controlled herself. " I just read the article, and I was curious," she said. " I thought I'd like to see the place. That's all."

Of course they were not satisfied. Why was a middle- (*Continued on page* 96)



WHEN the negress brought breakfast, Sylvia Maund said: " Will you please tell Mr. Holland that I am pleased to accept his offer "

Man's Challenge to Nature

Who hears the Call Counts not the Cost of Conquest

A FEW days after Wiley Post and Will Rogers had blithely challenged Nature to stop them flying from California over the Arctic barrens to Siberia, and lost, Malcolm Campbell challenged the same Force to stop him going 300 miles an hour over the surface of the Salt Lake beds at Utah, and won with a comfortable margin of 4·311 miles.

It will not be long now before somebody tries to better 304·311 miles an hour over the earth's surface. As for the flip over the frozen top of the world, the embalmed bodies of cowboy humorist and one-eyed airman—brought back to Los Angeles roped in the seaplane of Joe Crosson, ace pilot of Pacific-Alaska Airways—had scarcely been lowered into their respective graves before two other men were climbing into a plane and heading north to do what those two had fallen down trying to achieve.

Curious, the pugnacious insistence of *Homo sapiens'* challenge to Nature. Surveying the formidable list of conquests, and their cost in casualties, one might surmise that he would be tiring now. But does he feel like calling it a day? He does not. His challenge is increasing, extending, and intensifying. On all fronts now he pushes on his aggressive war on a Nature which asks no more than to be left alone, and which every now and then slams down a challenger just to remind men that the game is dangerous.

Men have soared twelve miles above the planet in a stratosphere balloon. They have climbed five miles up a mountain on their own legs. They have descended a mile and a half into the earth by way of a Rand gold mine. And they have gone half a mile beneath the surface of the sea. Satisfied? They have barely started yet. There are so many excuses for pressing on, up, and down: scientific curiosity, economic necessity, the drive for wealth, war needs. If none of these fit, there is still the most sacred of all human incentives—sport.

It is the latter, mainly, that takes seven expeditions out this summer against man-killing mountains. Alps, Andes and Rockies have been surmounted, and left behind; but in the mighty Himalayas thirty-six peaks still smile their defiance,

ERIC FRASER

By C. Patrick Thompson

Decoration by Eric Fraser

and the list lengthens of mountaineers who have perished trying to wipe that siren smile off their icy cloud-wreathed faces.

CHANNEL swimming, marathon running, and long-distance air racing pale beside mountaineering over 20,000 feet. Polar exploration is the nearest parallel in physical endurance terms. A challenge to such lofty peaks as Everest, Nanga Parbat, and Kangchenjunga involves a whole elaborate campaign. It may take you a week to cut your way up and over an ice wall. It took Smythe and Dyhrenfurth that long to surmount a 500-foot wall on Kangchenjunga in 1930, and before they were over an ice avalanche came down, killed their best guide, and nearly overwhelmed the whole expedition. You may climb for two weeks with ice-pick, rope, and nailed boot, get within a day's climb of the summit, and be caught by the weather there. It happened to Merkl and his party of sixteen, five years ago. The storms broke on them on Camp 8, the last before the summit. Seven lived to reach base camp succour at Camp 4. The other nine perished on the mountain, Merkl among them. The men who got beyond 28,000 feet on Everest in 1933 found they had to take five breaths for every step in that thin air. Their heads ached, their throats swelled, they were burnt up by day and frozen by night. Obviously you need exceptional lungs, muscle, nerve, and mountaineering experience for such fights. But you need something more. You need that gift of the gods: luck.

Mallory and Irvine had enough and to spare of the first four: the last they lacked. Watchers in the camps far below on Everest saw them begin the last stage of the 29,141 feet journey up the world's highest mountain. Clouds wreathed the topmost peak. In this white, rolling vapour the two moving specks disappeared—for ever.

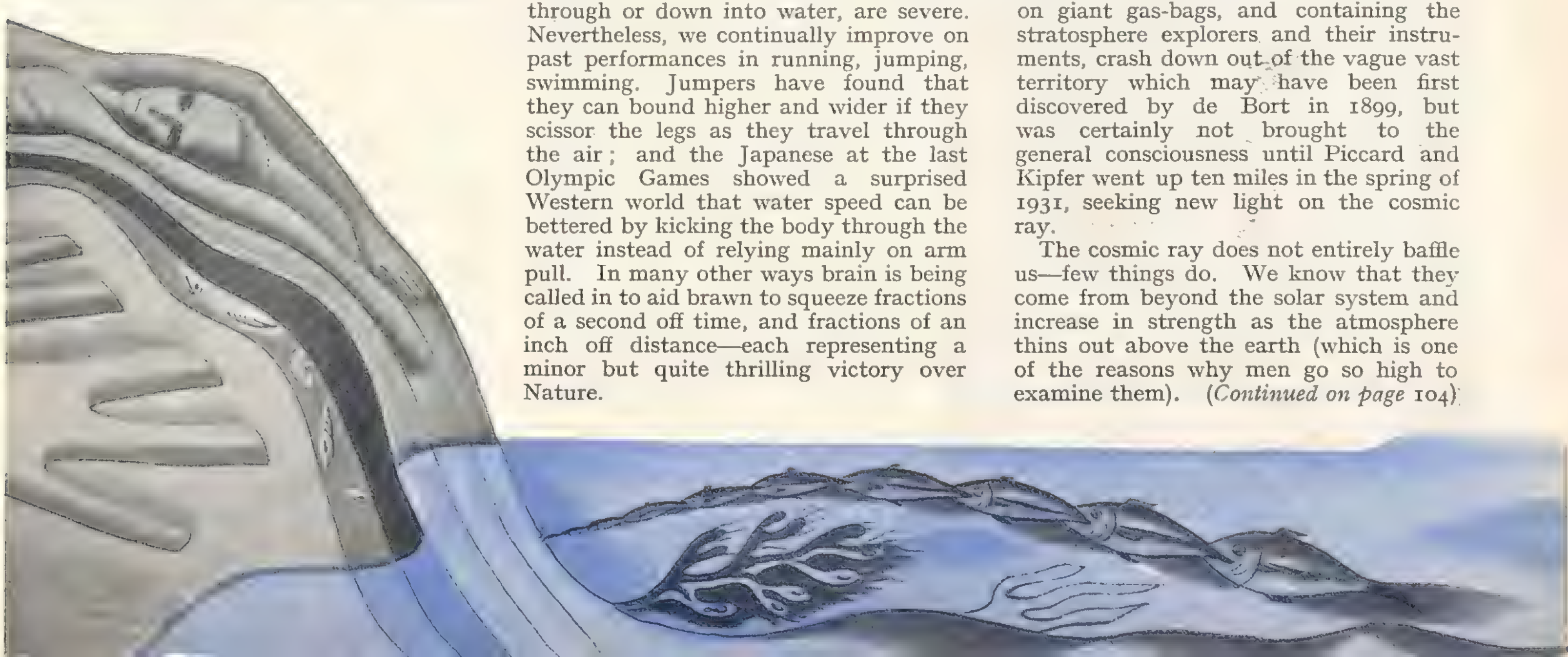
We members of the genus *Homo* move about the earth under an atmospheric pressure of about a ton per square foot. It is some compensation to have our enormous brain and exceptional development of the *gluteus maximus* and the calf muscles. But the limits imposed upon our power to rise above the earth, move across it, or project ourselves through or down into water, are severe. Nevertheless, we continually improve on past performances in running, jumping, swimming. Jumpers have found that they can bound higher and wider if they scissor the legs as they travel through the air; and the Japanese at the last Olympic Games showed a surprised Western world that water speed can be bettered by kicking the body through the water instead of relying mainly on arm pull. In many other ways brain is being called in to aid brawn to squeeze fractions of a second off time, and fractions of an inch off distance—each representing a minor but quite thrilling victory over Nature.

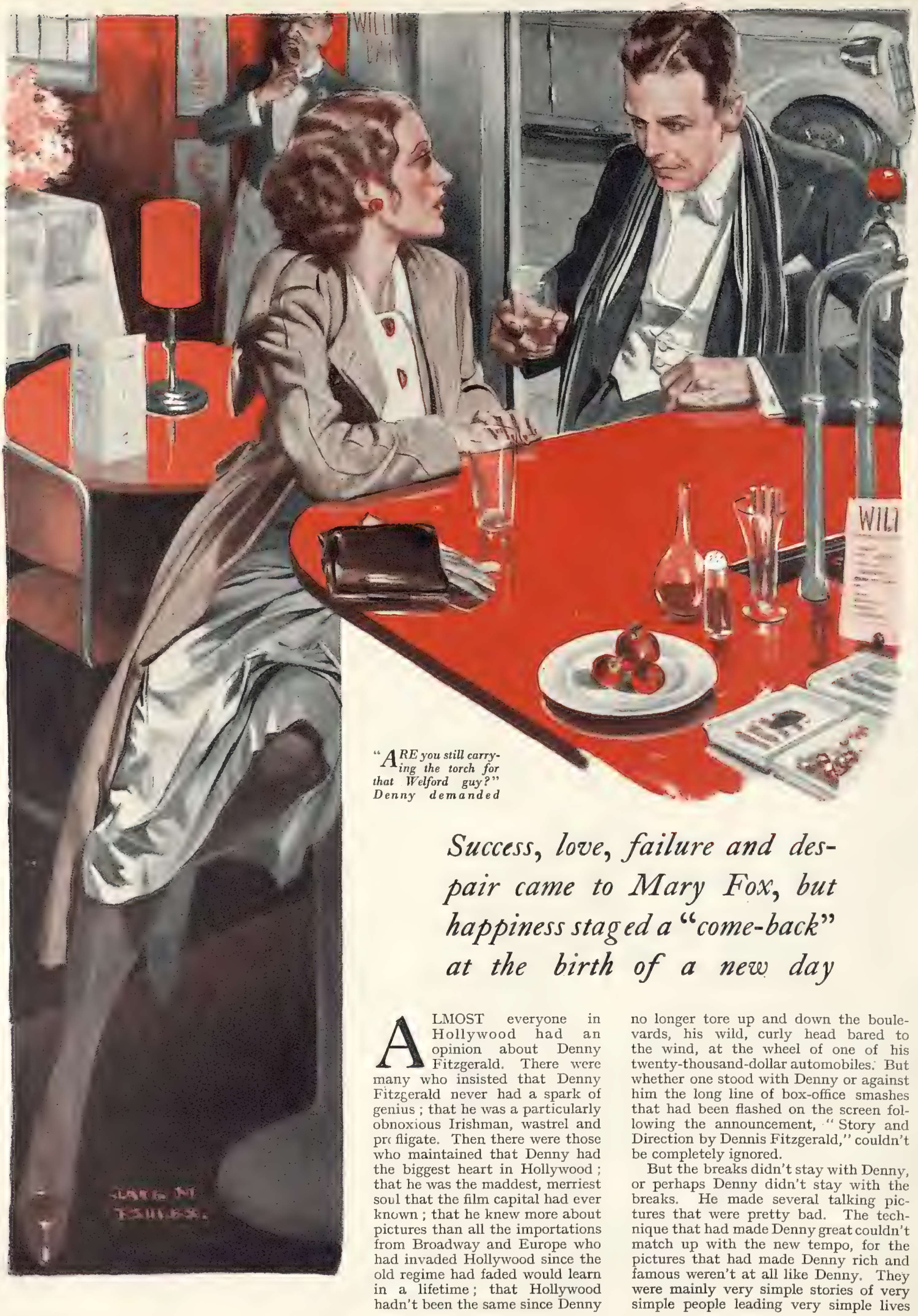
IN a speed machine, of course, there is no holding man now. With a terrific effort Henri Farman triumphed over Nature on that memorable thirteenth of January, 1908. With the first flight of one kilometre, he won the coveted Deutsch-Archdeacon prize. Only a quarter-century later, Codos and Rossi shot over non-stop from New York to Syria, 5,650 miles, or 300 miles better than the flip Gayford and Nicholettes made from Cranwell to the toe of South Africa. We have already noted Malcolm Campbell's feat; but it is amusing to recall that just 22 years ago, as he threw water over the wooden wheels of his car at Brooklands to tighten up the spokes before risking his neck at 100 m.p.h., he thought that in the remote future a car might be evolved to make the dizzy, incredible, engine-shattering and tyre-scorching speed of 150 miles an hour, no less.

Nature has kept the stratosphere up her capacious sleeve so long and successfully that the word does not yet appear in standard dictionaries. Man, a little annoyed, is now making up for lost time; and every now and then metal balls hung on giant gas-bags, and containing the stratosphere explorers and their instruments, crash down out of the vague vast territory which may have been first discovered by de Bort in 1899, but was certainly not brought to the general consciousness until Piccard and Kipfer went up ten miles in the spring of 1931, seeking new light on the cosmic ray.

The cosmic ray does not entirely baffle us—few things do. We know that they come from beyond the solar system and increase in strength as the atmosphere thins out above the earth (which is one of the reasons why men go so high to examine them).

(*Continued on page* 104)





"ARE you still carrying the torch for that Welford guy?" Denny demanded

Success, love, failure and despair came to Mary Fox, but happiness staged a "come-back" at the birth of a new day

ALMOST everyone in Hollywood had an opinion about Denny Fitzgerald. There were many who insisted that Denny Fitzgerald never had a spark of genius; that he was a particularly obnoxious Irishman, wastrel and profligate. Then there were those who maintained that Denny had the biggest heart in Hollywood; that he was the maddest, merriest soul that the film capital had ever known; that he knew more about pictures than all the importations from Broadway and Europe who had invaded Hollywood since the old regime had faded would learn in a lifetime; that Hollywood hadn't been the same since Denny no longer tore up and down the boulevards, his wild, curly head bared to the wind, at the wheel of one of his twenty-thousand-dollar automobiles. But whether one stood with Denny or against him the long line of box-office smashes that had been flashed on the screen following the announcement, "Story and Direction by Dennis Fitzgerald," couldn't be completely ignored.

But the breaks didn't stay with Denny, or perhaps Denny didn't stay with the breaks. He made several talking pictures that were pretty bad. The technique that had made Denny great couldn't match up with the new tempo, for the pictures that had made Denny rich and famous weren't at all like Denny. They were mainly very simple stories of very simple people leading very simple lives

Then came the Dawn at Willie's

By Eleanore Griffin

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

and loving each other very much. In the silent pictures it had all seemed tender and real, but the talkies involved a new sophistication, and what had brought tears in the silent days might now provoke guffaws. Then one day Denny got drunk and when he returned there was another director making his picture.

So, in a whirl of attachments, law suits, stock crashes, and a thousand petty annoyances with which he couldn't be bothered, Denny shook the glittering dust of Hollywood from his erring feet. Hollywood said, " Good riddance ! " and then took it back. No one could stay mad long with Denny. But Denny didn't return. Newport, Palm Beach and Park Avenue grabbed him to their hearts. Denny broke was still very good company.

AFTER three years Denny appeared again. But not to make pictures. He came back on a yacht almost as big as a battleship, one of a very gilded party making a world cruise, planning to dally in Hollywood for a few weeks before taking off to Honolulu. The yacht belonged to a Mrs. Krause, a widow. She was not as young and not as slim as Denny used to like them, but the movie columnists intimated that Mrs. Krause was almost certain to become Mrs. Fitzgerald.

At first he seemed the same Denny, carefully extricating the pennies and leaving the rest of his change on the table, never failing to explain solemnly that he saved the pennies to put on dead men's eyes ; as wild and as full of roguish quips and mad pranks as ever, until one considered Mrs. Krause. Not that Mrs. Krause wasn't all right, and much more than just all right, but somehow not for Denny.

One night Denny dropped in alone at Willie's. Willie's is a little place on Sunset, not at all smart, where one can stop for a drink.

Denny had nearly finished his drink before he was aware of a girl sitting alone at the bar. The girl was staring at him with moody eyes and the cloudy gaze of three or four highballs too many.

" Hello, you," she said.

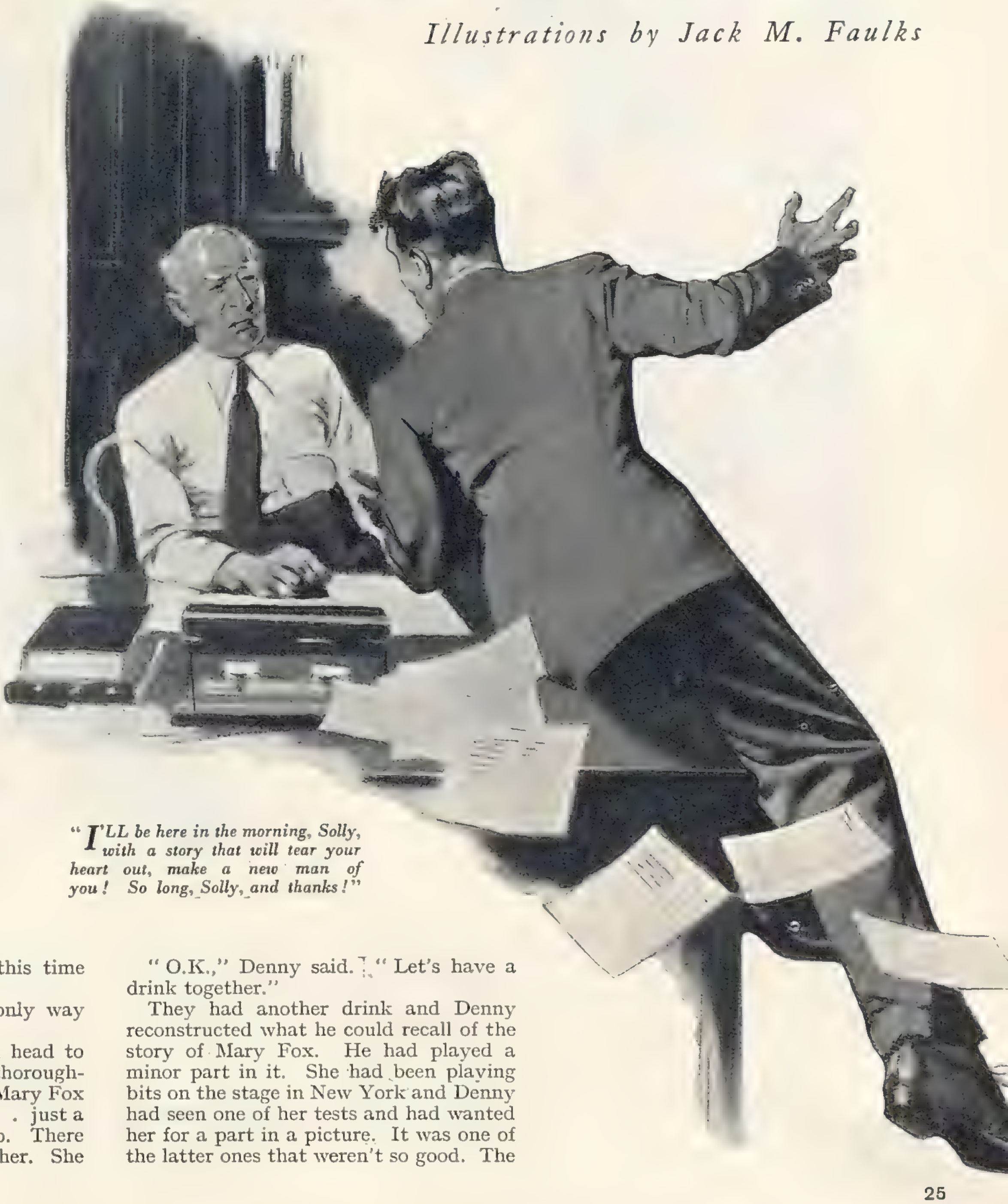
For a moment Denny could not place her. " Mary Fox ! You little cat ! What are you doing out all by yourself this time of the morning ? "

" Getting drunk ! It's the only way I can go to sleep."

Denny looked her over from head to foot. Denny could do that very thoroughly and with beautiful precision. Mary Fox had been such a lovely thing . . . just a little more than three years ago. There had been a kind of glow about her. She wasn't lovely now. Her blonde hair was a mousey brown at the roots, the bright scarlet of her nails needed renewing, and there was something different about her face.

" What do you want to get drunk for ? " Denny demanded.

The girl shrugged. " Do I have to think up a good reason ? I guess you did a pretty good job yourself while you were at it."

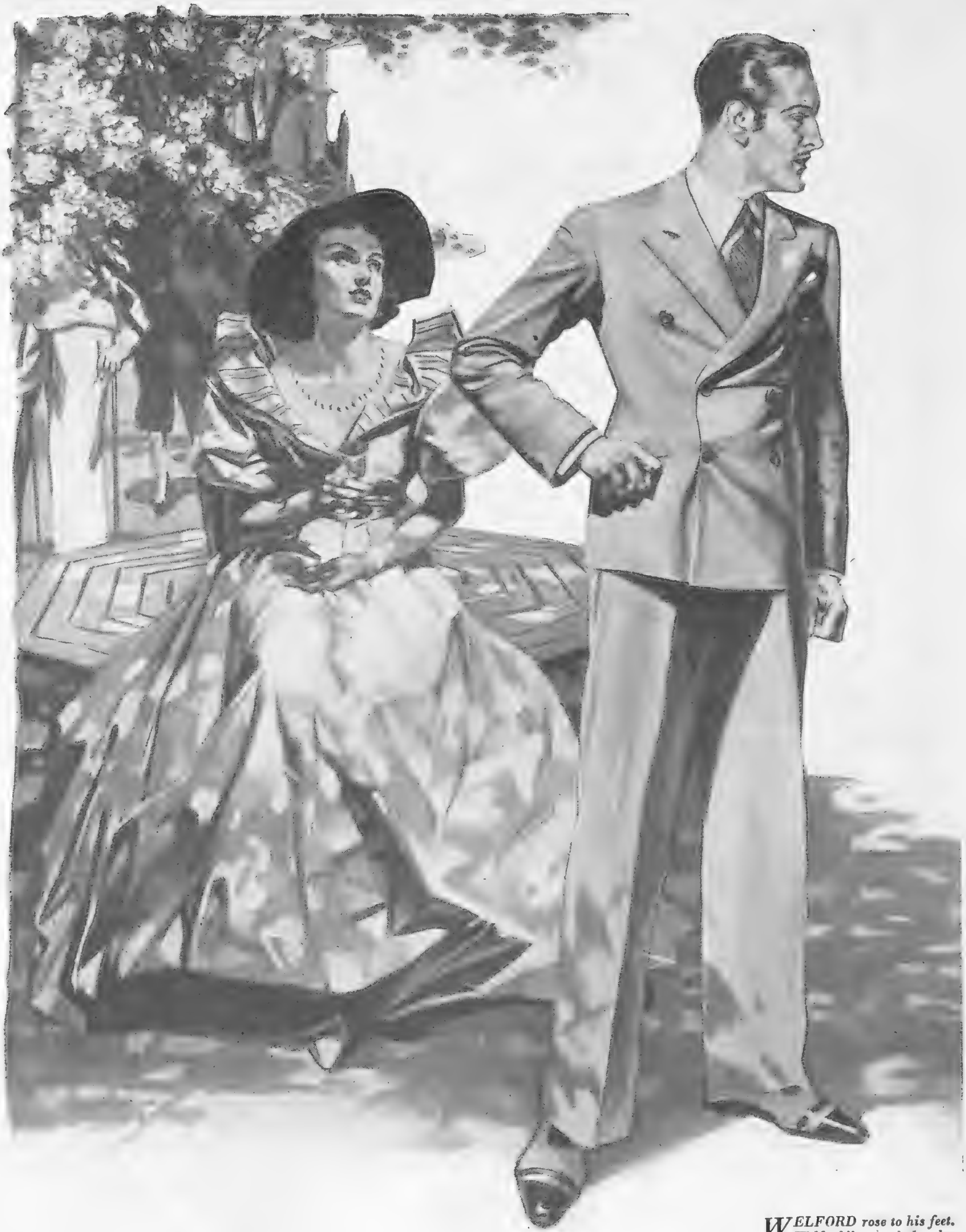


" I'LL be here in the morning, Solly, with a story that will tear your heart out, make a new man of you ! So long, Solly, and thanks ! "

" O.K.," Denny said. " Let's have a drink together."

They had another drink and Denny reconstructed what he could recall of the story of Mary Fox. He had played a minor part in it. She had been playing bits on the stage in New York and Denny had seen one of her tests and had wanted her for a part in a picture. It was one of the latter ones that weren't so good. The studio brought her out on a six-months contract with an option for five years. She was a cute kid. Denny was delighted with her. And she could act.

Of course, Denny made love to her. Almost the first day. He always did. Sometimes it meant much, and sometimes it didn't mean a thing ; but this girl drew away, and that seldom happened. There was no display of outraged virtue. She looked at him with eyes that were like smoked pearls. " I like you, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, " but there's a boy in New York. I don't know that there's another man in the whole world. Do you know what I mean ? "



WELFORD rose to his feet. Welford," so nicely that

Denny was terribly Irish. And he was a funny guy. Denny went to Mass on Christmas Day and always made his Easter duty. There was something in this girl's eyes and in her voice when she talked about the boy in New York that got under Denny's skin. He vaguely envied him, whoever he might be. He grinned at Mary and said, " Forgive and forget my making a pass at you and tell me about this boy in New York."

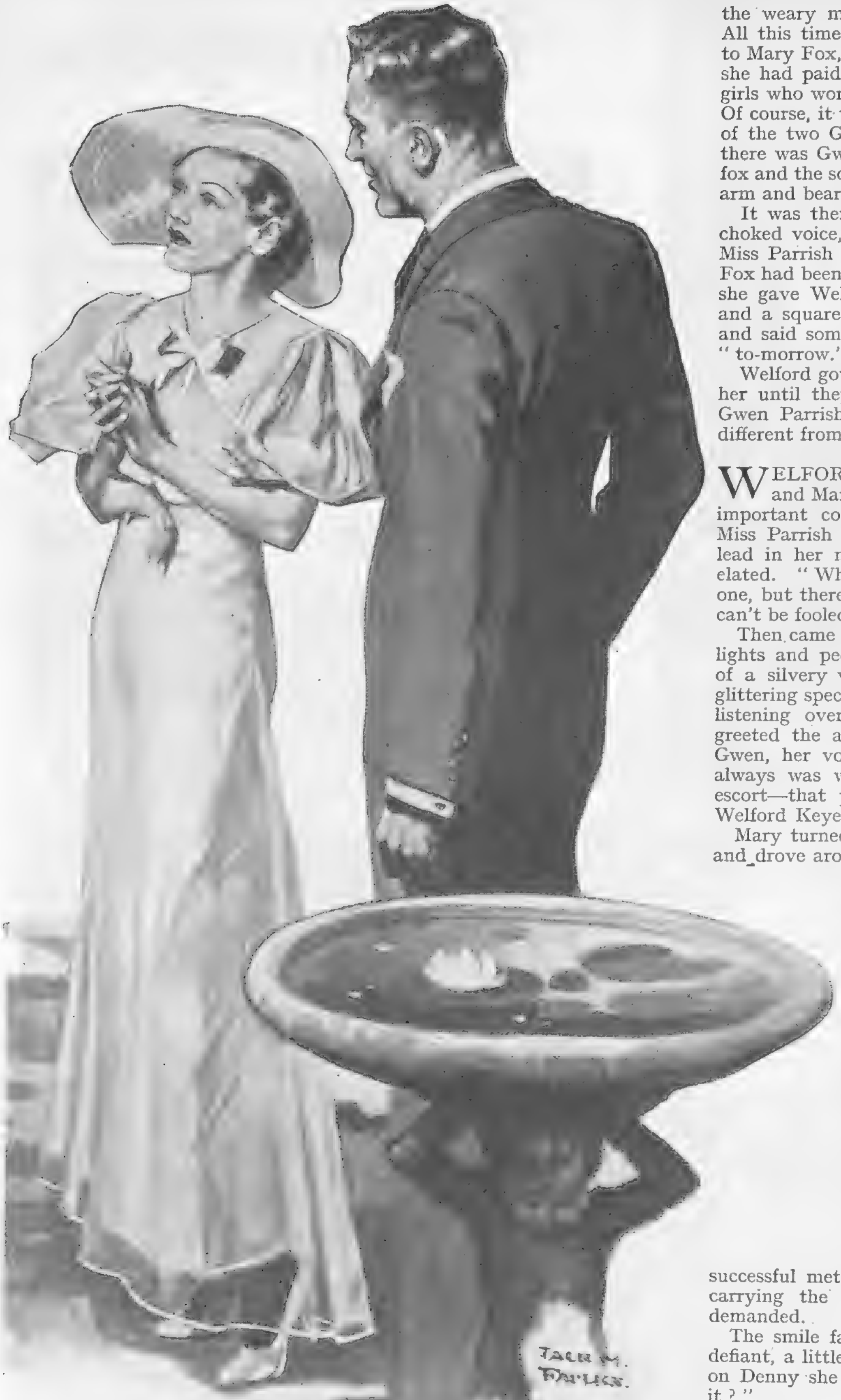
So Denny learned about two stage-struck kids . . . a girl who had been born Mary Fox and a boy who had named himself Welford Keyes.

" We're terribly in love," Mary told him, " with each other and with acting. There couldn't be anyone else for either of us. It nearly killed us when I got this chance to come to the coast and Welford had to stay in New York, but we want to be really great . . . to do beautiful things together . . . and, after all, this was too big an opportunity to pass by. But they'll be sending for Welford one of these days, and then make way for the biggest thing since Valentino."

" That's swell," Denny said. " It's beautiful. Hell, it's perfect! But it can't happen to everyone. You know that, don't you? You've got something, so hang on to it!"

Mary, young, confident, glowing, had smiled at him almost pityingly. " Don't you worry about Welford and me."

Sure enough, they did send for Welford Keyes one day after



Then Mary said " Hello, Denny was proud of her

Denny had left Hollywood and about the time that they were referring to Mary Fox as one of the most promising young people recruited from Broadway. Mary met the train at Pasadena.

There were reporters at the station ; not to welcome Welford Keyes, but because Gwen Parrish was on the train. The rest is Hollywood history. Gwen Parrish graciously insisted that Welford be photographed with her . . . and so they posed, with Gwen clutching a great armful of crimson roses and gazing up at him with her tragic, hungry eyes. Then to the Press she enthusiastically expressed her confidence in the brilliant career of the young man who had so successfully brightened the weary miles between New York and Los Angeles. All this time no one was paying the slightest attention to Mary Fox, all dressed up in the new fur coat on which she had paid the first instalment because Welford liked girls who wore fur coats and looked sleek and successful. Of course, it wasn't much of a coat compared with either of the two Gwen Parrish's maid was carrying . . . and there was Gwen herself, exquisite and romantic in silver fox and the softest black broadcloth, clinging to Welford's arm and bearing him off to where her town car waited.

It was then that Mary cried, " Welford," in a funny choked voice, and it was rather embarrassing all round. Miss Parrish chose not to remember that she and Mary Fox had been introduced on three previous occasions, but she gave Welford one slim white hand with fingernails and a square-cut diamond that were equally incredible and said something in husky tones about " lunch " and " to-morrow."

Welford got into Mary's little coupé, but he didn't kiss her until they were three blocks from the station and Gwen Parrish's car was out of sight. It was all very different from the way Mary had planned it.

WELFORD lunched with Gwen Parrish the next day, and Mary said that it was very wise of him to make important contacts from the start. Three days later Miss Parrish demanded that he be given the romantic lead in her new picture. Mary worked hard at being elated. " What did I tell you ? " she demanded of everyone, but there are certain things about which Hollywood can't be fooled.

Then came a night when the sky was criss-crossed with lights and people had been standing for hours, in spite of a silvery veil of rain, that they might witness the glittering spectacle of a Hollywood première. Mary Fox, listening over the radio, heard the wild cheers that greeted the arrival of Gwen Parrish. Then she heard Gwen, her voice tremulous to the point of tears as it always was when she faced her public, introduce her escort—that promising young New York actor Mr. Welford Keyes.

Mary turned off the radio. She got out her little car and drove around in the rain. The next morning in the columns of movie chatter the romance between Gwen Parrish and her new leading man was described as the newest and most throbbing in Hollywood, and on another page was a picture of Mary Fox, her face completely swathed in bandages. The small coupé had skidded on the wet pavement and crashed into another car. Later they patched up the poor little broken nose, but Mary Fox never looked quite the same. The studio didn't take up its option on her services. She played a bit in a picture now and then, and Hollywood forgot about Mary Fox.

She smiled at Denny across the bar at Willie's . . . a defiant, drunken, sad little smile. Now in Hollywood if you would like to know anything about a person that anywhere else in the world would be sacredly personal, the simplest and most successful method is a direct question. " Are you still carrying the torch for that Welford guy ? " Denny demanded.

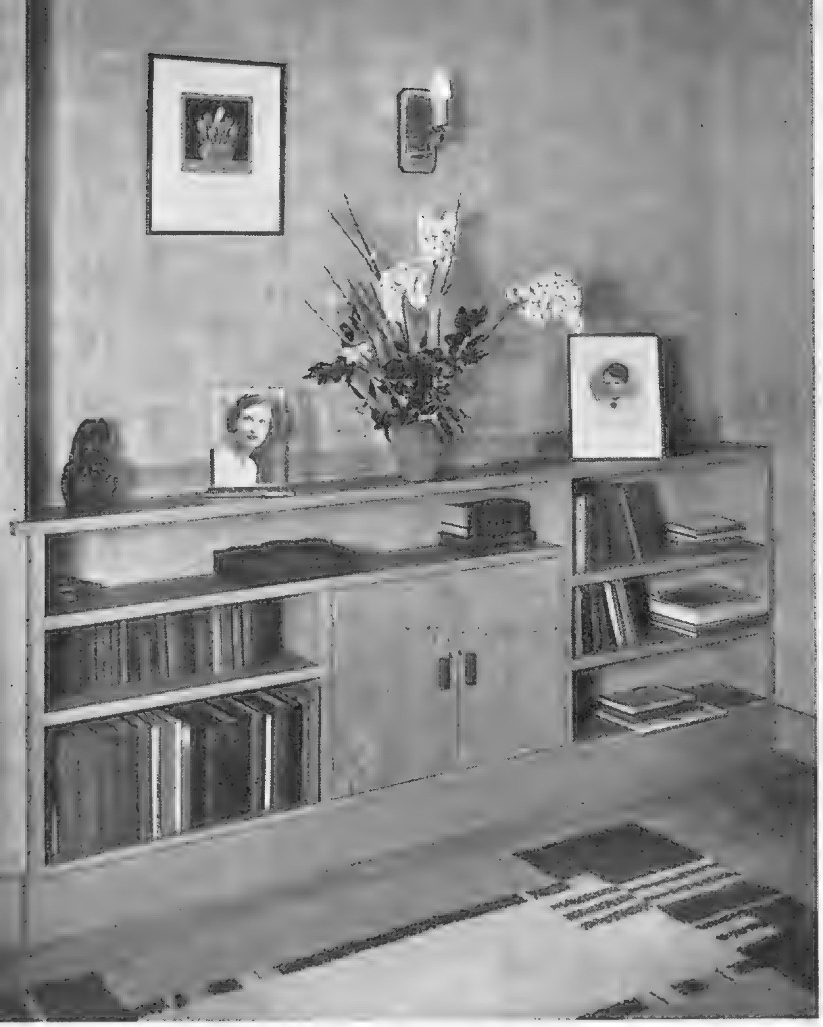
The smile faded, and Mary Fox looked a little more defiant, a little less drunk and very sad. With her eyes on Denny she finished her drink. " Yes. What about it ? "

" Nothing. Nothing at all, but what does it get you ? "

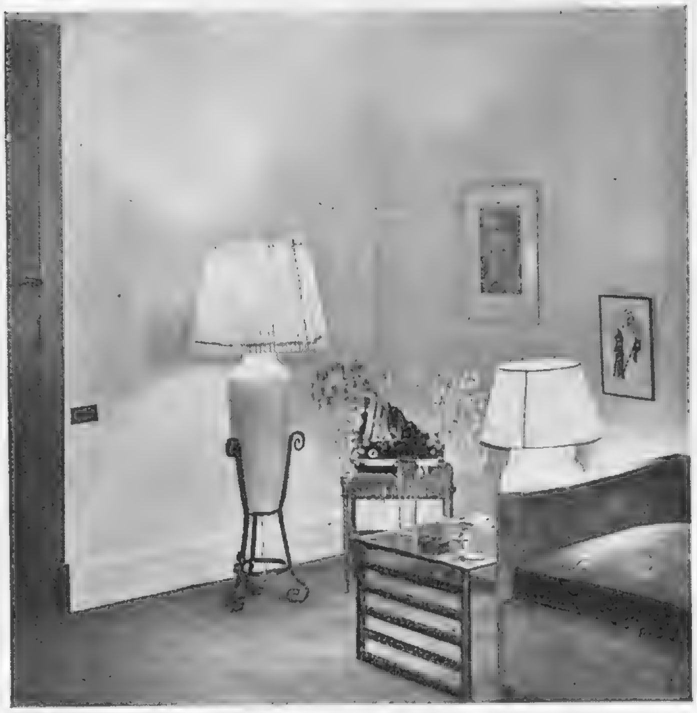
She shrugged and gathered up her gloves and worn little purse, and Denny followed her out of Willie's. It was very late, or rather very early. Only half the street lights were burning, and there was the mighty twittering of birds that presaged the dawn. The Hollywood hills towered black and formidable. Except for the birds and a milk truck lumbering down the street, there wasn't a sound. Mary Fox threw out her arms. " Isn't four o'clock in the morning the saddest time ? "

Denny put her in her shabby little coupé with the bent fenders and drove behind her to her apartment " to ward off ghosts, banshees and desperate characters." He squeezed her hand when he left her, but he didn't say anything because there was, after all, so little to say to Mary Fox. Welford, by this time, was one of Hollywood's most popular leading men, with eyes for no one but Gwen Parrish. (*Continued on page* 114)

The decoration



You couldn't say this corner had been left out in the cold, yet the treatment is very simple. Note the discriminating arrangement of details and the balance they achieve



A lamp, a low table and a picture, perfectly balanced, make this ordinary corner a delight. Lighting is an excellent way of giving interest and warmth to isolated corners of the room

CORNERS have always seemed unfriendly things. Ever since the youthful days when I so often paid for my delinquencies by occupying the remotest of them, the very sight of them has depressed me.

I had time to consider them then, and I remember a rebellious decision to eliminate them from my home when I should have reached years of authority.

It still seems a good idea, though to-day my design is actuated by other reasons.

If you consider the perfunctory attention that the corners of the average room receive, or consider how little service they render to comfort and decoration, can you wonder at my decision ?

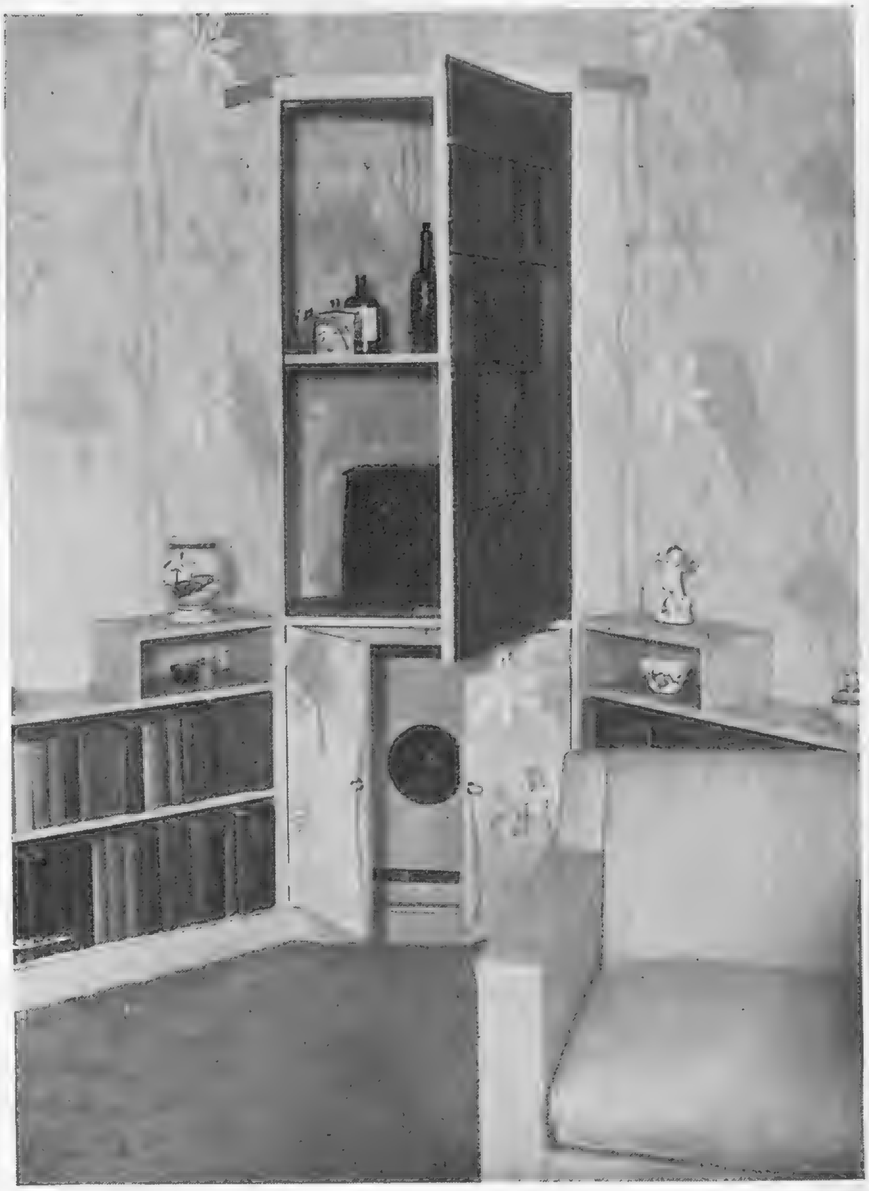
Rule off the area in the average room which can be truthfully called comfortable in cold weather. In most cases the description is confined to a space within a few feet of the fireplace. The outer reaches of the room are uninviting.

This is not to suggest that we spend our winters in the corners of the house, however skilfully they are decorated. All I ask is that corners should be cheerful, more attractive, and that they should bring the farthest reaches of the room into cheerful communion with the rest.

Designers and decorators are making much more use of corner space for practical purposes and thus increasing the spaciousness and the efficiency of small rooms.

Furniture, specially created to fit into corners gracefully and with purpose, is proving successful in a practical and in a decorative sense.

The sideboard illustrated on the opposite page is an example ; the dressing-table is another.



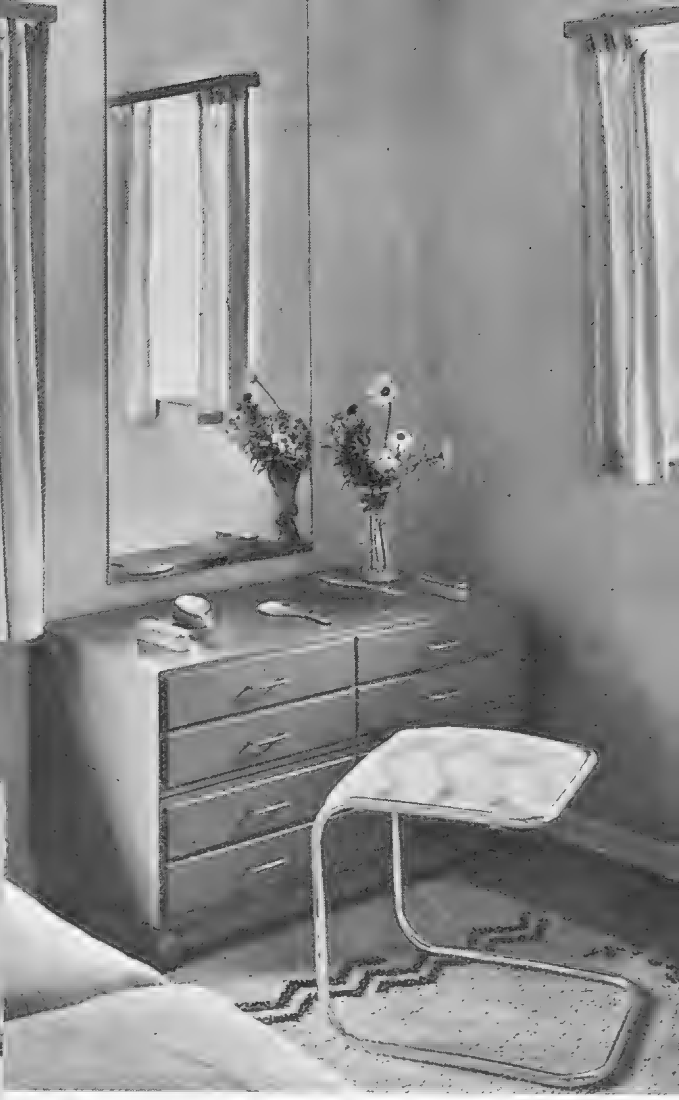
Something different, but practical and simple when you study it. This is a built-in corner cupboard papered over to match the walls, with plywood bookshelves flanking it on either side. The lower cupboard conceals a radio

and treatment of CORNERS

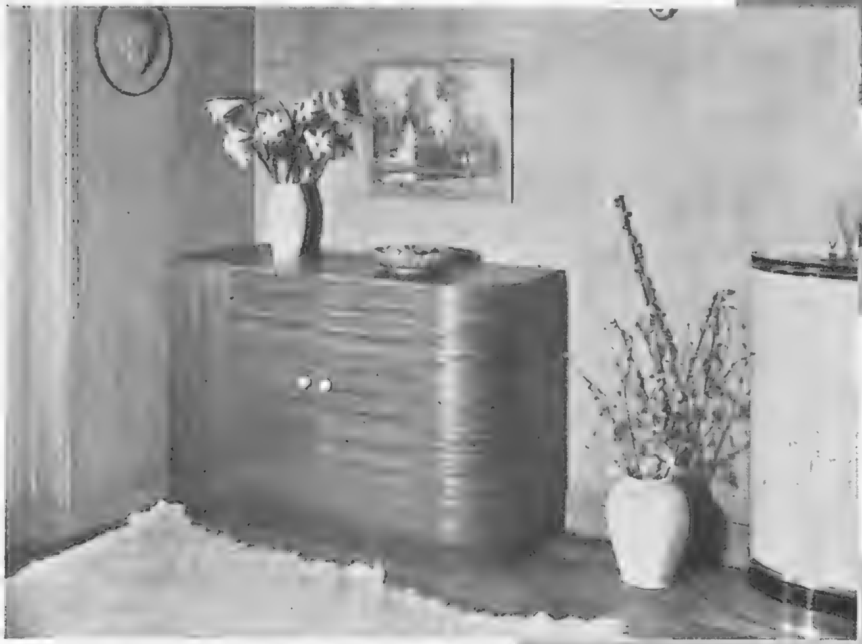
By Winifred Lewis

Built-in fitments are a simple and often an inexpensive means of utilising the corners and investing them with importance. Even so, unless the fitment is of such a character as to give real service, or at least to invest the corner with comfort, the effect is wasted.

Lighting is another means of giving warmth, colour and interest to shadowy corners of the room. See how charmingly it is used in the picture on the left-hand page. What could be more simple, or more dazzlingly effective ?



A box bedroom has a dressing-table specially designed to fit the corner. The table itself is low, unobtrusive, but the long mirror gives it height and dignity



This sideboard was designed specially to fit into a corner, and does so with charming effect. The spaciousness of small rooms is much increased by such discreet use of corner space

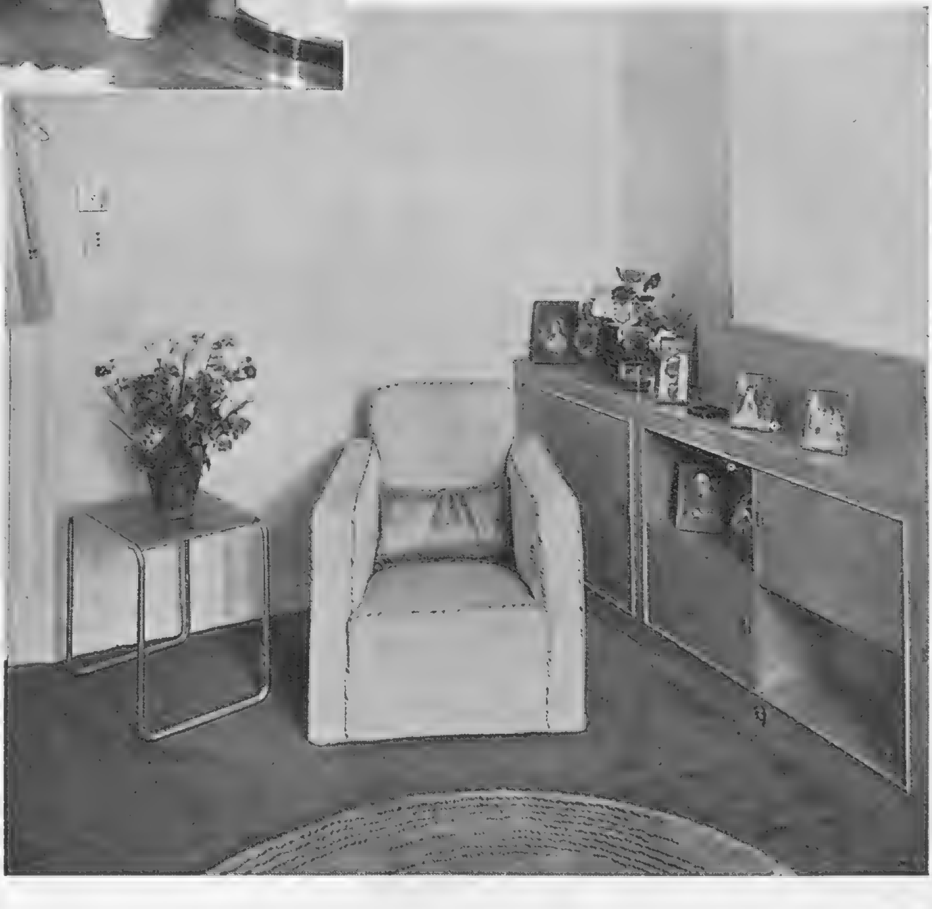
A delicate picture, a low table, a beautiful lamp. Each skilfully chosen and more skilfully displayed. The effect might have been very different if these simple objects had been grouped with less artistry.

In the two-purpose sitting-room, the corner dining-table is practical and space-saving. In most cases a seat is built into the corner and an angular table, long and narrow in shape, is set before it. Diners sit facing the room on the two inner sides of the table.

Furniture set diagonally across the corners of a room is a recognised mistake. This method merely creates unsightly angles and is definitely a waste of space.

Where furniture is set flat against the walls and the corners are responsible for a decorative effect of their own, the room assumes a finished air and becomes a worthy background for the furniture which is displayed in it.

Yet another simple arrangement for a corner. Built-in cupboards run along one side of the room, and an easy-chair and table, carefully chosen, complete the effect of comfort



The *Decorative* Value *of* Glass

Treated architecturally, it can change the atmosphere or character of a room

By Paul I. Smith

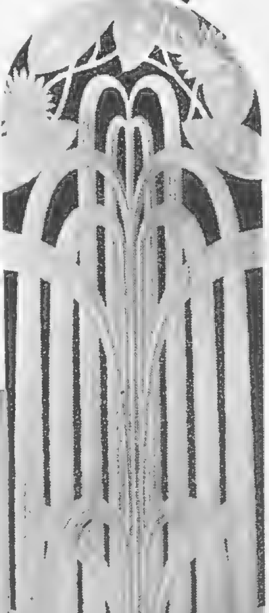
A slim mirror panel over the fireplace and mirrors placed between the glass wall shelves are etched with figures, heads on the vertical, cupids, on the horizontal mirrors

Black glass, decoratively sand-blasted in gold

GLASS offers an extensive and interesting range of decorative possibilities in modern architecture.

Etching and sandblasting are, perhaps, the two most popular means of embellishing glass, and these processes are capable of very beautiful interpretation.

Colour also plays a most important part in the decorative appeal of glass. It is possible to obtain both plate and mirror glass in a wide and charming variety of delicate colours.



Thick glass with the pattern etched in in different depths, to be lit from the edge, so that the design is shown in shadows. These could make decorative grilles or doors

The etched design on the mirror at the left gives personality to an austere dressing-table

Black glass, in spite of its rather hackneyed use at times, is a particularly beautiful material, offering plenty of scope for those who love to experiment. The imaginative designer can make striking use of black plate-glass sandblasted in gold for decorative grilles and doors and wall panels.

In some cases the glass is lighted from the edges so that the design is shown up in the shadows.

Black plate-glass and mirrors, with their rich, softened reflections, are suitable for brightly lighted rooms, furnished in the modern way.

By the selection of appropriate designs and treatments that range from fluting and embossing to engraving, etching and sandblasting, it is possible to make it contribute a great deal to the interior structure. It can completely change the character or atmosphere of a room.

Some of the sandblasted designs on black and richly coloured glass are reminiscent of delicate wrought-iron work. The influence of the characteristic restrained English style of the eighteenth century is noticeable.

Many of the etched designs in thick plate-glass are austerely classical in conception, and they harmonise exceedingly well with schemes of furnishing which aim at a simple beauty of colour and form, and yet cannot be called aggressively modern.

PLATE-GLASS is also used for furniture as well as wall and door decorations. For table-tops it can be very lovely and serviceable.

The grain of the new woods is often so beautifully figured that it deserves some protection. Glass not only affords this, but permits ready admiration of the wood underneath.

The glass fireplace, an exquisite piece of modern craftsmanship, makes cunning use of both plate and mirror glass. The side panels that surround the electric fire are generally made of cast and shaped layers of glass arranged on the face of a black mirrored wall. The hearth is often made of cut-glass tiles.

Some very beautiful rooms have been designed in which the black of an ebonised table or other piece of furniture is repeated in the decorative panel of sandblasted black glass.

This panel is usually lighted up from the back to show off the design. In all cases, indirect and well-arranged lighting can contribute a great deal to the charm of the glass.

For shelves, either for books or glass, the strong armour-plated glass is recommended, and in between the shelves there is a ready use for decorated glass panels. Plate-glass also finds use as a shaped and coloured, or black base *(Continued on page 126)*

Music Room

Music is increasingly important in our lives. So enjoy it in the right and the most comfortable atmosphere

By Baseden Butt

An interesting feature of this music room is the shaping for the rugs, which repeat the curve of the grand pianofor e case. The deep-seated, comfortably upholstered armchairs and the pale primrose walls create an ideal atmosphere for musical appreciation

The chief glory of the music room in a recently decorated country house is a pair of flush fitted cupboards used for music scores, gramophone records and stringed instruments

THE modern living room is an interior with many uses. Often it is lounge, library and smoking-room in one, and it is not uncommon for an alcove or a convenient corner also to do service as a dining-room. Moreover, it may be used as a music room.

This need of a music room is one which is being felt nowadays to an increasing degree. The universal popularity of wireless, far from discouraging the amateur musician, is producing a precisely opposite effect, inspiring many people, especially among the younger generation, with a livelier determination to play for themselves. Piano makers are selling more instruments to-day than they have done for years.

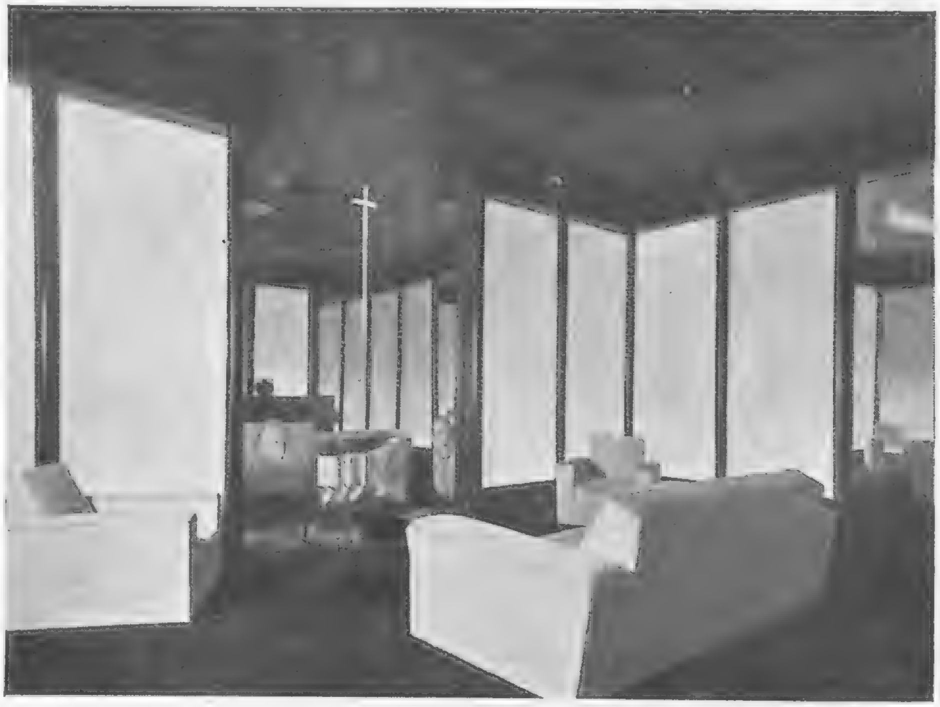
At first, when radio was still a novelty, people frequently wondered whether it was any longer worth while taking pains to master a difficult instrument when music could be hired so easily. But it was soon realised that listening and doing are two different things.

The delight, even of the most critical listener, is quite different from the joy of self-expression, and the former, one must reluctantly admit, palls more quickly.

Doubtless, this is the true explanation of the present revival of amateur musicianship which is making the music room a highly desirable feature of the modern home.

The ideal arrangement is, of course, for the music room to be separate and distinct, but in the great majority of flats and houses built nowadays space is too valuable, and the lounge and music room have to be combined. In any case, the music room must be equipped to fulfil a dual rôle, since it will be used for both performance and appreciation.

Music is the most social of the arts, and there are frequently occasions when the players have an audience. Moreover, every modern music room should include its radio, for the ability to play and the wish to listen are without doubt mutually stimulating (*Continued on page* 121)



In this modern music room the walls are panelled in cathedral glass with concealed colour lighting. The electric fire has a mirror surround. There is a large loud-speaker built into the ceiling

Old Tales Re-told

Black Agnes, Heroine of Scotland

Written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

MY tale this month concerns an episode of mediæval warfare: the kind of warfare that justly inspired the poets; a refreshing contrast to the loathsomeness of present-day battles; the time when the blow that killed was dealt by the hand of man, not by an unseen coagulation of mechanism.

It was the world of knights and castles, shining armour and unfurled banners, when it was impossible to kill anyone out of earshot.

The setting is one of the most romantic and picturesque that an artist could choose—Scotland of the fourteenth century. Not the Highlands but the Border country, and on that part of the coast where, for just a few months out of the year, the majestic billows of the North Sea merge to a more peaceful rhythm, a brighter colour.

The political position of the day was one of the most intricate and knotty that Scotland had ever experienced.

David, the little son of Robert Bruce, succeeded his father on the throne in 1329, his age more fitted to the kindergarten than the throne. Stern Randolph acted as Regent, and carried on his task with severe, sound government, but he did not last for more than three years. His successor proved weak, powerless, unfit to sustain his task. When a rival to the throne appeared in the person of Edward Baliol, son of the puppet king set up by Edward I and dethroned by the Scots, the new Regent failed lamentably.

Baliol had reason to believe that he had a better title to the crown of Scotland. His party was as numerous as that of David. His following was the Anglophil party that had sided with his father.

By aiming at the Scottish throne and at the same time declaring himself a vassal of Edward III of England, Baliol proved a poor psychologist. The nation was Nationalist to the core: Bannockburn was but fifteen years past. And France, hereditary foe of Britain, was Scotland's natural ally.

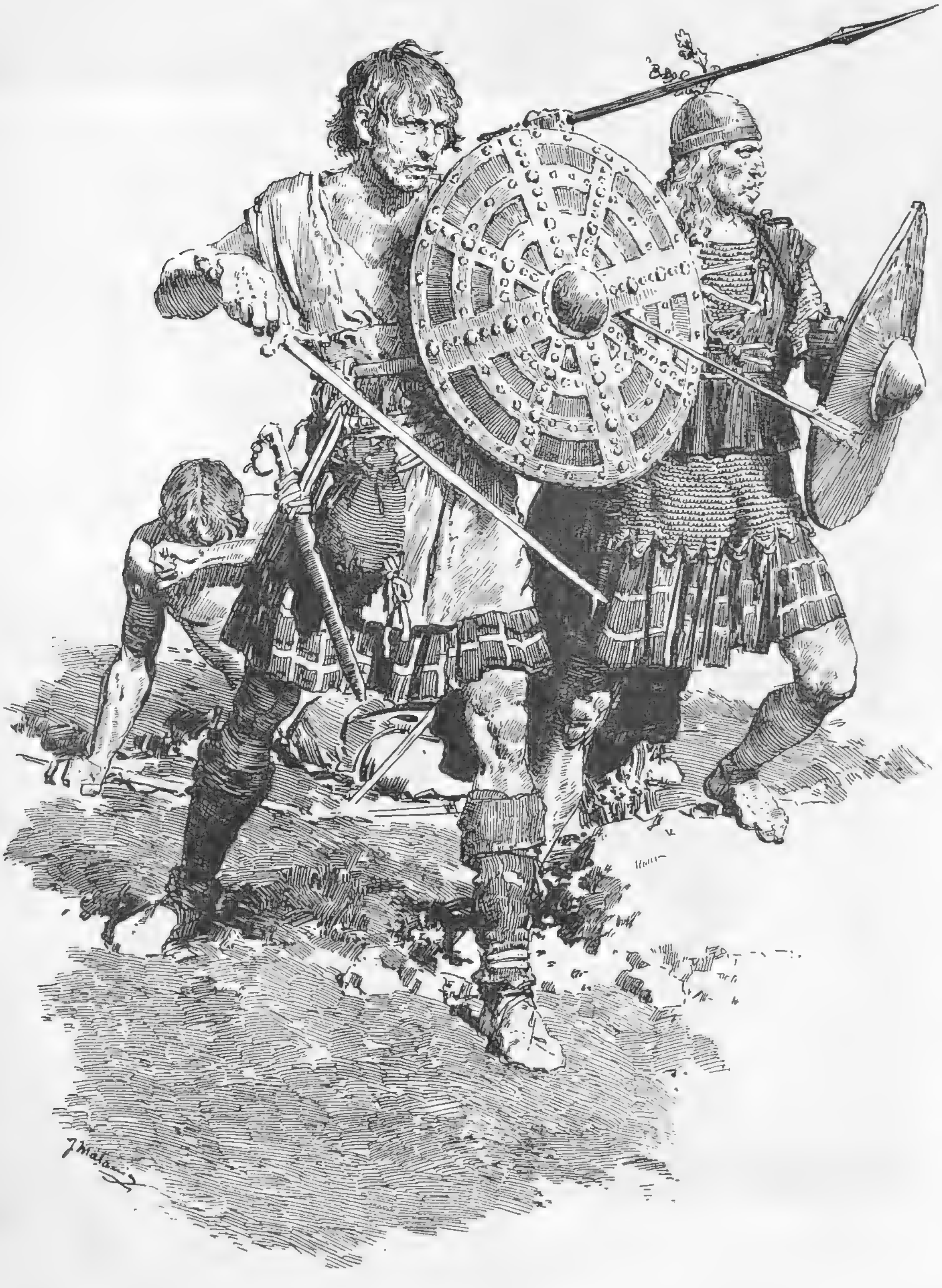
Baliol landed on the coast of Fife with an army of 3,300 men. He drove west and occupied a position in the heart of the country on one side of the river Earn. On the opposite side the Earl of Mar was in command of an army of 40,000 men.

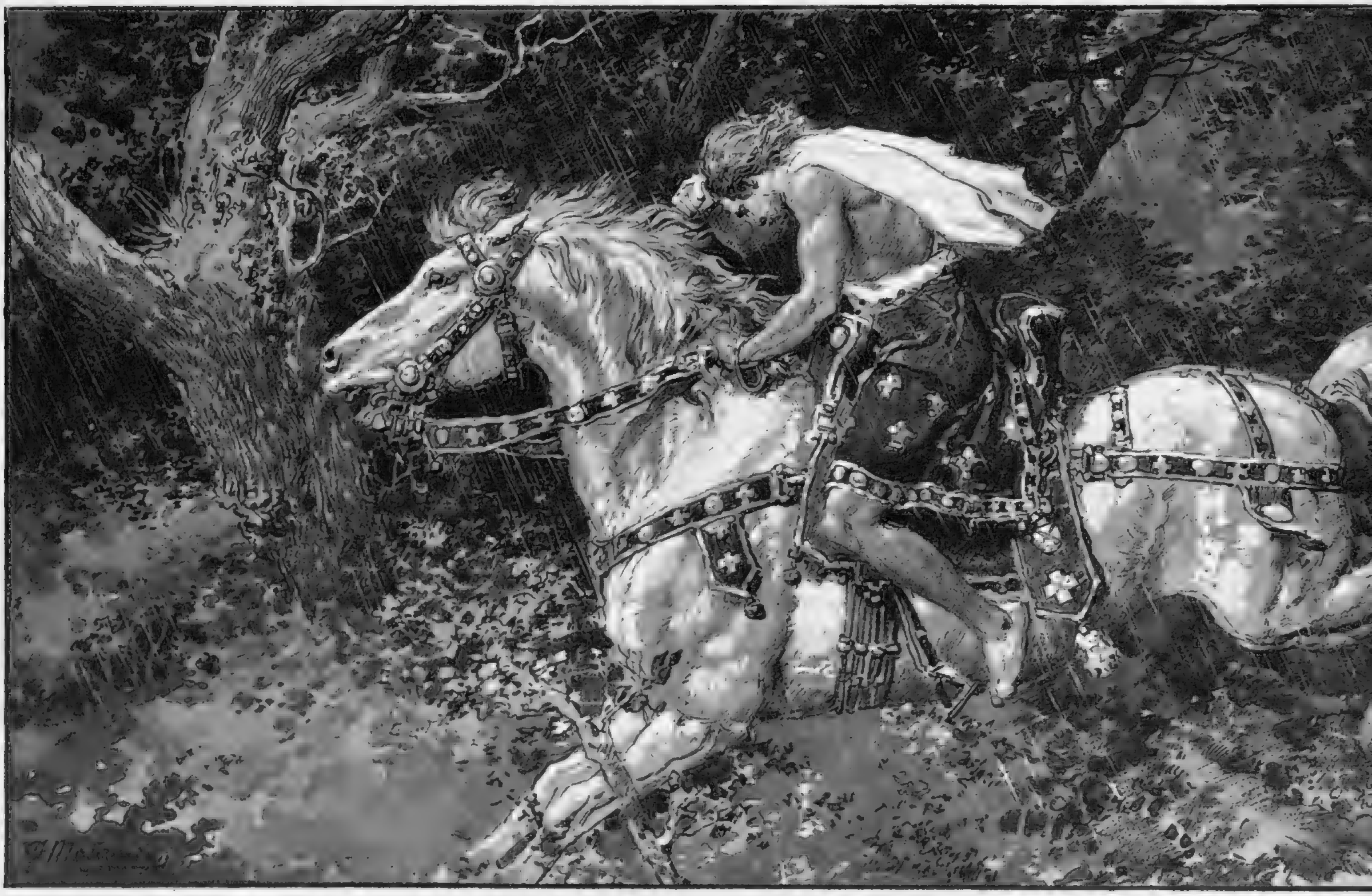
From the Scottish ranks came one traitor—a faithless Scottish laird—who guided Baliol and his army safely across the river. It was night. The camp was sleeping. The attack was so sudden that the Scottish soldiers broke in panic. So thick was the mêlée, there was no ground on which to put one's feet save on the bodies of prostrate men alive or dead.

In some parts the heaps of the fallen were piled so high that a long lance could have been thrust vertically through the bodies and disappear completely before its point could touch the ground. To obey a command was as disastrous as to disobey.

The slaughter was terrific, the débâcle complete. The number of slain Scots exceeded four times the number of the entire army of Baliol—12,000 men—while his losses had been only 30.

This defeat spread such discouragement that fortress after fortress, castle after castle yielded to the conqueror with little or no resistance. Perth fell into their hands. The Tay was successfully blockaded.





Baliol himself took to flight without even waiting to dress. Like a ghost in the darkness of the night, he set his horse at hedges, spurred up hill, down dale, through the drenching rain

Scotland, stunned by the blow, was mastered by a handful of men.

In this moment of weakness the little King was rescued and sent to France with his child-wife, the Princess Joanna of England.

In the meantime, Edward Baliol was crowned King of Scotland. He relied on the resignation of the Scotch people. He little knew that where the kilt is worn resignation does not exist, especially as far as national pride is concerned.

Young David Bruce and his dynasty represented the infrangible spirit of Scottish independence, reinforced by the protection, help and encouragement of France. Every act of submission was gained by force, and resulted only in the creation of the inevitable reaction: the accumulation of an opposition awaiting only one touch to blaze into flame.

The country lay prone beneath a pall of massacre and persecution. Everyone who was considered a rebel was exiled or executed, until an apparent peace convinced Baliol that his object was achieved.

He dismissed many Barons. He disbanded the bulk of his troops, when he was suddenly attacked at Annan by a Scotch army which sprang apparently out of the earth. The two leaders of the army bore two names well known to Scotland: Murray and Douglas.

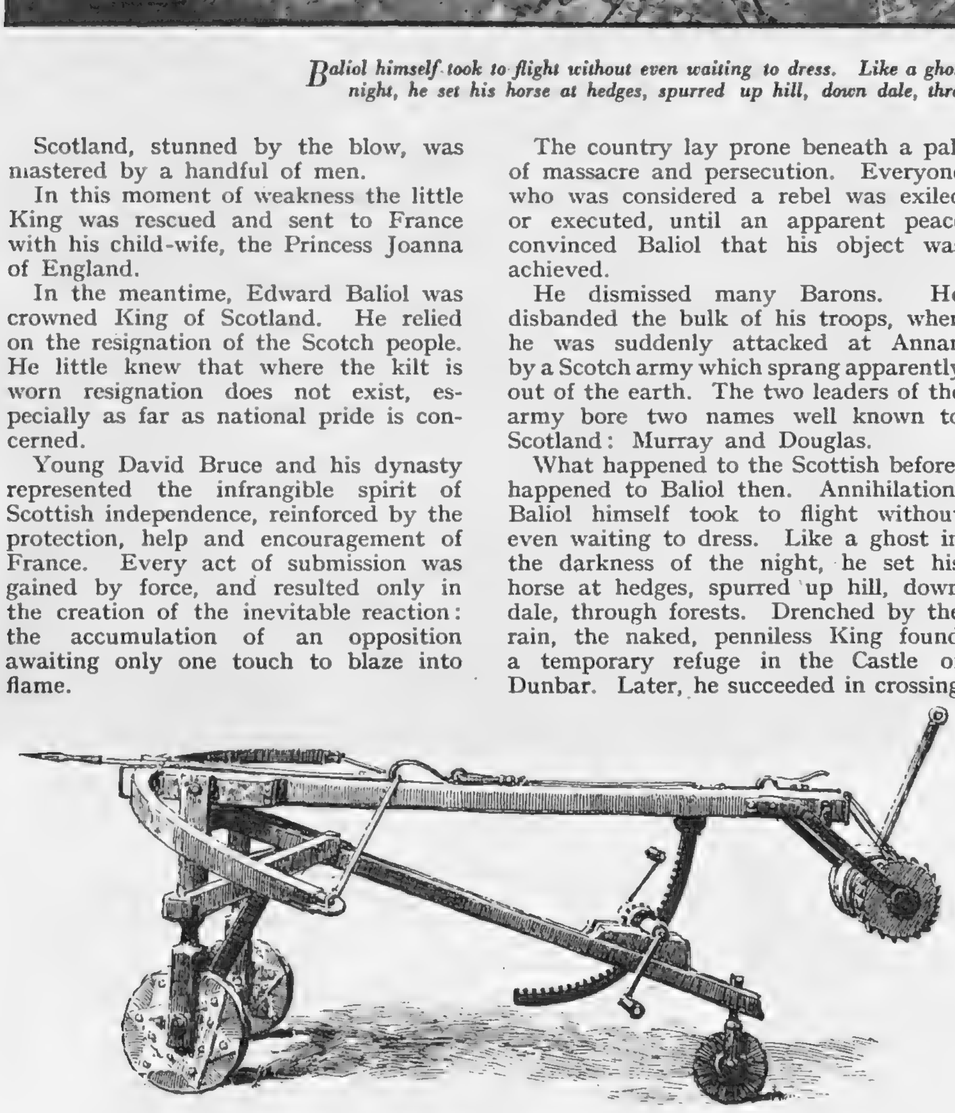
What happened to the Scottish before, happened to Baliol then. Annihilation. Baliol himself took to flight without even waiting to dress. Like a ghost in the darkness of the night, he set his horse at hedges, spurred up hill, down dale, through forests. Drenched by the rain, the naked, penniless King found a temporary refuge in the Castle of Dunbar. Later, he succeeded in crossing the English border, and ended by hiding his shame under the Royal robes of Edward III.

Some time before this, the Governor of the Castle of Dunbar, Patrick Earl of Dunbar and Marsh, following the tradition of his ancestors, had proved his faith to the English King. He swore allegiance to Baliol. But when he saw that this King of Scotland had become a ragged fugitive, he realised the insecurity of his position. His consort, Agnes of Dunbar, was overjoyed. She was a Douglas, faithful to Nationalists and the memory of the Bruce.

Meanwhile, all over Scotland the optimists considered Edward Baliol gone for good. The pessimistic feared a second attempt, backed by a stronger ally. The pessimists were right. The King of England, with Baliol restored as his goal—for with Baliol on the throne Scotland would own the English yoke and leave Edward's hands free in the war with France—was coming personally to complete once and for all the conquest of the turbulent northern kingdom.

In small groups, the warriors in kilts fortified themselves in improvised garrisons primitively armed. They built small and large strongholds everywhere. Every small farmhouse was transmuted into a fortress. Isolated bands of warriors on horseback occupied strategic positions behind trees or, like redskins, in the thick of the forest.

Cattle were guarded by palisades. Sentinels were posted. Even children, catching the infection of war, acted as look-out in the tree-tops.



Artillery of the 14th century. An arcubalist, a machine used for shooting heavy arrows

Wells were hidden or protected, and from the exterior of every castle workmen hammered night and day to recondition the defences, while the gates were gaping to take in ceaseless convoys of provisions.

The Borderers, so soon as they knew that England was on the march, scoured the country in search of two things: food and refuge. Both were unobtainable. Many Barons left the defence of their castles to their squires, and led their feudal levies elsewhere.

Amongst these was the Earl of Dunbar.

THE fortified Castle of Dunbar was the strongest bulwark in its district. It was a mighty structure, built, seemingly, not for time but for eternity. It towered over the rocks right on the sea. It was considered impregnable from any side. It afforded such protection that gradually a town grew up in its shadow, a town eventually to be created a Royal borough by David II.

At this period, the building had been famous for nearly six centuries. It had been the chosen residence of Joan Beaufort, the widow of James I. of Scotland. Later it was to be the refuge of hapless Mary Stuart, who found within its silent walls a sanctuary for her tears.

She was the last illustrious visitor. Soon after, an Act of Parliament entrusted the Regent Moray with its destruction. In 1567 the Castle fell under the workmen's pike, but while it stood, no engine of war, no assault of man, had ever subdued that Scottish glory of Scottish stone.

THAT was to be in the sixteenth century. We are still in the fourteenth. Every chronicle alludes to the dismay caused by the conversion of the Earl of Dunbar to the Nationalist cause. Even the King of England considered it a major disaster. He felt the humiliation more keenly because he had lost his liegeman through the influence of a woman.

Agnes had scored a triumph, and she set herself to prove to her husband that she was worthy of taking his place as Commander of the Castle while he served in the field. Also she fain would prove to the King of England the mettle of the women of Scotland.

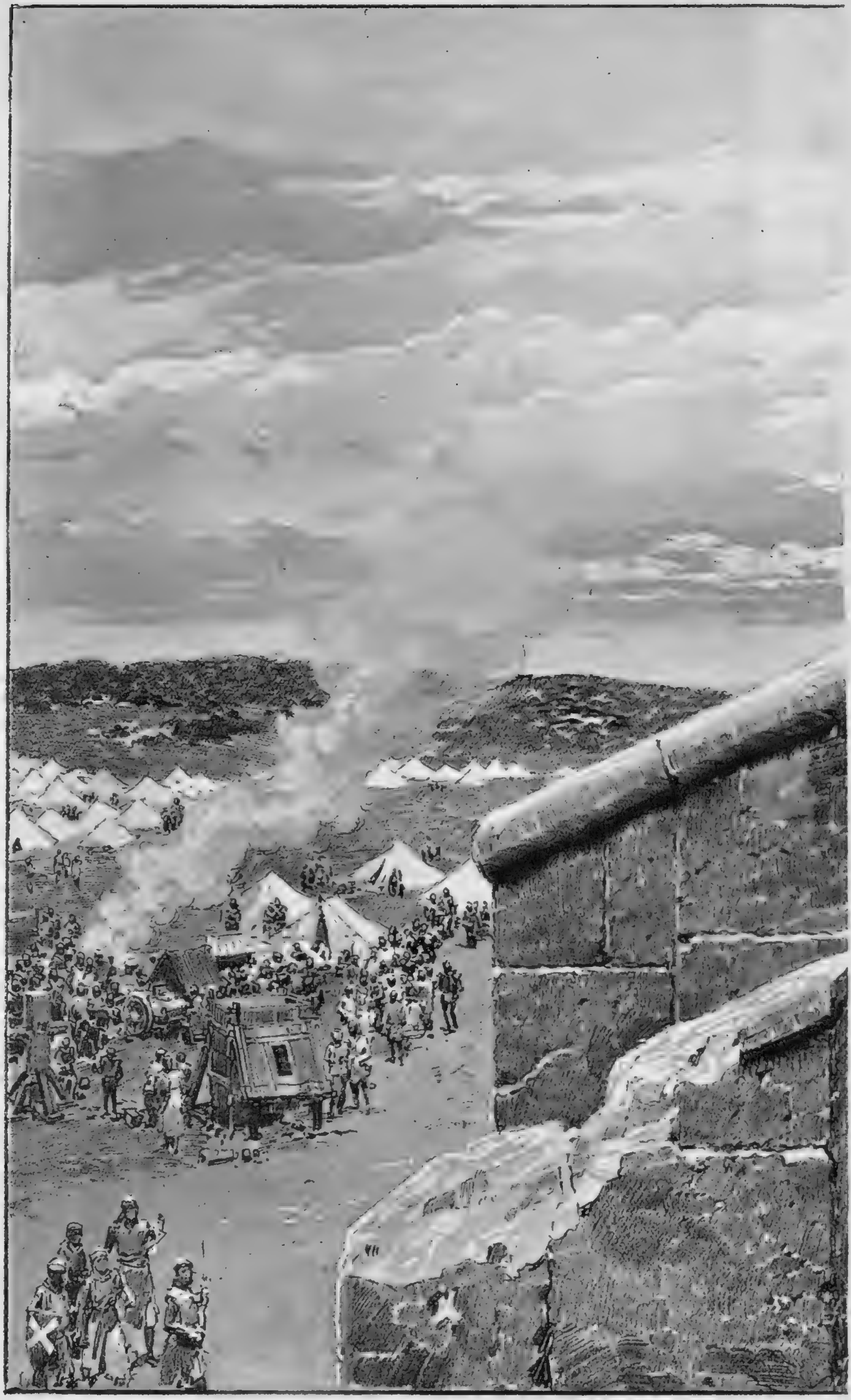
Agnes was an exceptional character. Tender mother, affectionate wife, she had the courage of a lion and an astonishing power of organisation. There was no danger her brain did not anticipate; no problem she did not solve correctly in advance. Another of her gifts was the power of speech: she could hearten a coward or soften a stone.

It was under her guidance that the preparations at Dunbar were carried out. Her words had made of every soldier a hero. The defensive works were proceeding feverishly, when word was received that the King of England and Edward Baliol were over the frontier. They had even marched from Berwick to Annan.

The devastation had begun. The Border was already reeking with the smoke of burning villages. Even in the sunshine, the flames, bursting out here, dying out there, could be seen.

Intense cold added to the misery of those wretches who were caught in the wave of the invasion. It was December, 1334.

THE right wing of the English army was under the command of William Montague, a sturdy warrior who undertook to handle the most difficult part of the entire line. For it was the right wing that must encounter the twin bastions—the Tower of Roxburgh and the Castle of Dunbar.

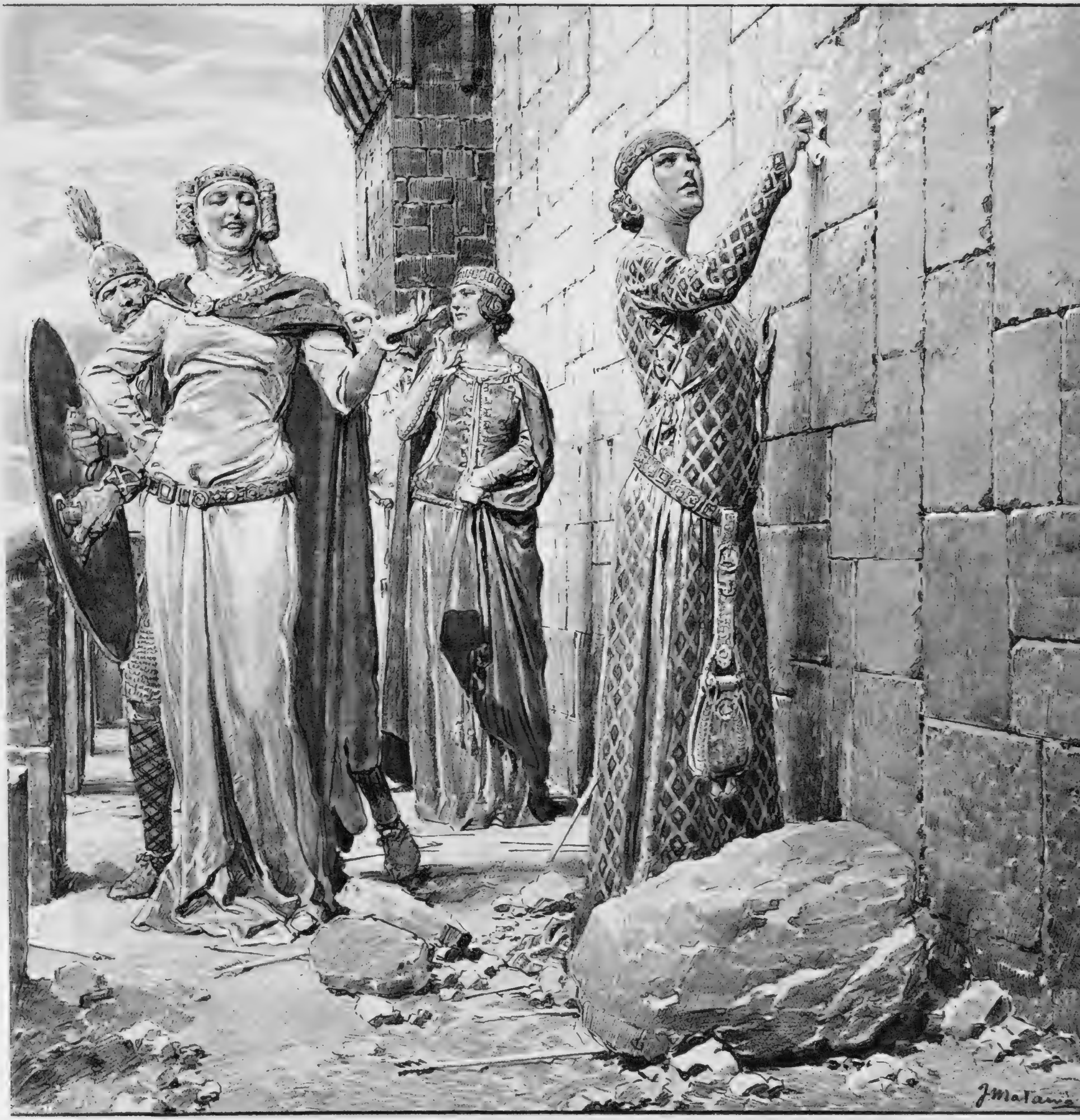


Black Agnes ordered one of her maids to lace handkerchief wipe away the dust

Froissart, the blunt realist, says in his terse manner: "The King destroyed the greatest part of the country and took many more forts than his people had achieved from the Scots for a long time."

As a matter of fact, many of these fortified centres systematically fell in his hands with little or no difficulty.

It was not long afterwards that Montague tackled the Tower of Roxburgh. He was soon able to send news to the King that Roxburgh had fallen. It was an extremely useful place to possess, and he made of it the centre of every sort of service—a commissariat in which animals could be housed; a base in which men and war material could be concentrated; a factory for war engines; a staff headquarters. For his success Montague gained the Earldom of Salisbury and, also at the King's hand, a noble wife



go to the battered tower, and with her that the stone had left on the wall

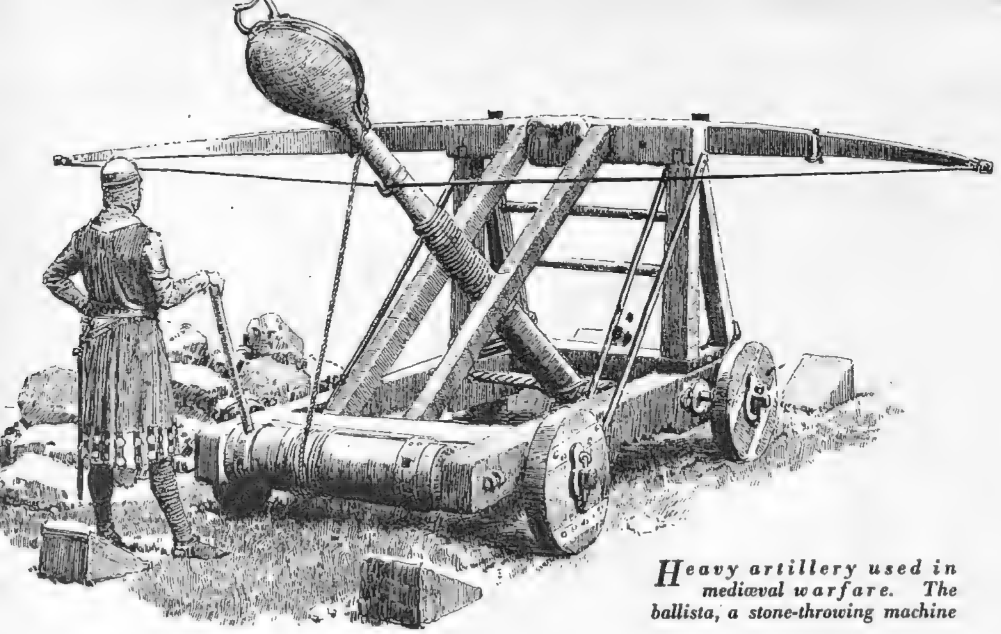
Three years had elapsed since the first invasion. It seemed impossible that anything definite could be achieved in Scotland. The King of England was considered an enemy to be repulsed, but Edward Baliol, to his own people, was but a treacherous snake to be crushed.

Whenever Edward left Scotland, all the hatred of the Scottish people converged on Baliol. Time and again he was beaten, or harried by a guerrilla war of skirmish and ambush waged by isolated groups of heroic fighters. Inflamed by the fire of their holy war, they were like famished wolves springing from nowhere. No laws, no rules, no sense of humanity obtained on either side. Entire villages were found dead of starvation. Fields were unploughed, unsown, unreaped. Deer and even wild animals came out of remote forests, and were seen going freely in and out of the desolate dwellings of men.

It was in the year 1336 when the Earl of Salisbury decided to move against the Castle of Dunbar. During his long period of preparation the defiant attitude of Agnes had reached him. Message and challenge were brought to him ; messages whose authenticity he was inclined to discredit. He did not know that soon he would hear her issue them in person.

There was a cry of joy when the watchers posted on the ramparts of the Castle perceived the lines of the English. At last the moment had come when the garrison had the chance to face the foe.

The spectacle was imposing and impressive. The English, seeing that every castellation bristled with arrows, advanced only to halt discreetly out of range. They formed up in a semi-circle round the Castle. The work of bringing the machines of war had been tremendous for the English. The



Heavy artillery used in mediæval warfare. The ballista, a stone-throwing machine

towers on wheels had been almost dismantled for easy transport. At every imperfection of the ground the wood of the huge ballistæ creaked and groaned. Light catapults that, on a flat surface, could easily have been pulled by ten men, required as many as twenty horses to make them climb little elevations of the earth. Portable roofs, called " sows," were mounted on their wheeled pillars and kept in readiness. The opponents were so near to each other that by shouting they could very distinctly hear anything that was said. A flight of arrows inaugurated the battle.

Agnes, called " Black Agnes " from her swarthy skin, anticipated every move. She skilfully countered or checked or avenged every attempt the besiegers made.

Historians have recorded several of the verbal sallies exchanged between Agnes and the Earl of Salisbury. Sarcastic challenges, amusing " bons mots," pointed innuendo, often enriched by the elegant, chivalrous form of its language. From the rank and file, however, came jests equally pointed, though not so chivalrous. Agnes used to appear on the ramparts surrounded by her maidens.

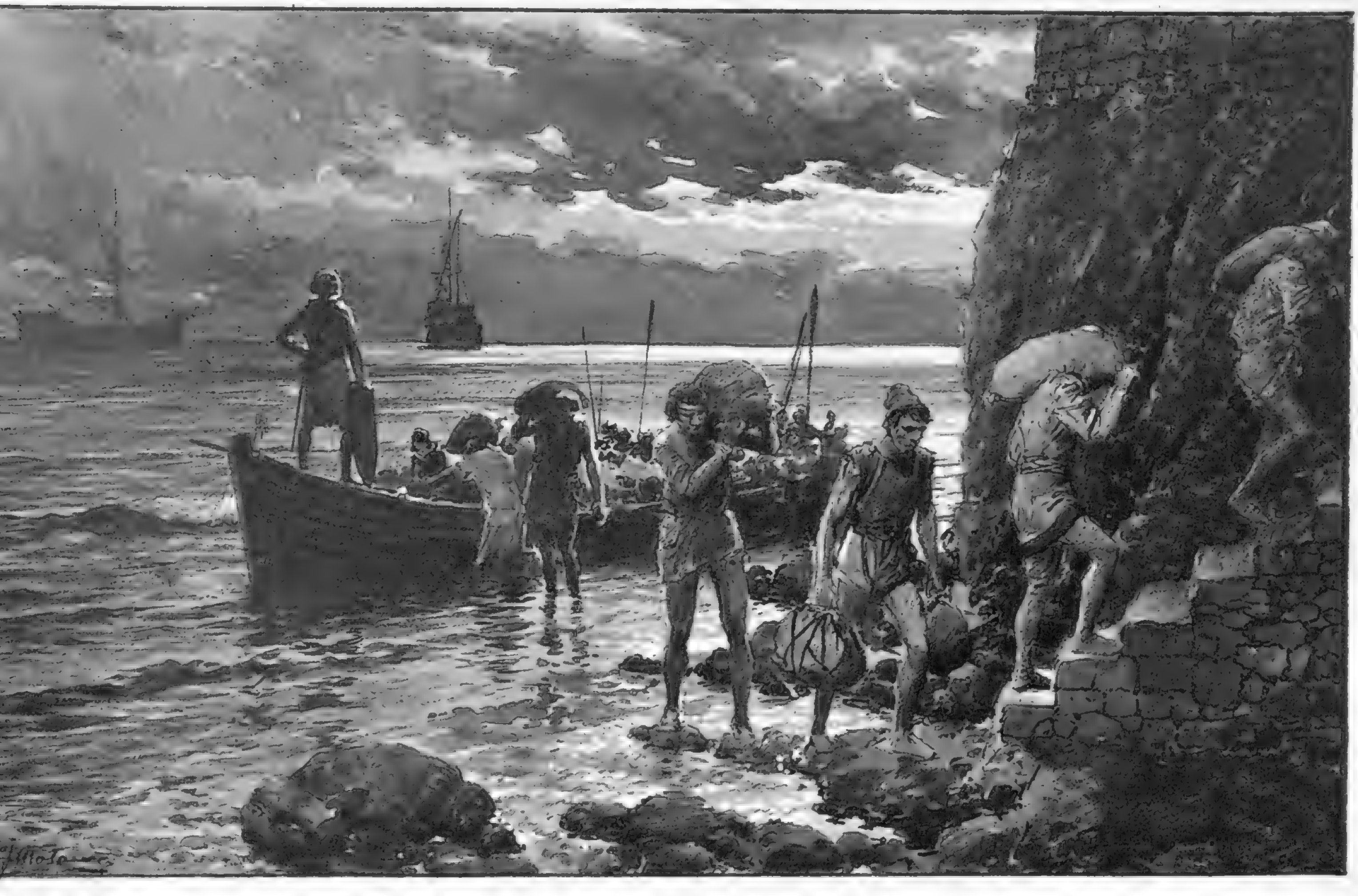
Day after day passed in a ceaseless expenditure of sterile energy. At length Salisbury decided to undermine the wall, in the hope of forcing an entrance. This work was carried out in the following way. A certain number of men armed with picks and axes approached the wall under the protection of the " sow." This was a wooden roof covered by metal plates or wet leather—the first in case boiling water or oil was poured on the roof by the enemy; the second, in case of Greek fire.

The roof was mounted on four, six, or eight pillars, and the entire structure set on wheels. It had been pushed right up against the wall so that the men could accomplish unharmed the work of weakening the base. As they were struggling to bring forward the sow, Agnes appeared on the ramparts. Her voice was heard ringing over the field in jeering rhyme: " Beware Montegow, For farrow shall thy sow."

The silver voices of the laughing maidens rose above the hissing of the besiegers and the noisy derision of the defenders. Not without strenuous labour, the sow was put up against the base of the wall. It looked like a huge beetle obstinately biting the stones. Under its sloping back the military housebreakers hammered away. Suddenly a shout paralysed the workmen, but before they had time even to see what was happening, something fell on the roof of the sow, breaking and crushing under its weight everything as it fell.

Black Agnes had a huge stone rolled to the edge of the rampart several dozen feet above and then had it pushed over on to the wooden contraption. Every soldier emerged from the sow and fled.

Agnes had kept her promise: " Ho, Montague! Behold the litter of English pigs."



Sir Alexander Ramsey eludes the blockade and brings food and provisions to the besieged Castle of Dunbar

Meanwhile the numerous cross-bows of the defenders were doing very good work. They reached much farther than the ordinary bow and could shoot a heavier arrow. As a matter of fact, it was considered such a lethal weapon that it had been forbidden by the Lateran Council since 1139, but with Christian impartiality the same holy Council allowed the cross-bow to be used against the infidel.

One day one of the arrows from the wall struck the chest of one of the Barons. Salisbury was just near him when he fell. Looking into the eyes of the dying man he said : " There goes one of my lady's tiring-pins ! Black Agnes's live shaft goes straight to the heart."

By this time Salisbury had accumulated his ammunition near the ballista. Huge stones had been brought up, and he decided to make use of this drastic measure to impress the Scottish.

It is strange to think that since the remote times five thousand years before, Egyptians, Babylonians, Persians had adopted the same engines of war. These had only received minor improvements even at the hands of the Romans. The science of war was static until firearms came into general use.

As the ballista was put in position the soldiers turned the spokes of the mangle. The rope curved the huge metallic bow to breaking-point. A great stone was placed in the spoon at the end of the shaft, and the machine stood creaking as if it were sentient, feeling all the strain of the unbearable tension. Up in the ramparts of the Castle the defenders were all under cover, when the command was given : " Let go ! "

Tremendous was the blow of the shaft against the bumper ; the machine shook in its delivery, while the bulky projectile crushed against the wall and fell with a thud only to bury itself in the ground below. No effect.

A second stone shot from the primitive contraption, a third, a fourth, a dozen, two dozen, until the store was exhausted. As the last stone exploded its fragments against one of the upper towers, Agnes came out and made one of the supreme gestures of all time. Bravado if you will ; but so fine, so elegant, that it really deserved to be—as it was—immortalised in history.

She ordered one of her maids to go to the battered tower, and with her lace handkerchief wipe away the dust that the stone had left on the wall.

The gentle hand of a girl, wielding a wisp of lace, had given an answer much stronger than all the rocks. Everyone understood the elegance of the silent retort. Even the English—still sportsmen in the fourteenth century—joined in the cry of enthusiasm that followed. With rugged chivalry they accepted her taunt.

Time was passing, and the walls of Dunbar Castle proved to be just as unshakable as the will of its occupants.

The upkeep of such a numerous force both on land and sea—to prevent the smuggling of provisions to the citadel—cost a tremendous amount of money.

Five months had elapsed, and the Earl of Salisbury, seeing that Agnes had foiled every one of his attempts, resorted to yet another ruse. He tried to bribe the keeper of the gate. This, to Salisbury's delight, was easy. He found him a mercenary man. The plan was that, at the appointed time, the keeper should let him and his soldiers into the Castle.

Every detail for the sudden invasion was carefully planned, and when the moment came Salisbury and John Copeland, his squire, leading the silent line of followers, approached the door at dead of night and gave the agreed signal.

Without the least sound the door opened. The English leader and his squire rushed in, but they had not advanced a half-yard before Copeland shouted : " Back, my lord, we are betrayed." Salisbury jumped back in the nick of time, but Copeland was captured. The mercenary disposition of the keeper had been a Scottish joke. As soon as he had received the proposal of betrayal he had told his mistress, and Agnes, who saw the possibility of having Salisbury himself in her hands, countered the ruse.

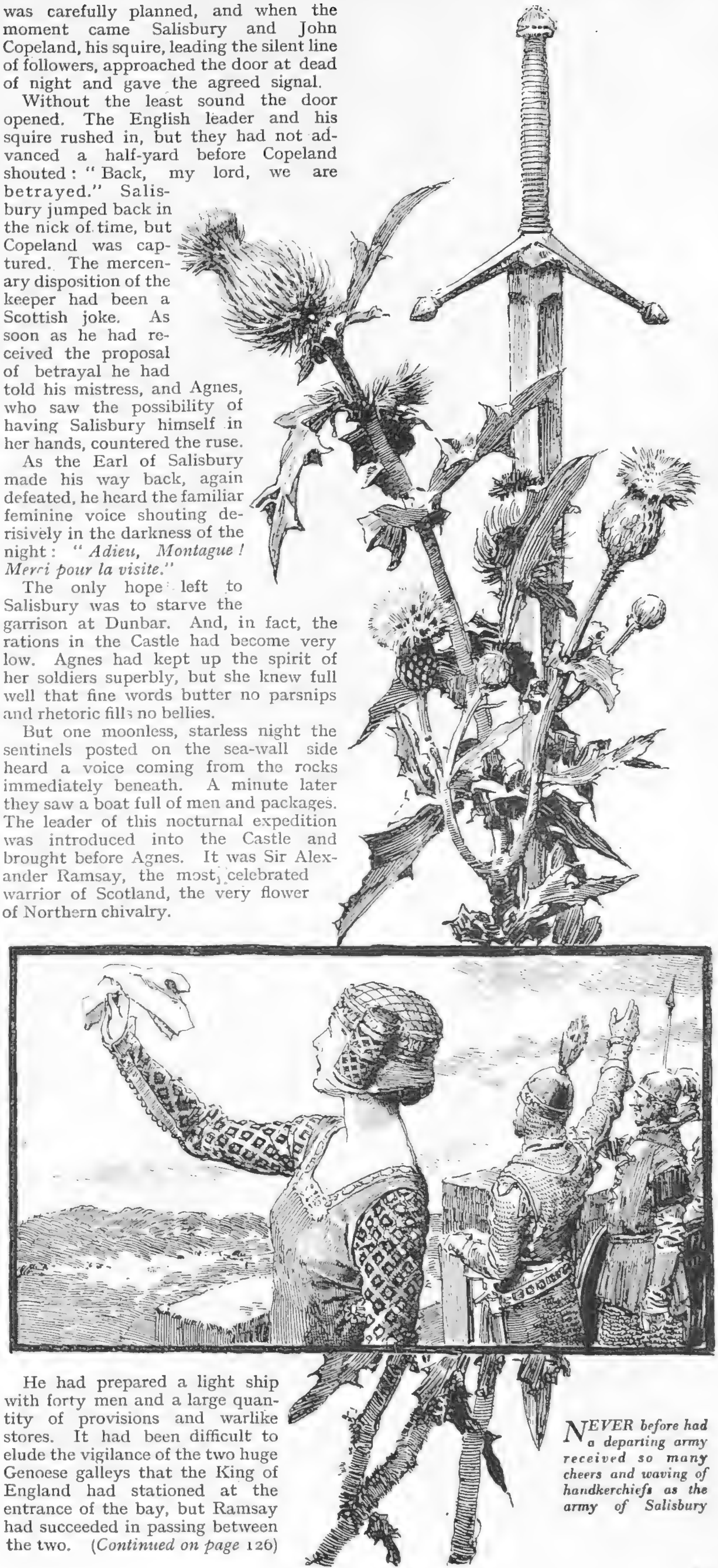
As the Earl of Salisbury made his way back, again defeated, he heard the familiar feminine voice shouting derisively in the darkness of the night : *" Adieu, Montague ! Merci pour la visite."*

The only hope left to Salisbury was to starve the garrison at Dunbar. And, in fact, the rations in the Castle had become very low. Agnes had kept up the spirit of her soldiers superbly, but she knew full well that fine words butter no parsnips and rhetoric fills no bellies.

But one moonless, starless night the sentinels posted on the sea-wall side heard a voice coming from the rocks immediately beneath. A minute later they saw a boat full of men and packages. The leader of this nocturnal expedition was introduced into the Castle and brought before Agnes. It was Sir Alexander Ramsay, the most celebrated warrior of Scotland, the very flower of Northern chivalry.

He had prepared a light ship with forty men and a large quantity of provisions and warlike stores. It had been difficult to elude the vigilance of the two huge Genoese galleys that the King of England had stationed at the entrance of the bay, but Ramsay had succeeded in passing between the two.

(Continued on page 126)



NEVER before had a departing army received so many cheers and waving of handkerchiefs as the army of Salisbury

ZOTOFOAM Baths are now installed at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in a most luxurious salon. They relieve rheumatism and its related illnesses, by eliminating uric acid. They beautify the skin by deep, deep cleansing. They reduce by producing perspiration without the discomfort of a Turkish bath because the head is always at room temperature. Magic? Not at all, logic. Their free booklet explains the whole idea and process. Write for it to this office if you are interested. Or, even better, try a bath at Marshall's. It will be the most exhilarating experience you have ever had.

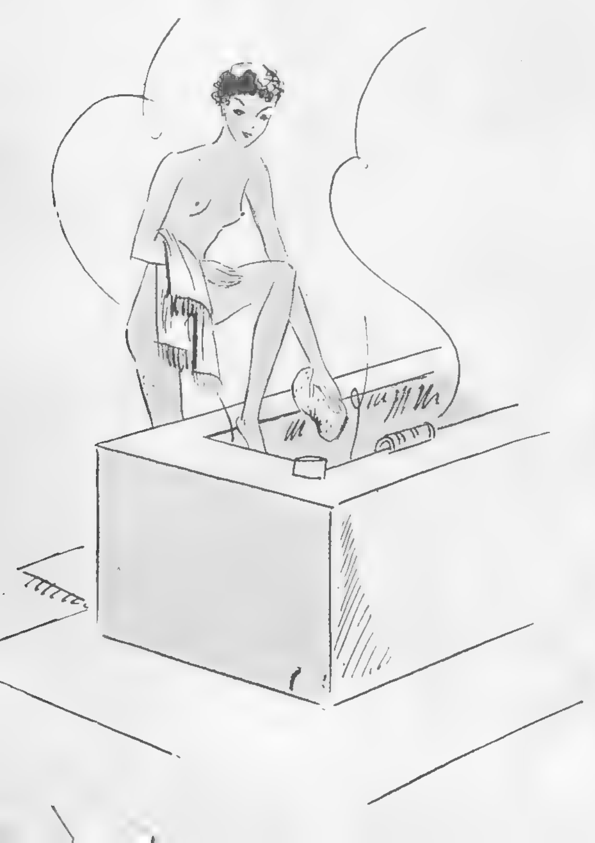
BATHS . . .

They Can Slim You, They Can Cure Your Aches And Pains

A NICE hot bath, like a nice cup of hot tea, is one of the few enjoyable indulgences which are under no sort of moral ban. You enjoy it, *and* it does you good, which is a pleasant and comforting thought.

And now we have the remedial, curative and tonic bath, once the prerogative, or the excuse, of the travelling classes, within reach of us all.

True cleanliness is more than a superficial process. An old country doctor said to me many years ago that a man whose skin acted naturally as a result of honest toil was essentially cleaner than the man of sedentary habits who bathed regularly, because the whole constitution of the former was cleaned from inside out.



The majority of the baths I shall discuss have, for their special purposes, this general and inside-out cleansing and the release of toxins and acids.

A bath is not exclusively an immersion in water. There are heat and sun baths, mud baths, wax baths, foam baths, as well as the many valuable baths of water treated with alkalis, mineral and herbal essences, to make them beneficial to specific conditions.

The radiant heat bath is one of the most valuable treatments for rheumatism, arthritis, lumbago and all the affiliated ailments.

It has, to a great extent, superseded the Turkish bath, which, with its stimulation of circulation and elimination, has basically the same object and effect, but is, perhaps, more suitable for the healthy and athletic. The radiant heat bath is for the less robust, and for essentially curative purposes.

RADIANT or elecrrical heat baths are given at medically approved establishments. The temperature is regulated according to the needs and the constitution of the patient.

The immediate result is profuse perspiration. The bath is generally followed by a spray and massage to close the pores and provide a tonic effect.

The wax bath is a further development in the induction of sweating to eliminate uric acid, and for reducing.

The advantage is that this can be taken in safety even by "heart" cases and those suffering from high blood pressure because the action of the skin is engendered without any actual heat.

The process is to pour warm liquid wax over the body.

The "bath" consists of a hammock of waxed paper.

As the wax cools and hardens the eliminating action of the pores is provoked and the natural moisture creates a space between the body and the coating of wax.

Radiant heat and wax baths are valuable treatments for rheumatic affections and for slimming But for slighter and more general out-of-sorts conditions, Radox Bath Salts, which contain the essential properties of many of the most famous spa waters, can be added to the bath you take at home, and are extremely effective.

THESE bath salts can be obtained at any chemist's. They not only contain valuable saltrates and are oxygenated, and therefore have tonic and refreshing properties, but they soften the water and increase its cleansing power.

As treatment for skin affection, or only for the preservation and protection of delicate skins, pine and tar bath salts and essences and some specially prepared herbal preparations have definite value.

Before using them it is advisable to consult an expert at one of the establishments where they are propounded, as constitutional idiosyncrasies make individual prescription essential.

Then there is the foam bath, a most delicious and luxurious form of tonic, in which the skin literally breathes oxygen, acids are released, and the skin and general system are both soothed and invigorated.

If you are feeling terribly fatigued, put a twopenny Reckitt's Bath Cube in your bath. You can get these perfumed with pine, essence of flowers, and lavender. As the bath cube dissolves in the hot water so does your fatigue melt away. But even if you're not tired, their pleasant fragrance makes your bath doubly enjoyable.

and BEAUTY·

No Home *Should be* Without It

Eau de Cologne, perfume, tonic, restorative, beautifier—there is no end to its uses and benefits

By Chrysis

ARE you tired after a long, but perhaps exciting and satisfactory, day's shopping? Eau de Cologne, or eau de Cologne bath salts, added to a warm bath will restore and reinvigorate you.

If you have the energy to give yourself an eau de Cologne friction afterwards you will have formed a good habit which you will find it difficult to break, because it confers such a marvellous sense of well-being, an immediate glow of health, and makes the skin fine and smooth. This comes about because the capillary circulation is stimulated and the pores persuaded to exercise their natural functions, which are to open and release any acids or toxins under the influence of warmth and moisture and close again afterwards to protect the system from the assaults of chills or germs.

If there is not time or energy for a friction, you will inevitably reach out for a good dusting or talcum powder, which will also aid the natural closing of the pores and leave the body cool, fresh and fragrant. The natural sequel to the tonic eau de Cologne bath is an eau de Cologne powder.

If you are going to dance and want to be sure that your feet will keep cool and untired, it is worth massaging them with neat eau de Cologne, and to finish with a dusting of talcum powder.

As a regular treatment this will have a permanently beneficial effect, preventing tenderness, swelling and blisters. It is of essential value to those who are much on their feet. A spray of eau de Cologne talcum powder in the toes and heels of shoes will avert the danger of rubbing and painful friction.

You will have cleaned your face and applied an emollient, soothing and nourishing cold cream before entering your bath, whether it is part of a restorative evening ritual or an invigorating morning service.

When the residue of the face cream has been gently removed with tissues, nothing is more refreshing and toning than a sluice in cold water to which some drops of eau de Cologne (not more than 30 minims to a pint) have been added.

THE advantage of soft water must be emphasised. If water is not soft, you have not a water-softening apparatus and rain-water is unobtainable, you should buy distilled water from the chemist—it is quite inexpensive—rather than abstain altogether from an occasional or regular facial bath. Save this water for your face alone.

A handkerchief or pad of cotton-wool steeped in cold water and eau de Cologne affords relief from pain, and in fever a few drops of eau de Cologne added to lukewarm water for sponging have been proved to increase and accelerate the good results. To stop the irritation caused by insect bites or heat bumps, eau de Cologne is an acknowledged remedy.

Actually, eau de Cologne is and has been for centuries a necessity, on the toilet table, in the bathroom, in the medicine cupboard. There remains the question of the choice of eau de Cologne.

There was a time when it was fabulously expensive and only the privileged and wealthy classes knew of, and could indulge in, its benefits. This is not so to-day, but there are many spurious and ineffective imitations to be avoided.

Mr. Thompson, in his fascinating book, *The Mystery and Lure of Perfume*, says that the popularity of eau de Cologne is probably due to its "refreshing properties and the sweetness of its odour," ascribing the former to "its volatility and the rapid evaporation of the alcohol, as well as to the essential oils of which it is composed."

Happily, the secret of its manufacture is something which, if it defies the ingenuity of the many, is still preserved for us in the original "4711" genuine eau de Cologne. The distinctive blue and gold labels of "4711" eau de Cologne products make them easily recognisable.

The soap, cold cream, bath salts, the talcum and dusting powders, as well as the face powder, are natural auxiliaries of the "4711" eau de Cologne, and provide the fastidious woman with the means to make her toilet consistent in sense and scent, while, for those who desire a slightly more exotic though not contradictory perfume, there are the new "Tosca" and "Rhinegold" eau de Colognes.

Why Does Baby Cry?

Every young mother knows those first difficult days after the maternity nurse leaves . . .

By Len Chaloner

"Nurse knew him so well that she almost anticipated his needs"

ROBINSON CRUSOE, before he found Man Friday's footprint on the shore, could not have felt more deserted and helpless than the average young mother of a first baby when her maternity nurse leaves.

The baby seems suddenly to forget all the routine that has been working beautifully up to now. He wakes at all the wrong times to cry lustily for—goodness knows what.

His mother looks at him and wonders. Is it a pain ? A feed ? To be picked up ? Changed ?

And here is really the key to the situation. You are feeling worried because you are new to your baby, and he is feeling fussy because you are new to him.

He is being looked after by someone whose ways and hands are a little different and inexperienced.

Nurse knew him so well that she almost anticipated his needs—to be turned or lifted and patted on the back. There was hardly any guesswork about it. You have still to do this bit of guessing, and he becomes a little cross or fussed before you have guessed right.

Soon all this will stop gradually, if you will give yourself time each day to rest, with a book or without, in the hope of a short sleep.

You know you are not really quite fit yet, and so are more easily tired and more easily made nervous. Environment, which is so important for your baby's whole temperament, begins with the day of his arrival, so that a tranquil mother is very important for a contented baby.

If you are caring for him yourself, you should simplify his routine as much as possible and work to some sort of schedule so as to avoid feeling flustered, and thus communicating your feelings to him.

A good time to prepare all the bottle feeds for the day, for example, is immediately after his morning bath and feed. Washing the small garments can follow while he sleeps in the perambulator. Then pressing and airing can be fitted in later in the day.

The first few days after nurse leaves, bringing, as they do, so many new responsibilities and duties, may easily upset food supplies if you are nursing your baby yourself.

You should take a glass of water about twenty minutes before the feed and try to give it in a comfortable position, lying down, so as to make the time an extra rest.

EVEN if your baby is artificially fed, you should be in as restful a position as you can.

A bottle-fed baby is sometimes disturbed with a new teat fitted to the bottle if it makes unduly hard work for him. He gets discouraged and falls asleep or gets wind from the effect of too much sucking, refusing in either case to finish the feed. He should be able to get through comfortably in about fifteen minutes or just under. If the bottle is held upside down, the milk should *ooze* through slowly, drop by drop.

It is unwise to make any hurried changes in feeding or routine in this first fortnight after nurse leaves, even if your baby seems a bit upset.

If there is any doubt about the amount of food a naturally fed baby is taking, then he should be test weighed, in the same clothes, just before and just after his feeds for 24 hours. The difference in weight before and after the feed tells, of course, the exact amount that has been taken.

(*Continued on p.* 86)

"A bottle-fed baby is sometimes disturbed with a new teat fitted to the bottle"

Finer Points of Food Etiquette

When Finger Feeding is Correct

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

FASHIONS in food have changed a great deal in the last few years. Consequently there are similar changes in the matter of how to serve and how to eat the various courses of an up-to-date menu.

Fruit as a preliminary course has become very fashionable. With grape-fruit and cantaloup melon, the alligator pear appears frequently as the start of a meal.

This fruit is cut into sections similar to the melon, and, like the melon, is eaten with a dessertspoon.

The correct seasoning is salt and pepper, but you can add an extra touch of hot relish to give it zest. Others prefer the pear served plain with soft sugar, but this has not the piquant flavour one expects at the beginning of a winter dinner.

A mixed fruit cocktail, or anything of a similar nature, is eaten with a dessert or teaspoon, the juice being drunk, if wished.

The true epicure must have his oysters served, as always, "au naturel," in which case the shell is opened immediately before serving, and from four to six are placed in their half-shell on a soup plate of crushed ice, a squeeze of lemon-juice and brown bread and butter being the correct accompaniments.

The oysters are eaten whole, using a small dinner fork rather than a fish fork, and the shell is steadied with the fingers of the left hand.

When served as a cocktail, the small glass of sauce may be placed in the centre of the soup plate. The oyster is taken on the fork, then dipped into the sauce before conveying to the mouth. Some hostesses, however, prefer to serve an oyster cocktail in a champagne glass. The usual number is dropped into each glass and the prepared tabasco sauce is then poured over. This is eaten as described above, any superfluous sauce being left in the glass.

Caviare, as eaten in Russia, is served on a warm roll, but in this country it is invariably accompanied by thin wafers of toast, butter and lemon, the guest spreading the toast with the butter and a little caviare, and squeezing the lemon.

Olives are generally placed on the table throughout the meal, and are served on small crystal dishes, either dry or in a little iced water.

The main idea of these is to clean the palate after each course, and they are eaten in the fingers, the stones being placed on the edge of the plate in use.

Salted almonds and cheese straws are also served throughout a meal, and are eaten in the same way.

Whitebait are always eaten whole, and if the cook has done her duty by these delicate little morsels, the head and tail are so crisp that you can swallow them almost unnoticed.

The real lobster lover always has his lobster served plainly dressed. Before serving, the large claws are twisted off and cracked, then the smaller claws are removed for garnishing only. The lobster is next split right (*Continued on page 112*)

You use your fingers when eating the globe artichoke (shown on the right, with some green olives) to detach the small leaves, dipping the tips into the accompanying vinaigrette sauce

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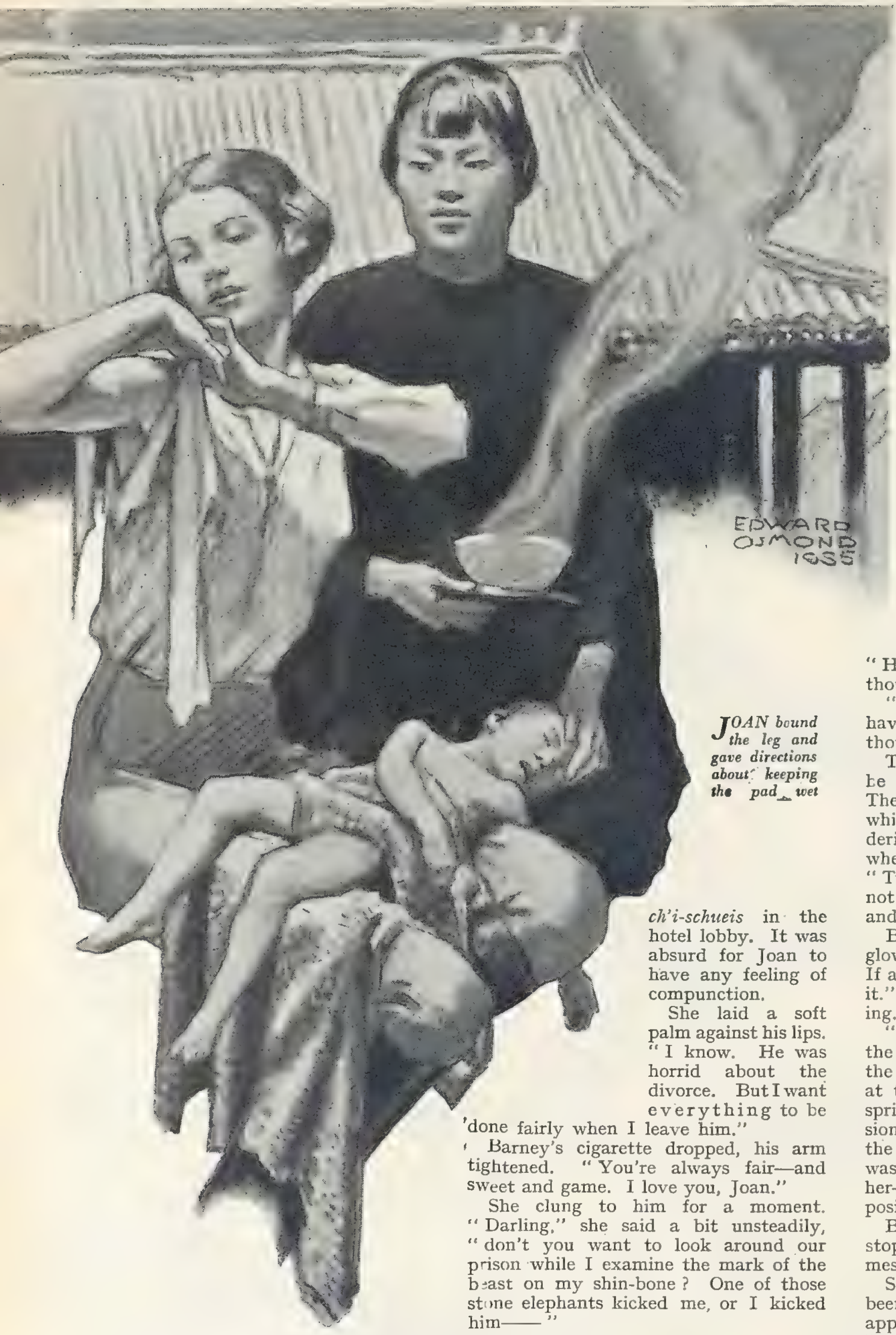


JOAN bound the leg and gave directions about keeping the pad wet

darling? Almost like a symbol. After we're married we'll always take the high roads."

High roads! She had thought she was taking one when she married Ken. A compound wall had blocked it—almost before it swung upward. "I like your line, mister," she said with a crooked smile. "But I'm not free yet."

His voice roughened. "Lacey will have to give you a divorce now."

"I feel as though I were winning a race—from a cripple."

Barney frowned. Ken Lacey's worst enemy couldn't call him a cripple. Even International Oil ate out of his hand—or so Barney had heard over whisky *ch'i-schueis* in the hotel lobby. It was absurd for Joan to have any feeling of compunction.

She laid a soft palm against his lips. "I know. He was horrid about the divorce. But I want everything to be done fairly when I leave him."

Barney's cigarette dropped, his arm tightened. "You're always fair—and sweet and game. I love you, Joan."

She clung to him for a moment. "Darling," she said a bit unsteadily, "don't you want to look around our prison while I examine the mark of the beast on my shin-bone? One of those stone elephants kicked me, or I kicked him——"

THE bruise was tender, but it needed no special attention. Slim fingers searching in the pocket of her riding-coat found no mirror, no lipstick. Both jolted out on rutted trails. With a handkerchief she wiped grey-white dust from her smooth, lightly-tanned cheeks, from the wide brow below where the soft felt hat had curved. All the time her eyes were dwelling on Barney, who was inspecting the stone altar.

Barney—so gallantly dear, so endearingly reckless. So different from Ken, who was big and dark and slow-moving. Ken, statistically twenty-eight, seemed two decades older than Barney. Ken took along disinfectant and insect powder and an alcohol lamp for boiling water when he made trips into the interior. If he had been here, he would have inspected doors, not altars.

When their big guard returned with a small enamel basin of steaming water, Joan bathed the cut on Barney's temple. She had not yet finished when two tattered ruffians entered and placed themselves stiffly, one on either side of the door. The giant straightened and saluted as the slight figure of a Chinese in a grey cotton uniform entered with an important click of foreign boots on the stone-slabbed floor. He was in his middle thirties, Joan judged. Small, like the southern Chinese, with a black line of moustache above a crafty curve of lips. An old military cap sat jauntily on his closely cropped head.

"The boss brigand," grinned Barney. "Too bad there isn't a spotlight."

The *redbeard* surveyed them with thoroughness, then broke into resonant arpeggios of speech.

"He says he is Ying Lao-hu, the Tiger," translated Joan. "He wants you to write a letter for fifty thousand ransom."

"Too much," objected Barney. "I'd have an overdraft. Tell him we'll pay five thousand."

The Tiger spurned five thousand, but he showed himself willing to bargain. Their talk, for a while, was not unlike that which concerns the purchase of embroideries and jade. It terminated abruptly when the bandit spoke in broken English, "Twenty thousan'—last price. Money not come——" He lifted a small hand and drew it slowly across his throat.

Barney's lips tightened in the smoky glow of the candle. "We're Americans. If anything happens to us, you'll pay for it." And to Joan, "He's only bluffing. He wouldn't dare touch us."

"No—not so long as he feels sure of the money." But she shivered, recalling the delayed ransom demand which arrived at the Tientsin consulate the preceding spring with the finger of a woman missionary attached. Barney knew too—the facts had been in all the papers. Joan was touched at his attempt to reassure her—was proud of his pretence that their position held nothing of menace.

Barney scribbled on an old envelope, stopped with his pencil poised. "Any message, Joan?"

She had to decide quickly what had been in her mind for hours. Should she appeal to Ken or be cheerfully casual? Let Barney down or prove herself his equal in gay courage?

"I find I've lost my compact." She forced lightness into her voice as she spoke. "Say I'd like a lipstick, and some face powder."

Barney squeezed her fingers. "You're a knock-out, darling."

"Probably this Ying can't read much English," she murmured. "Slip in a hint as to where we are."

"Well, I'll try something. I defy any Chink to read my scrawl." He wrote hastily and handed the note to the bandit.

"I was afraid to write the words *Ming Valley*," Barney said after the Tiger had stalked out, followed by his bodyguard, "but the Legation will understand."

Later, huddling on reed mats, brought by their guard and placed on the flat stone altar, with Barney's coat around her shoulder, Joan found sleep impossible. The strong odour of mutton fat continued to taint the air, although the candle had long since burned out. She shifted, uncomfortable on the hard stone, her thoughts wild rebels, clinging to Ken, racing back along the two years of married life behind her.

KEN had been born in the province of Chi-li, the son of missionaries who could have won fame as diplomats in any land. He prattled in dialect before he spoke English, became later as fluent in formal Mandarin as he was in the more earthy idiom learned from the *amah* and the other house-servants. Except for preparatory school and Stanford, he had spent his life in the land of his birth and knew China as no imported foreigner ever knows it. When Joan met him in San Francisco, on one of his periodic visits to the States, he was already high in the service of International Oil.

Joan, twenty, just out of a girls' college, found it easy to fall in love. But only in part with the real Kenton Lacey, the big, dark young man with the serious face and the slow smile that warmed his steady brown eyes. She decked him with her dreams of romance, flung gay banners over the caravan of their future.

"You lead such a thrilling life," she told him one evening as they danced in the Peacock Court. "Your trips into Mongolia and the Gobi sound like adventure tales."

"Just business," he said. "The Chinese are a grand old race, but they'll always have native inns—and dirt—and fleas that carry disease. You wouldn't enjoy sleeping in a native inn, Joan. You, with your loveliness——"

She refused to be warned. Even when he said, "You'd look sweet inside my compound wall with the row of pomegranate trees behind you," she saw only the picture his words conjured. She missed the implication. When she knew that compound wall, she grew to hate it.

Peking did not disappoint her: Manchu women with gaudy headdresses and queer, round eyes peering from red and white enamelled faces. Emaciated beggars whining in filthy rags. Gaily curtained bridal chairs. Slow pitching files of camels bearing oil, sometimes Ken's oil, to Mongolia to the deep note of the leader's bell.

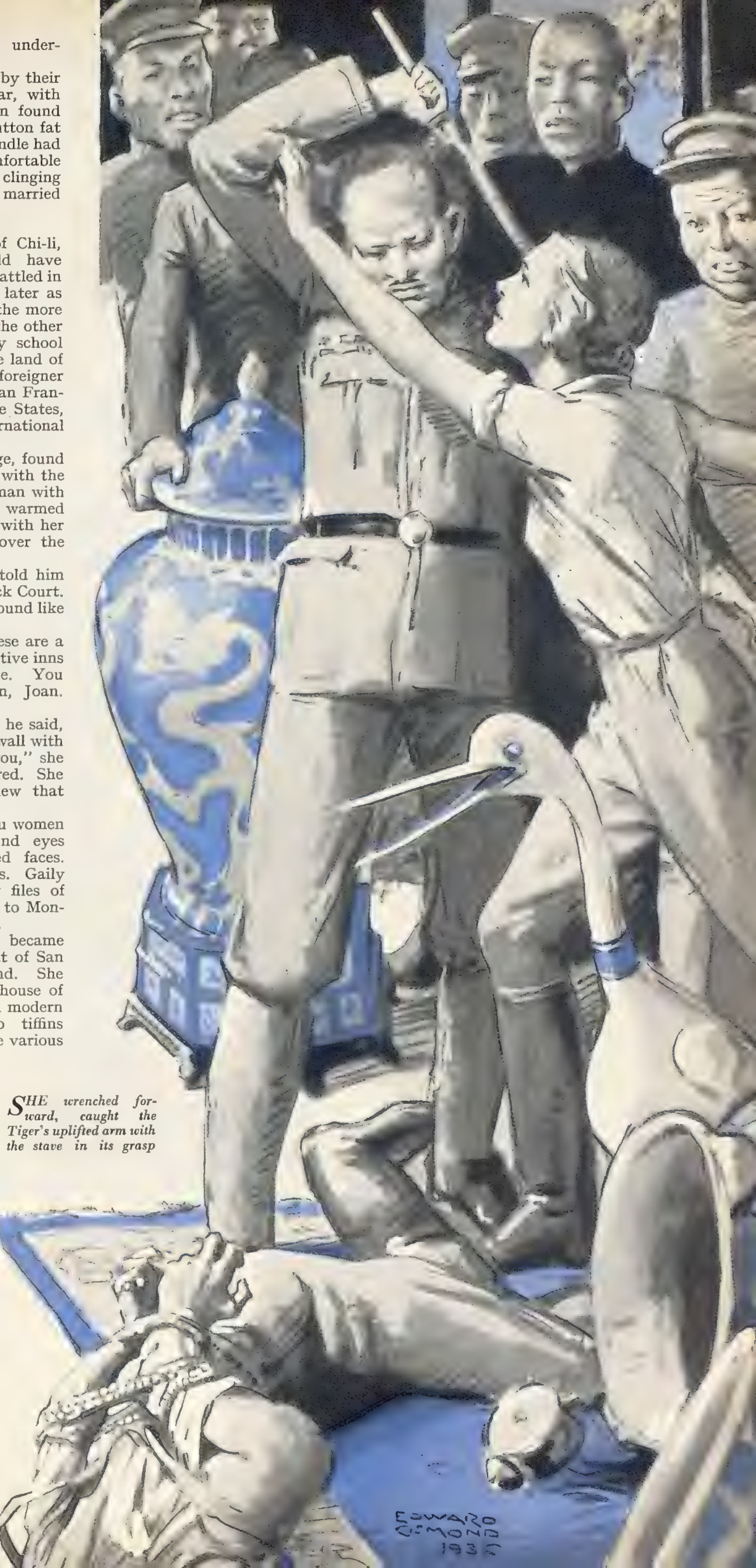
But gradually, as the passing show became familiar, she found her life was only that of San Francisco against a different background. She lived behind grey compound walls in a house of grey tiled roofs and *retroussé* eaves—and modern improvements. She and Ken went to tiffins and teas and many-coursed dinners at the various legations and the homes of the foreign colony. They rode and danced, played bridge and tennis. Ken worked, played politics with the shifting powers of government, made trips up and down the coast and into Manchuria. But he allowed his wife no part in that which promised adventure.

"I want you in Peking, where you're safe," he always said. "When the country settles down a bit——"

"I know—you'll take me with you. But until it does," she said bitterly, "I'm permitted to visit only a few tourist-ridden spots. You keep all the fun for yourself."

"Fun?" he said. "It's a part of my job."

Joan met Barney Pryde at tiffin at the American Legation. He was on the first leg of his first trip around the world, having turned his back on Baltimore and Bermuda to travel westward toward the East, *(Continued on page 106)*



SHE wrenched forward, caught the Tiger's uplifted arm with the stave in its grasp

6d
HE GREAT WHI
ELEPHANT

You can't tell Elephants

Queer, isn't it, what a lot there is in whitewash?

THEY were talking about elephants, how wonderful they were, how they never forgot . . .

One of the group was telling how, when the King went to Burma, he wanted to see the elephants piling teak.

" They all know their dinner-time," an official told him. " When the bell rings at twelve o'clock, all the hundreds of elephants lay down their logs, each one catches hold of the tail of another elephant, and walks behind him, and they go off in one long row to dinner."

But, as the King's plans made it necessary, they had to arrange that day that dinner time should be altered from noon to eleven o'clock.

So, when he got to the forest where the elephants were working, they rang the dinner bell an hour in front of time.

" Now you will see them all obey the bell," said a courtier.

But not an elephant stopped working. It was not noon yet. And they all knew !

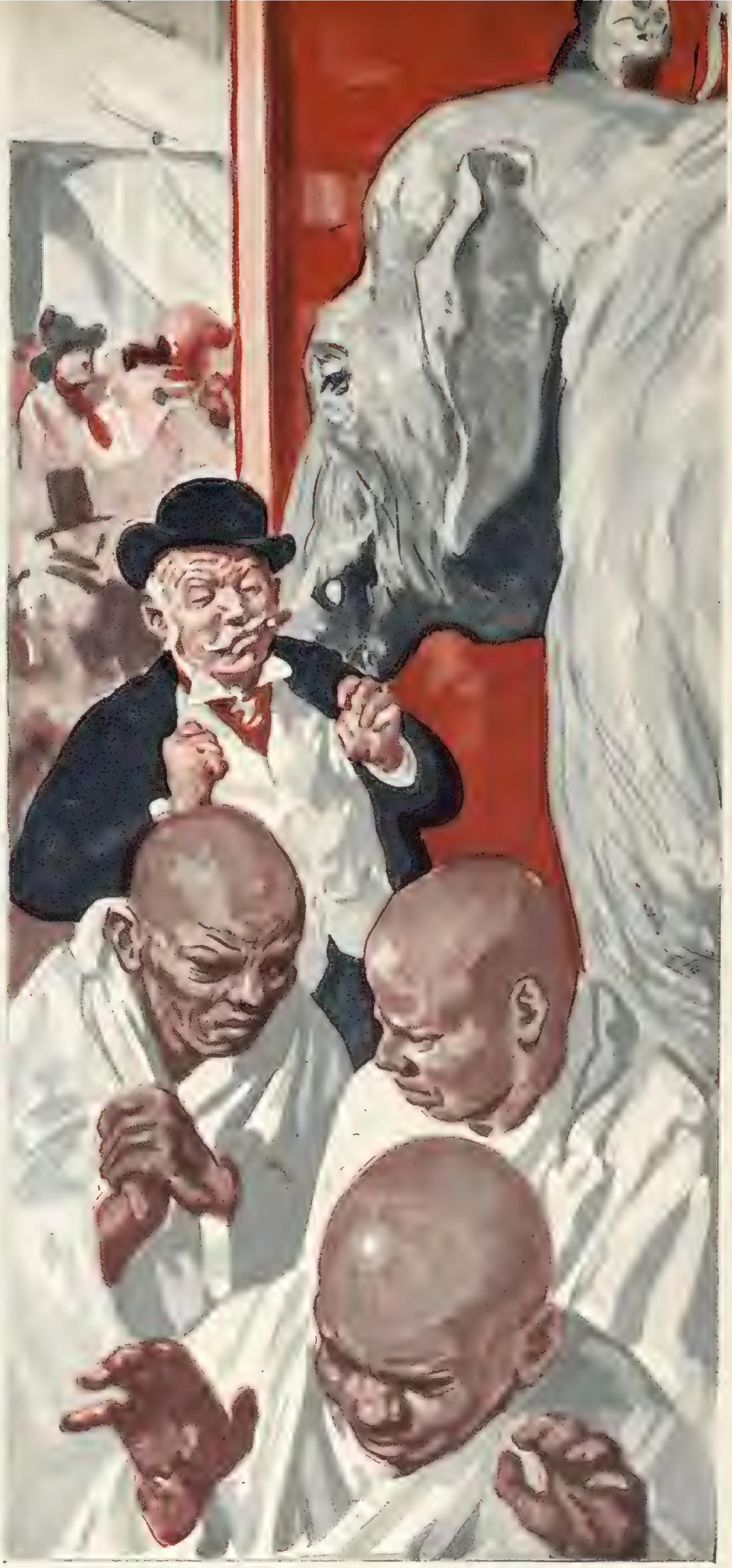
When, once again, the bell rang, still the elephants went on piling teak. A third time the bell was rung. This time, one elephant cocked up an ear and obviously said, " It sounded like the bell."

When, for the fourth time, the bell was rung, this elephant thought he would chance it.

Men must have got the time wrong. So he walked off to the dining-place. And, in one long row, the elephants all followed.

" Ah, there's one thing you can't tell elephants," said a showman, hearing this. " You can't always tell their colour."

And in illustration he related a story.

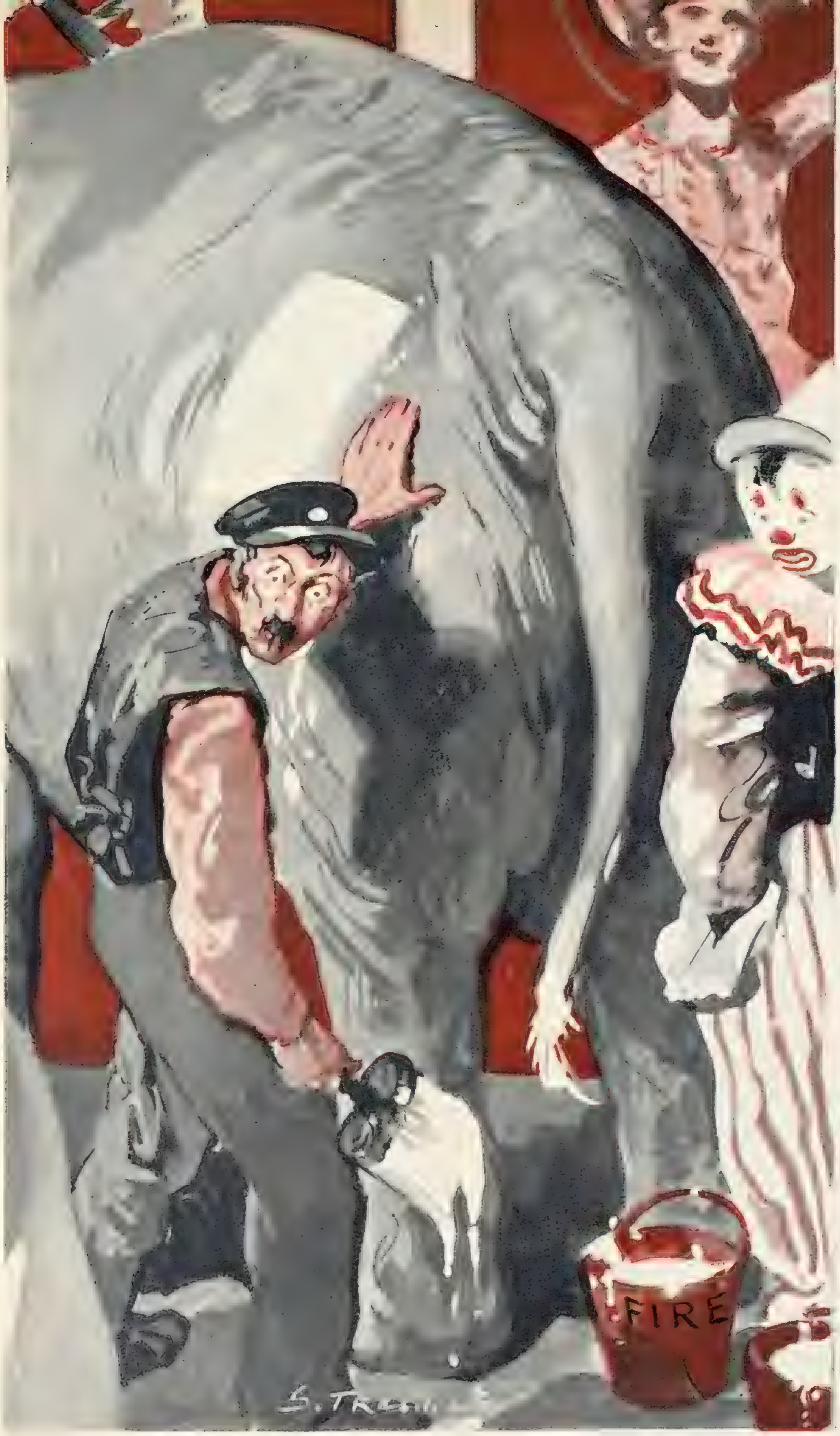


"DO you want to see the Great White Queen,
" That elephant will be whitewashed,

THE Great English Showman had shown the public everything. For many years his circus had toured England, Wales and Scotland. The big tent had been erected in hundreds of towns and villages and, near it, the smaller tents for the side shows, the freaks and the special turns, some twopence extra, some sixpence. He had explored the world for novelties, animals of every kind, weird people of every nationality . . .

Then, one day, he heard of the Sacred White Elephant. It lived in Burma, they told him. The natives worshipped it. It had a special entourage of priests who attended the elephant and collected the offerings of the faithful.

" Go and buy it for me," said the Great Showman. " Pay



or don't you?" replied the Great Showman. or we'll send him home, and you too."

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

By Hannen Swaffer

anything. Promise what you must. But bring the Sacred White Elephant back to England."

In Burma, for weeks, his emissary argued with the priests. He promised them gold. The elephant wasn't for sale. There was not money enough in the world to buy it. After deep thought, the agent, having tried all other means, promised to show the priests England and its wonders.

"But it is against our religion to cross the Great Black Water," they said.

Then a thought struck the showman's agent.

"If you bring the Sacred White Elephant to England," he said, "we will show you the Great White Queen."

So, after obtaining permission from their superior, lest their souls should merit punishment, the three priests crossed the Great Black Water with the Sacred White Elephant.

"When the white people see it," they argue, "they will worship, too."

Having been told of its coming, the Great Showman had prepared London with stories of his new great capture, the wonder of a new elephant that was white, how it was worshipped by millions and held in reverence.

Then, one day, the White Elephant reached England. The Great Showman looked at it, and with disgust remarked, "Why, it's not white! It's grey!"

"But that is what they call a white elephant in Burma," replied the man he had sent. "Grey elephants are very scarce. That's why they worship them."

"He may be white enough for Burma," said the Great Showman, "but he's not white enough for us. We shall have to whitewash him."

What a howl went up from the priests!

"But his body is sacred," they said. "You cannot paint it."

"Do you want to see the Great White Queen, or don't you?" replied the Great Showman. "That elephant will be whitewashed, or we'll send him home, and you too."

So, that morning, the Sacred White Elephant was whitewashed.

"What a waste of money," said the Showman. "If I had only known, we could have whitewashed a black one."

But the public did not know. Had they seen the Sacred White Elephant as the Burmese saw it, they would have jeered. But, seeing it whitewashed, but not knowing, they all said, "What a wonderful white elephant!"

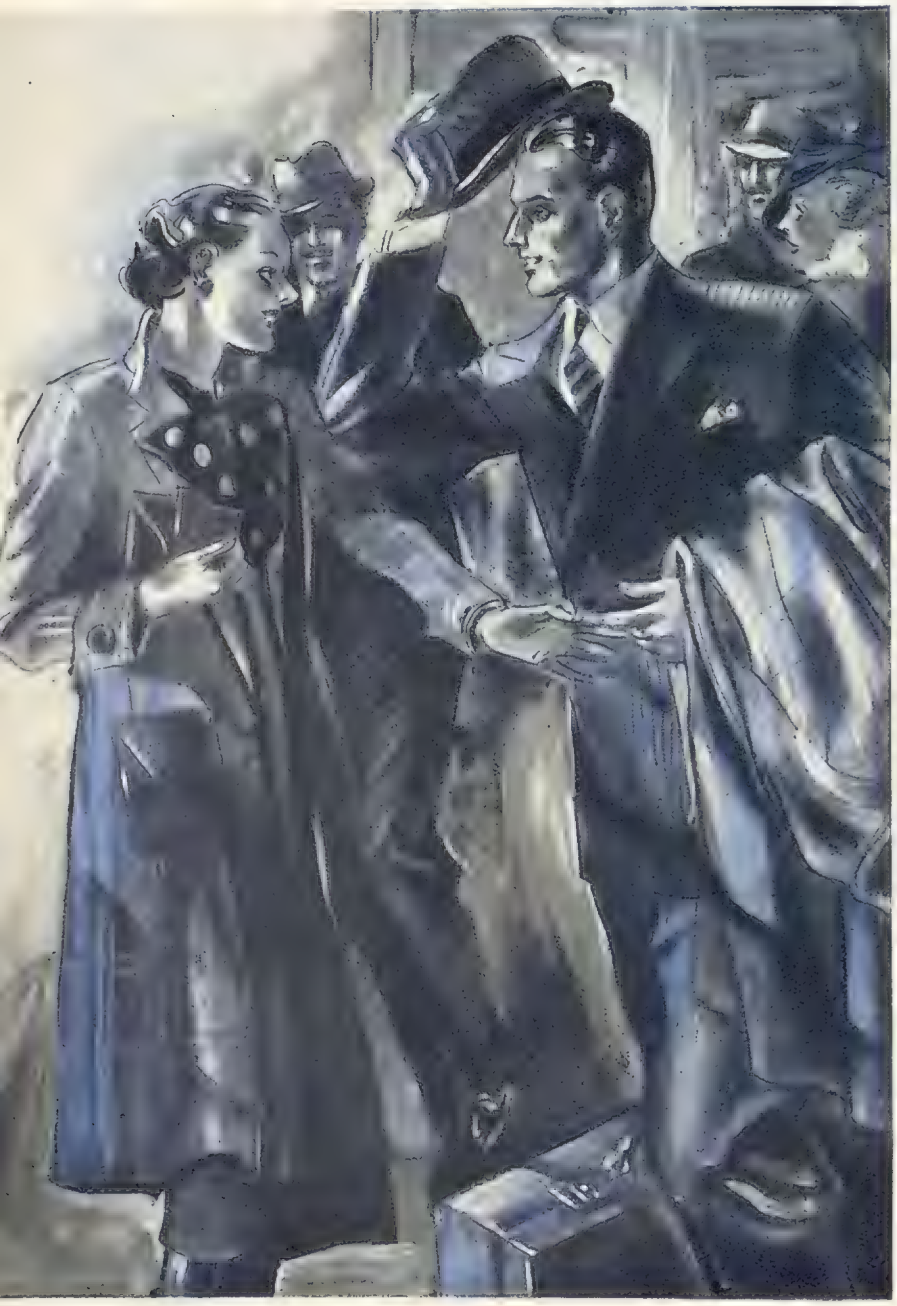
And never was there such a season in the history of the circus as that one. People came from far and near, just to see the elephant. And, because the circus was there, they paid to go into the circus.

For weeks London stared at the White Elephant. There

(*Continued on page* 90)

Told in Confidence

Set a Thief to catch a Thief—but sometimes "a blithering half-wit" does the job just as well



"DAWN, darling." He gazed joyfully at the slim, girlish form and pretty, eager face

THE Riviera Express swung round a curve; rattled noisily over some points; straightened out again with a lurch and roared on into the greying dawn. The song of the wheels took up once more the old monotonous rhythm.

In a corner of a second-class carriage, George Cosham Wishitt—known to his intimates as "Cosh" and to the more envious of his male relatives as "that blithering half-wit"—slowly opened a heavy disbelieving eye and surveyed his world. The promise of approaching day struggled dimly through the steaming windows and his watch told him it was nearly half-past six. The carriage smelt abominably; and he wondered vindictively how the other five occupants, sleeping in tortured attitudes around him, would feel when they came to. Curious, he mused, this French mania for economising the air supply! He raised a hand to his throbbing head; and stiffly uncoiling his long body, rose unsteadily to his feet. As he did so his next-door neighbour, deprived of his support, collapsed, still sleeping, into a semi-recumbent attitude on his side.

HE reached up for his attaché case and, as the train gave a lurch, brought down a cascade of overcoats and rugs. A muffled voice protested furiously. George babbled a confused apology; fumbled in his bag for his shaving kit; dropped it; picked it up again and in his nervousness trod heavily on the bearded Frenchman opposite. Having thus brought the knowledge of a new day to his immediate companions, he stumbled awkwardly over outstretched legs to the door and, leaving it wide open, floated down the corridor on a torrent of blasphemy.

He greeted the attendant cheerfully in excellent French and inquired when the train would reach Modanne.

"Bon jour, Monsieur! Yes, Monsieur! In about twenty-five minutes, Monsieur!"

From somewhere down the passage behind him came the vicious slam of a door; and he smiled happily to himself as he proceeded in a series of cannons to the lavatory to wash and shave. A good beginning to a promising day! He forced open the lavatory window and inhaled luxuriously the cold March air. It only wanted Dawn Verney herself to meet him at the station to make it a perfect morning.

Half an hour later he was standing, surrounded with suit cases, on the platform of France's latest

By

John Anson

watering place rapturously greeting a small hatless figure in brown tweeds.

" Dawn, darling ! You'd make a corpse stand up and sing ! " He gazed joyfully at the slim girlish form and pretty, eager face. " Take warning and never, never, never travel second class on a crowded French train ! "

" Not so much of the *darling !* " she reproved smilingly—and then " Oh, Cosh ! Thank heavens you've come ! But why all the luggage ? And why travel second class when you don't have to ? "

" Well, you never said in your wire how long you wanted me, so I've brought enough for a goodish sojourn. All your wire said was 'The Cosh is urgently needed please hurry—Dawn,' or words to that effect. As regards query No. 2, I was in a bit of a hurry and I—er—well, I forgot to make a reservation, and the train was crowded and the attendant shoved me into an empty second-class compartment and immediately afterwards betrayed me to a lot of hirsute grave-dwellers and——"

" Oh, Cosh ! You're utterly hopeless—I wonder you remembered the name of the station," she scolded him helplessly—and laughed in spite of herself. " I've always said you were one of evolution's prize throwbacks. But . . . "—she paused as they made their way through the barrier, and taking his arm finished softly " . . . I will say one thing for you—you never let me down."

They entered the waiting limousine and a moment later were gliding smoothly down the long tree-lined avenue towards the Hotel Cristale, where Dawn and her guardian, General Sir Horace Hore-Cosham—who was also George's uncle—had taken a suite. Lady Hore-Cosham, so Dawn informed him, was still at Cannes.

" When is she due here ? " George queried anxiously.

" She isn't," Dawn reassured him. " She's firmly parked for the time being with some friends she met there. . . . "

" Thank God ! " he cut in with undisguised relief. " That old hen always makes me feel like a worm wedged firmly half-way out of its hole—waiting for the next peck. Sorry ! But you know how it is ! " He leant forward and opened the windows to their fullest extent—and lay back breathing deeply the clean morning air. He looked at Dawn—the newly risen sun lighting her face and showing off to perfection the neat, well-balanced head and dark lustrous hair—and only just prevented himself from letting go a war-whoop of sheer exultation.

Dawn turned, caught his look, and smiled. Then abruptly her face clouded.

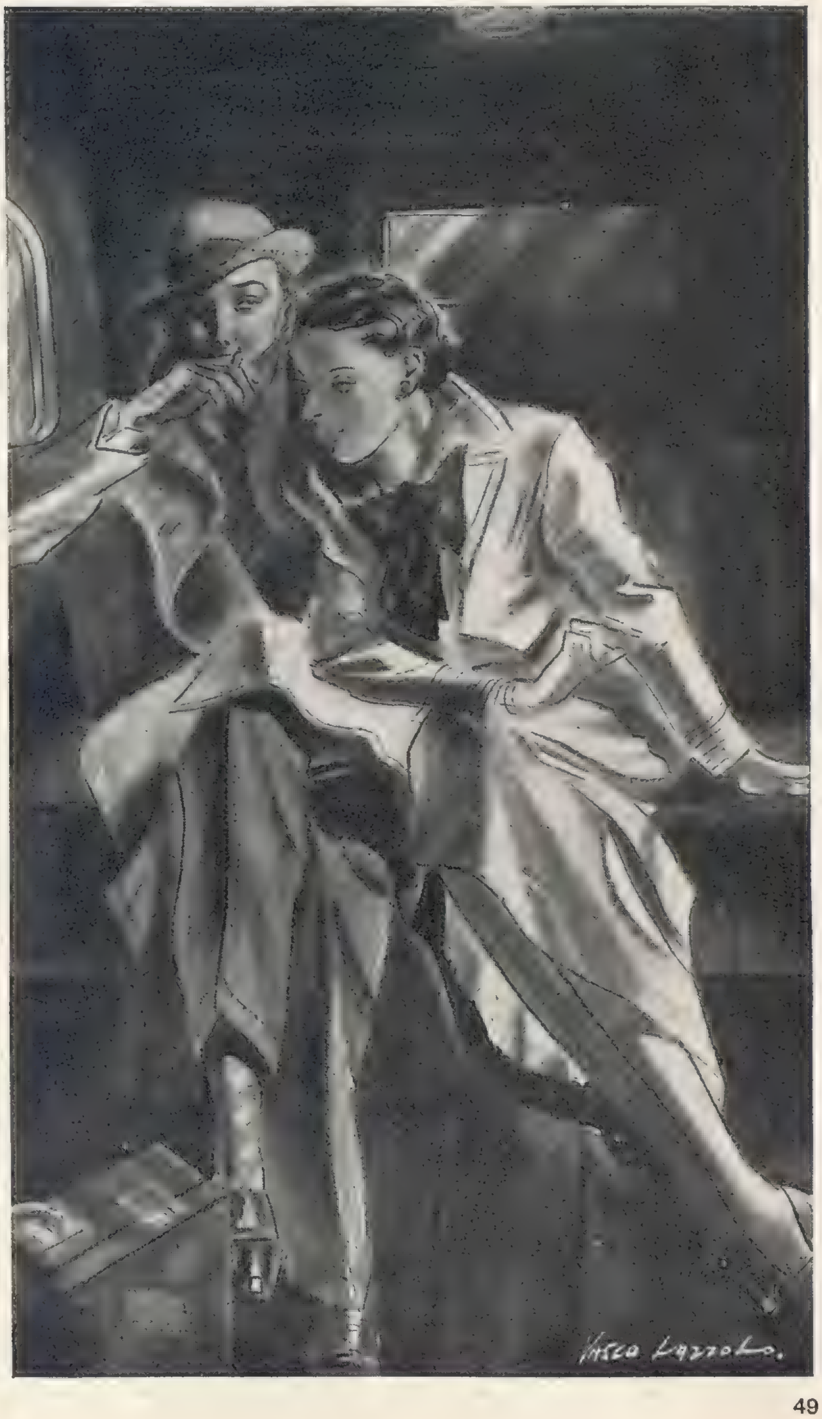
" Listen ! " she said, speaking rapidly in a low voice. " There isn't much time, and I want you to know everything I can before we reach the hotel. George ! I'm terribly worried. It's about Uncle Horace. I know I may be just imagining things, but I feel something is wrong and I want you to help me—and not to laugh at me. You see—I happen to know that you are not half such a fool as you like me and everyone else to believe—and that's one reason why I asked you to come."

" Thanks ! " George murmured in mock gratitude—but for once he did not smile. " When did all this begin ? "

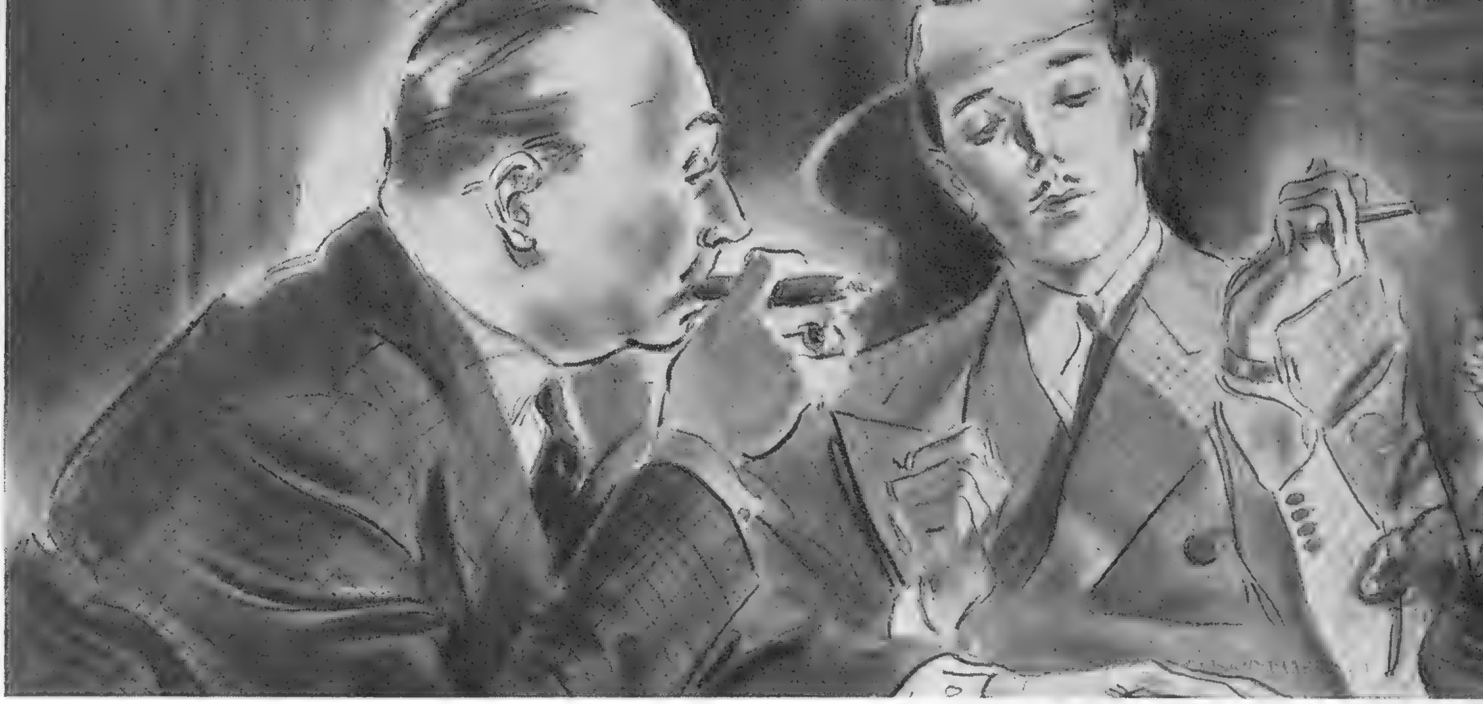
" When we left Cairo " she explained hastily. " You see. Aunt Hannah wanted to go to Cannes, and so we came across by boat to Genoa and then on by car. After staying a few days, Uncle Horace and I came on here and left Aunt Hannah with the Strepworths. Well—on the boat coming over from Alexandria we met a young American called Hullins, and Uncle immediately took a fancy to him. You see, Uncle is writing a book about the war—a history of his Division or something—and Hullins was in the war too. They got talking together and became so inseparable that they were a positive nuisance. Hullins, it appears, is some sort of a stockbroker in New York."

She paused a moment to collect her thoughts.

" We arrived here ten days ago," she continued. " The very next morning Hullins turned up, and Uncle immediately persuaded him to stay on. About a week ago he suggested that we should all motor out to a place he knew for lunch. As we were starting he suddenly pointed out a nasty little man standing on the curb near the bank, and told us that he was an American millionaire—one of his clients in New York. On the return journey we saw him again near the Casino—and this time Hullins stopped the car and got down to speak to him. He was introduced to us and we chatted for a few minutes. He then took Hullins


Vasco Lazzolo.

THEY entered the waiting limousine and a moment later were gliding smoothly down the long tree-lined avenue towards the Hotel Cristale



GEORGE finished his coffee and lit a
though looking for a waiter; and in so

aside and I heard him give some instructions about buying some shares He handed over a whole lot of American money."

"Well, so far I don't see anything very fishy!" George remarked.

"I know! It *seems* all right. But ever since that day both Hullins and the other man—his name is Norrowborn—have been an awful lot with Uncle. Uncle seemed awfully excited at first and spoke mysteriously of some important deal that was going to bring in a lot of money. But the last few days he has been getting more and more worried. I *know* something funny is going on!"

"Have you said anything to him about it?"

"Yes!" she replied ruefully, "I asked him what all the mystery was about. He wouldn't hear a word against Hullins or the other man! He told me it was something very important and that he had promised not to say a word about it to anyone; and that anyway I wouldn't understand and I was not to bother him with silly questions." She made a little gesture of futility. "He got quite cross!" she finished reminiscently.

George patted her knee understandingly—he had seen Sir Horace "quite cross" before.

"Humph!" he reflected as the car drew up. "It isn't like Uncle Horace to keep quiet about something he expects to make money over. Usually he talks of nothing else till everyone's sick to death of it."

"Yes, I know! And there's another reason why I'm scared." She drew George aside, as a covey of pages alighted on the luggage. "When I was writing out your wire I found something else. You know how Uncle always prints out his telegrams—as though the post office people were all blind. The impression usually goes through at least six sheets. Well—he sent one off the day before yesterday; and when I wanted to use the pad myself I couldn't help reading it." She paused dramatically. "He's instructed his London bank to arrange for an immediate credit at the local bank here for nine thousand pounds. George—he couldn't possibly want all that money so suddenly."

"Suffering cats!" George passed slowly into the foyer and absently signed the register. He turned abruptly to Dawn, in his eyes an expression that gave her a strange little thrill.

"I believe you're right! I smell something fairly reeking of swindle." The lift shot up, and George's spirits rose with it. "Tally ho—partner! The hunt is on!"

THEY turned down the corridor—the thick carpet deadening their footsteps. The page stopped at the door of George's room.

"You'd better come and say good morning to Uncle while they are bringing up your things!" Dawn advised.

"My God!" he expostulated. "Not before breakfast!"

"Don't be an idiot!" She took his arm and dragged him after her. "And do try to talk sense this time. Uncle swears you talk more drivel than any man he's ever heard."

George sighed resignedly and followed her into a large room bathed in sunlight. From the windows a view of the distant lake showed through the trees. A smaller room opened off it; and through the wide open doorway George could see the broad grey-headed figure of Sir Horace sitting at a huge desk under the window and surrounded with orderly piles of manuscript. But he was not working. He was sitting back in his chair and gazing moodily out of the window—the end of a tortured pencil clenched between his teeth.

"Good morning, Uncle!" Dawn called out. "Look what's turned up!"

At the sound of her voice he started, and abruptly swung round in his chair. The aquiline Cosham nose—an enlarged and altogether riper edition of George's—jutted from beneath dark bushy eyebrows, and a pair of irascible eyes surveyed the immaculately tailored youth before them with evident distaste.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "What the devil are you doing here? I thought for once you were doing something useful in the City or somewhere!"

VASCO LAZZOLO.

cigarette. He turned round in his chair as doing had a good look at the table Dawn had indicated

VASCO LAZZOLO

SHE saw before her a man that was strangely different—and very dear

"Good morning, sir!" George replied briskly. "The crisis now being over, my services were no longer required." He caught a look from Dawn—and resumed hurriedly—"As a matter of fact Wilfred Ashbury has offered to take me into his office on the Stock Exchange. But I don't go until May and I'm now on holiday."

"Hah! I always thought Ashbury was a bit of a fool."

George grinned unabashed, and seated himself on a corner of the desk.

"Get off that desk! Good Gad—I don't know what the devil you young people are coming to! You can't be in a civilised room five minutes without turning it into a bear garden." He leant forward and rearranged his papers.

Dawn tweaked his ear affectionately. "You know you really rather like us—don't you?"

"Not at this time in the morning, young lady!" he grunted. "Now run along down to breakfast and take George with you!"

"Aren't you coming?"

"No! I have a lot to do, and I'm having something sent up."

They had nearly finished breakfast when Dawn suddenly leant forward and touched him on the knee.

"Don't turn round!" she whispered urgently, "Hullins has just come in! Now he's sitting down. And here's the other man too! They're evidently having breakfast together."

"Which is their table?"

"Immediately behind you in the centre of the room—near the pillar."

George finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. He turned round in his chair as though looking for a waiter; and in so doing had a good look at the table she had indicated.

Norrowborn was facing him; and he took an instinctive dislike to the sleek, black head, Semitic features and showy clothes. He was talking earnestly—throwing occasional glances in their direction. His companion was an entirely different type. Dressed soberly in quiet, though decidedly American "plus fours," he looked the sort of man who would make an excellent opponent at golf in the morning and a most agreeable addition to any party later in the day. He was sitting silently eating—and listening.

"Look here, Dawn! We have to pass their table on the way out—and I want you to introduce me. Leave the rest to me . . . but if I give you a lead, play up to it!"

Dawn rose, and together they threaded their way between the tables.

"Pleased to meet you!" Hullins was saying a moment later as they shook hands.

"Sit down and keep us company for a few minutes!" Norrowborn invited—his eyes resting appreciatively on the girl's face.

"Delighted!" cut in George before she could reply. He placed a chair for her and they all sat down. George eagerly addressed the last speaker.

"Forgive me, but are you by any chance *the* Norrowborn. You know—the millionaire?"

There was an almost imperceptible pause—and then Hullins interrupted laughing.

"Sure he is! But he's so darned mean he hates anyone knowing it. You see it puts all his bills up!"

"Well—well—well! This is a great pleasure, Mr. Norrowborn. I have often heard about you from mutual friends in New York—and, of course, everybody knows the Norrowborn Biscuit!"

"Thank you!" The smooth repulsive face smiled—a little uncertainly it seemed.

"Where is your guardian this morning, Miss Verney?" Hullins inquired—adroitly changing the conversation.

"Oh! He's got an attack of lumbago," George lied instantly, "and believe me, Uncle Horace with lumbago is worse than hell! He won't be down before lunch." He glanced at his watch and turned to Dawn, "I must get a move on. I've got to send off a couple of cables for Uncle, and instruct the bank to make certain inquiries for him. If I walk I shall just get there nicely as the bank opens." He (*Continued on page* 142)

S.O.S. . . .

By C. Fox Smith

MID-WINTER in the North Atlantic—the scene, the bridge of a liner buffeting her way steadily westward through the rollers in the teeth of a full gale. Up the bridge ladder comes struggling a figure in dripping oilskins—a wireless operator with an urgent chit for the Captain.

The tired eyes under their grizzled brows—the Captain has been thirty-six hours on the bridge without sleep—are bent for a moment on the pencilled slip. A short, sharp command to the quartermaster standing still as a statue at the wheel, his intent eyes on the compass card before him, his weathered features thrown up in strongly contrasting light and shade by the binnacle lights; a few terse words spoken into the engine-room tube, and the great ship swings away on an altered course.

She is going to be hours, perhaps even days, late in arriving at her port of destination, though she is as punctual, as a general thing, as an express train. The failure of a certain multi-millionaire to land in New York according to schedule will no doubt set half Wall Street in a flutter. A famous violinist's much-advertised recital will have to be postponed, and his manager will be tearing out his hair in large handfuls. Well, they will just have to put up with it ! Out in that dark welter of winds and seas there is a tramp steamer in distress—her steering disabled, her engine-room flooded, her wireless operator in his cabin sending out his desperate call for help : the one call which at sea cannot be disregarded.

The seaman's calling has its own simple code of chivalry, a code which has probably changed but little in essentials since the days of Admiral Noah, though some of its minor usages have become obsolete with altered conditions afloat. In the old hungry days, for example, it was looked on as part of the game for underfed apprentices to raid the cabin stores. If you could get away with it, it was all right. Broaching cargo, on the other hand, even edible cargo, was forbidden. It wasn't done, and there was an end of it. Again, no man in a sailing ship's forecastle ever locked his chest. To do so—except in port, where there were landlubbers about—was a tacit insult to his fellows, since no

SAFELY home. Passengers landing at Tilbury from "The Viceroy of India" after their adventurous voyage on the "Doric," which was in collision during a fog with a French steamer. All passengers were transferred in mid-ocean to two other liners which had raced to answer the wireless call

A BOATLOAD of passengers from the "Doric" being transferred to the "Orion"

Tales of RESCUE at Sea

decent sailorman would pilfer from a shipmate. Yet, strange to say, until the notorious *Mignonette* case finally knocked the idea on the head so recently as the eighteen-eighties, it was regarded as legitimate for castaways in the last extremity to draw lots as to which should die that the rest might live.

But the one law which remains unchanged through the centuries is that which demands that a signal of distress shall, if it be humanly possible, never go unanswered. There have been cases where it has been broken, either through carelessness or cowardice or sheer hardness of heart. But news travels fast round the world's sea rims—as fast, almost, and almost as mysteriously as in the African jungle; and the seaman who has failed his fellows in extremity on the edge of the Arctic Circle runs a good chance of finding himself as shunned and lonely as the Wandering Jew among the whalers of South Georgia or the traders of the Coral Sea. There was a man once, a captain, who missed a great opportunity. He might have saved every soul from a sinking liner. He failed to do so—through sheer crass stupidity, nothing more — and within a few weeks he was a starving Ishmael in the bitter streets of Liverpool.

There are cases, of course—there were very many such in the days of sail—when rescue at sea is not humanly possible. Time and again one comes across bald entries in the logs of bygone Cape Horners which bear witness to the fact, calling up in a few words a poignant vision of helpless men clinging to rope and rail in a waterlogged ship, straining their eyes over the tumult of the waters in a vain hoping against hope for the help that cannot come. In such conditions, for a sailing ship to attempt a rescue is utterly out of the question. No boat could live for many minutes in the mile-long greybeards of a Southern Ocean gale, while to try to get a ship alongside another in such circumstances would be not only useless, but positively suicidal.

YET, all things considered, it is surprising how many instances are recorded of rescues carried out by sailing ships—considering, that is, the immensity of the ocean and the comparatively narrow range of visibility as well as the inherent difficulties of the task.

An old "Mercantile Navy List" for the year 1860 gives a list of certificated and uncertificated officers of British merchant ships possessing honorary testimonials of one sort and another, with the reasons for the award in each case; and those brief paragraphs are sometimes more eloquent in their very brevity and lack of detail than pages of adjectival description.

There is Captain James George Carter, of London, for example, who "in April, 1853, when in command of the *Equator*, received a silver salver weighing 100 ounces, from the owners of the *Titania*, for saving the lives of 30 persons, taken from the wreck of that vessel during a heavy gale in the China seas, in the September previously; also from one of the passengers so rescued, a gold spyglass and sympiesometer." An idea of what the exploit thus briefly set forth may (*Continued on page* 122)

THE German liner "Muenchen" on fire from stem to stern

THE Dutch liner "Orania" sinking after being in collision with a Portuguese vessel at Leixoes

MISS MARGERY SHARP, *author of "Four Gardens," a very well told story of one woman's life*

Questionings

"God is My Adventure": *by Rom Landau*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.)

ROM LANDAU

ROM LANDAU was born in Poland. In Germany, by the time he was twenty-five, he was already known as a sculptor and critic. In England, where he now lives, he has produced a first-rate biography of Paderewski. But his new book is not about music or any other form of art. It deals with his lifelong search for a creed, a teacher, an explanation—or, as some would say, a religion. It is a strange book, and a valuable one—strange because the author, in his search for a faith, has never let go of his critical sense; and valuable because, amid a crowd of hysterical fellow-seekers, he has refused to be led by his emotions. As he has discovered, many of the popular masters do not welcome fastidiousness in their disciples.

BOOKS: Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer*

Change at Baker Street

"HOW restful," I thought, as I hunted through the new books for some stories of crime and detection, "to return to that dear, delightful world where vicious-looking automatics are for ever being slipped into the pockets of capacious ulsters; where lips exist only to be bitten, where fingers are always being snapped in irritation or contempt, where tell-tale knuckles are constantly turning white! Like Ruritania, it is a world apart, and one knows when one has got there by the discovery that well-tended hands, black hair, and other attributes usually considered harmless enough and far from disagreeable immediately attract, and end by faithfully vindicating, the suspicions of the honest reader." But I found, as I turned the pages, that nothing is safe from change. I knew that detectives no longer hailed hansoms in Baker Street; I was not prepared for the swiftness of their cars, the readiness of their motor-boats, the capacity of their air and water planes. Much have I travelled in the realms of stolen gold, and like everything else they have not been immune from mechanisation, or improved by it. Like everywhere else, again, they seem more crowded than they used to be, and some of the guides are in a hurry, while others are unconscionably slow. My *promenade sentimentale* was not an unmixed success.

Every now and then Mr. Augustus Muir gave me the authentic feeling. *The Crimson Crescent* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) shows respect for, or at least awareness of, tradition, and its rascally attorney is an exceptionally perfect specimen which will be relished by the connoisseur. There are missing jewels, a lonely house in the Walthamstow Marshes, an empty ditto in Herts, and an escaped convict—yes, *The Crimson Crescent* is full of good stuff, and the handling is competent. The story suffers from only one serious defect—it is distinctly "steep."

LOUIS MARLOW, *author of "Fool's Quarter Day"*

That seems to be the prevailing fault of contemporary mystery-mongers—a riotous invention doing the work of ingenuity. Here is *Better Than Weapons*, by Louis Christie (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.)—a terrific imbroglio, beside which the Great War looks hardly more bloody than a Test Match. Mr. Christie involves half Europe, but only a very simple reader, surely, thinks it as difficult to do that as to plan a neat burglary. With crime, as with fruit, size is often a snare. Mr. Charles Ashton has realised this truth, and his story of a genteel little murder, *Tragedy After Tea* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is, whatever its faults, ingenious. It has faults—slowness, a rather complicated topography and timesheet, and a hero whose facetiousness never, alas! got on the murderer's nerves—but it offers a problem for our logical solution, and not a mere succession of impossible adventures. In *The Carrismore Ruby* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) Mr. J. S. Fletcher also sets us, among his eight short stories, several conundrums. He tells his tales well, but his detachment is perhaps too great. Events and characters seem so remote that they do not matter.

The chief " leaders " here described, most of them at first hand, are Keyserling, Stefan George the German, Rudolf Steiner the Austrian, Krishnamurti, Shri Meher Baba the Persian, George Jeffreys the Welshman, Frank Buchman of Pennsylvania, Ouspensky the Russian, and Gurdjieff the Armenian—and for some of them, let it be said at once, the earnest seeker has precious little use. The traders in personality sometimes interest him, in spite of himself; the organisers bore him and move him to contempt, for he was looking for something or someone more satisfying than a successful and prosperous revivalist. And did he find (it will be asked) what he sought? The answer to that question, which in any case cannot be given in a few words, is best left to the reader to discover. It is, indeed, a question which each reader will answer after his own fashion. But one does not have to be very cynical to be amazed, and possibly amused, at the view of mankind presented, standing with its nose pressed against a window as full of mystic remedies as a pharmacist's of laxatives. The photographic close-ups are worth studying. Not all prophets look the part. George, Keyserling and Krishnamurti are, in their different ways, beautiful heads. Of the others, three look able, two look rather stupid, and one, to my eyes, untrustworthy in the extreme. It is no fault of good men that charlatans exist, but it is a little surprising, in view of Mr. Landau's earnestness, to find him paying as much attention, at times, to the one class as to the other.

No two of Mr. Landau's prophets agree with one another or could meet, one is forced to believe, without mutual irritation. Yet all have their followers and have effected, by different and even opposed means, spiritual and, in some cases, physical, cures. Only one feature is constant, the faith of the disciples. On that foundation all teachers, whatever their quality, seem able to rear temples. Let us hope that the shrines will not all prove equally durable, for too often they seem to have been rushed up in haste, without the assistance of a qualified architect.

Above.
LADISLAS FARAGO, *who has written a most interesting book entitled "Abyssinia on the Eve"*

Left:
NORAH JAMES, *whose latest novel, "The Lion Beat the Unicorn," is the best she has written and distinctly enhances her reputation*

Not quite a " thriller," but an amusing and exciting novel is Mr. Keith Fowler's *Skeletons in the Cupboard* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), an account of the methods of three American blackmailers. The lever they use is a society magazine, inaugurated and directed by their leader. There is a certain monotony in their proceedings, and there is also the always present realisation that the day they encounter a strong man or woman will be their last day. But the " racket " is described with much zest; and it, or something like it, is actually attempted, of course, from time to time. Mr. Fowler belongs to the Strong Meat school of American novelists. Have they, just now, any alternative schools?

Of less juicy, but more sustaining fare, there is a wide choice. *Four Gardens*, by Margery Sharp (Barker, 7s. 6d.), is a very well told story of one woman's life—a woman born in the 'eighties, a wife, a mother, a widow—a quiet life where nothing endures but gardens. The book has the advantage of a notably successful dust cover designed by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Miss Norah C. James's new novel, *The Lion Beat the Unicorn* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), is written round a bookshop in the Victoria district of London. Simple and unpretentious without being insipid, this is the best book, though it may not be the most successful, Miss James has yet written, and distinctly enhances her reputation. *Fool's Quarter Day* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) is by Mr. Louis Marlow, author of *Swan's Milk* and *The Lion Took Fright*. It is a more sophisticated story than Miss Sharp's or Miss James's, more cruel and more derisory, more amusing, perhaps, but far less happy. Its purpose is to dissect a modern, self-centred young man. It achieves its purpose—achieves it, one might say, brilliantly, save that there can be no brilliance connected with such a hero. He is not, despite the publishers' claim, a Willoughby Patterne. But Mr. Marlow, in contrast to his numerous clever contemporaries, seems to me to possess real ability. He is decidedly a writer to follow. He has a sense of form, a clean and discriminating palate for words, and a humorous glance.

There are almost as many kinds of travel books as there are of novels. (*Continued on page* 102)

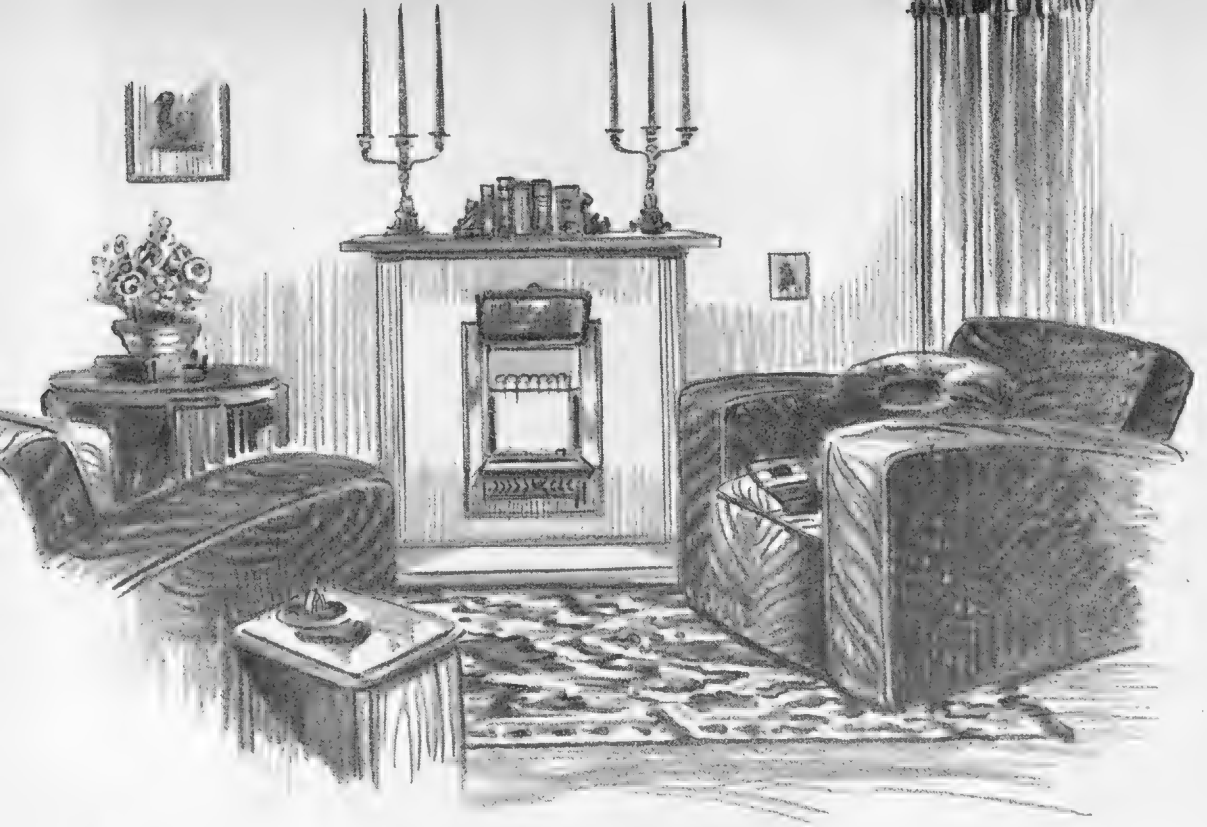
The Eighteenth Century

"Richard Savage": *by Gwyn Jones* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)
"William Cowper": *by Gilbert Thomas*
(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.)

VILLON, after 500 years, has become something of a hero. After 200 years Richard Savage, also a poet, is no other than he always was—blackmailer, murderer, pimp and parasite, a miserable creature of only two moods, a boasting and a snivelling. But Time, which has done nothing for his reputation, has been surprisingly tenacious of his memory. His Life has been written by Dr. Johnson and others, and ninety-three years ago Charles Whitehead made so good a novel out of him that one was hardly prepared to find another novelist trying to repeat that success. Neither Mr. Jones nor his publisher makes any acknowledgments to Whitehead, wishing, no doubt, that the new *Richard Savage* should stand on its own feet. Admittedly, it does so. It is a picturesque, vigorous novel, with sketches of Pope, Aaron Hill and Cibber, but chiefly notable for its full-length portrait of Savage himself. It is exciting enough for any reader, while offering, to the more exacting, a highly coloured picture of life in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. Occasionally the colour may seem rather too rich a purple; but the fault, if it is one, springs from the author's virtues of energy and spirit. Savage was a bad man and not too good a poet. Through its demerits, his poetry is almost forgotten; through his vileness, he lives. There should be a moral in this, if only one could think of it.

WILLIAM COWPER was eleven years old when Savage died in a debtors' prison at Bristol, and he lived to the last year of the century. Savage was born in 1697, and Cowper died in 1800. From the two books mentioned above, one a novel, one a biography, one dealing with an urban ruffian, the other with a gentle invalid wobbling along the border of religious mania, both stories of the lives of poets, a wonderfully full and contrasted picture emerges of England in the eighteenth century. Mr. Thomas's book—its full title is *William Cowper and the Eighteenth Century*—is as much concerned with the poet's background as with the poet. It is not, cannot be, as exciting as the other, for Cowper was the antithesis of Savage, and survives by reason of his work, not of his deeds or misdeeds. But it is a wise, reliable book, an historical rather than a critical biography, and so with a wider interest than most volumes of its kind.

GWYN JONES, *author of "Richard Savage"*



HERE is an attractive fireside setting showing a Flavel wall type gas fire. Nell Gwynne Candles are prominent in the decoration of this little scene

For Your Especial Comfort

IT isn't always easy to find something new to talk about in domestic appliances. This is not surprising, since equipment has reached such a standard of perfection. Here and there notable improvements are seen, minor disadvantages overcome, but drastic changes are now few and far between.

This is not a disadvantage. Sweeping changes are apt to be expensive, and when apparatus has proved itself equal to that which is required of it, why look for something else?

Take cooking apparatus, the gas cooker in particular. Surely there is very little room for further improvement?

For some time there has been on the market a gas cooker which achieves almost everything that can be asked of any cooking apparatus.

We admit that a further description of the cooker is not new, though we claim it as "news" inasmuch as it renews its interest whenever the subject of comfort and efficiency is raised.

This model was the result of much experiment to find a cooker that would adapt itself to modern conditions both in the matter of appearance and service.

The practice in small flats and houses of making the kitchen serve as a room for meals required that a cooker should be available which fulfils all practical requirements whilst eliminating unsightliness.

Experiment along these lines produced the Kabineat and showed that a cooker could be housed in an attractive cabinet without sacrificing a vestige of cooking efficiency.

In a few moments, the Kabineat cooker is converted into an unobtrusive piece of furniture that can take its place in any sitting-room.

To show that its practical efficiency is not impaired we quote the following passage from a description of a test dinner which was prepared on the Kabineat Cooker by a well-known expert.

She claims that a five-course dinner for six people was cooked to perfection in an hour and a half at a cost of twopence. Only forty-six cubic feet of gas was used.

The menu was as follows:—

Potatoes and watercress soup; fried sole; shrimp sauce; stuffed baked liver and bacon; boiled potatoes, steamed carrots; baked apples and baked egg custard; cheese straws.

Every single feature of the latest invention in cooking apparatus is incorporated in the design of the Kabineat in addition to its own special advantages of compactness and appearance.

It would take too long to describe here every excellent minor feature of this cooker, its dimensions, price, and average gas consumption; but we will gladly provide particulars to interested readers who care to send a postcard to our Woman's Department.

The makers of the Kabineat have sustained their splendid reputation for apparatus of compactness and perfect efficiency in the neat Radiant Panel Heater that has become so popular lately.

The secret of the successful working of this gas heater lies in the fact that a dead black flat surface is found to give radiant heat more comforting than the usual warmth produced by tubular columns.

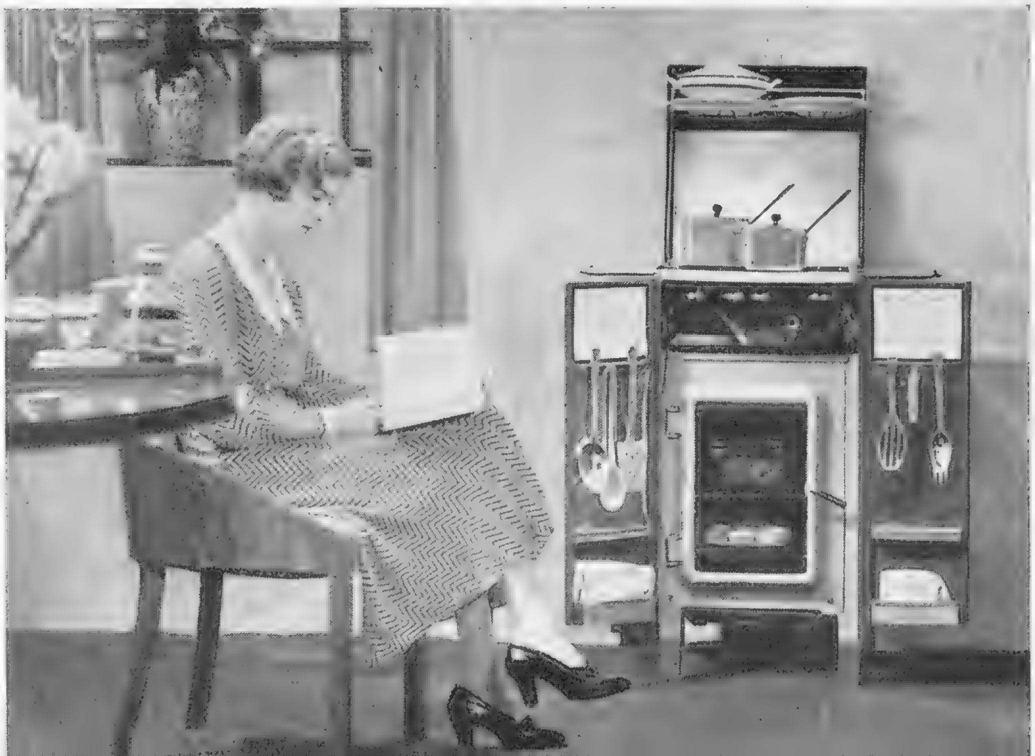
The heaters are odourless, and installation requires a gas point only.

Halls, landings, bathrooms, nurseries can be heated without danger.

Tucked in under a window-sill, hidden unobtrusively in a corner or on a landing, the Radiant Panel Heater brings comfort to its surroundings at a reasonable cost.

The models are made in four sizes and finished in eighteen different colours.

A postcard addressed to the Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, will bring you by return further particulars of the cooker and the heaters described, if you are interested.



The Flavel "Kabineat" is a modern cooker. Look at the picture and judge for yourself. It includes every device for comfort and efficiency and, when the cooking is done, can be enclosed so as to have the appearance of a gramophone cabinet

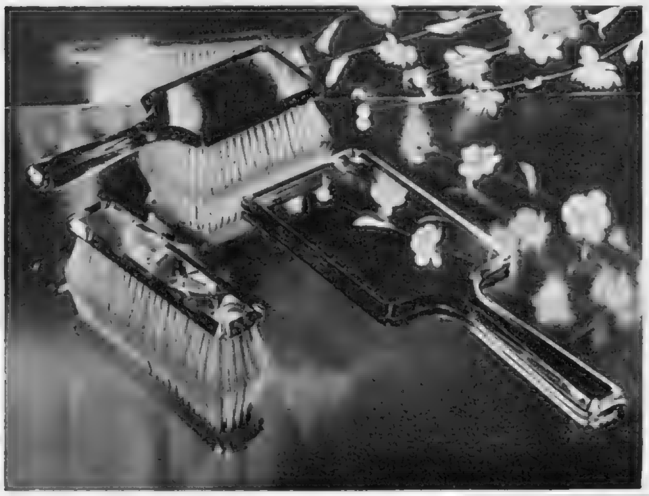
At Beauty's Service

Suggestions for your Dressing-Table

Two decorative Lalique bottles, 5½ inches and 4½ inches wide respectively. The square box can be used for matches or powder as desired. This glass is an elegant form of decoration for the dressing-table, and has practical uses as well. The bottles cost £2 19s. 6d. and £2 10s. each. The box is £3 7s. 6d.

Petticoat influence pervades this charming dressing-table. Delightful effects can be obtained at small expense by draping a simple whitewood table in an attractive fabric. Glazed chintz is often used. Artificial taffeta is another idea, far from costly. Painted glass bottles add colour and interest to the dresser in the picture

For further particulars about the articles on this page, write to the Editor, Woman's Dept., "Britannia & Eve." Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing stamped addressed envelope



Modern dressing-table sets are of mirror glass wrought in delightful colourings. This luxurious set of brushes and mirror are in blue, green and peach colouring. The price is £7 7s.

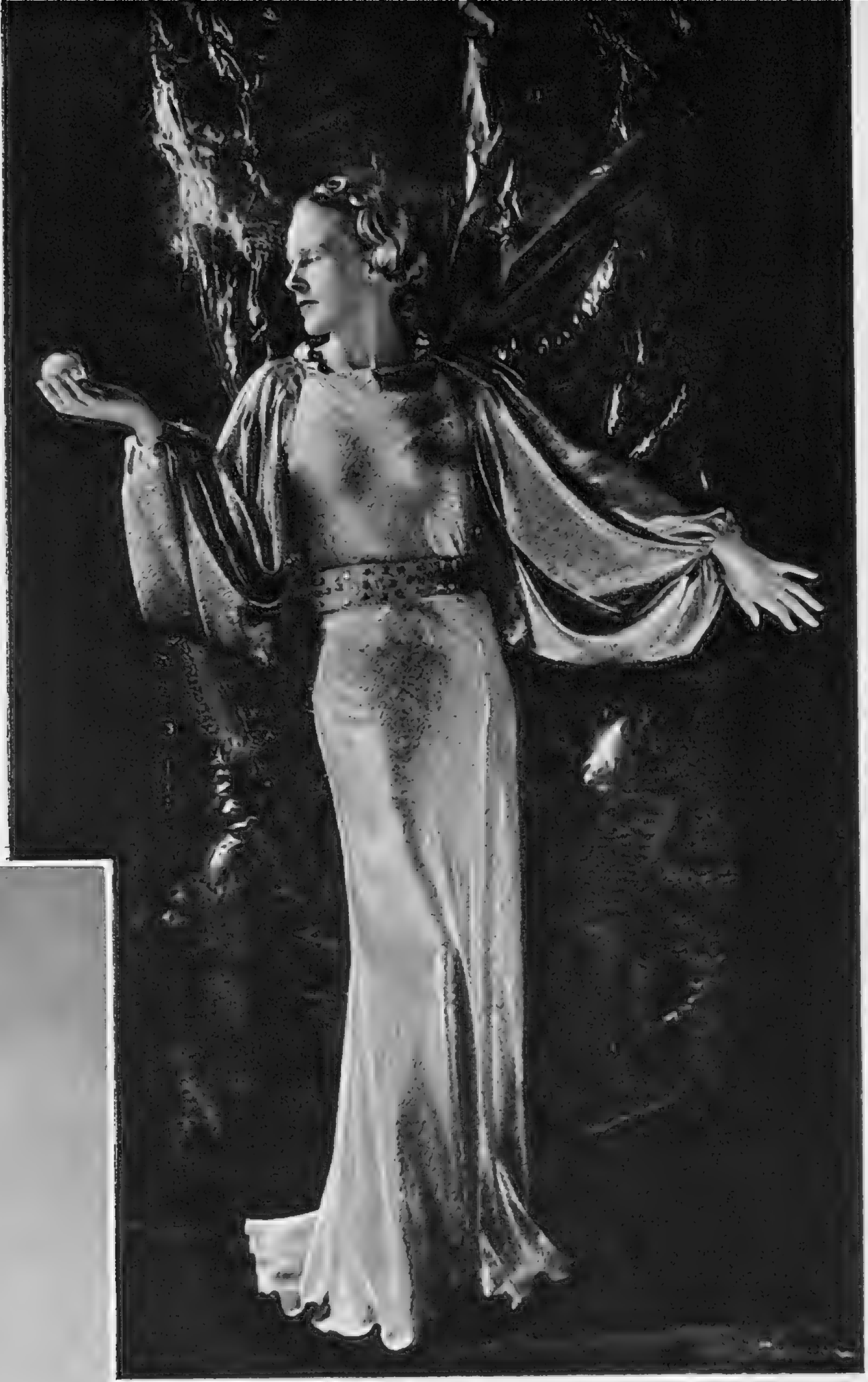
A luxurious effect distinguishes this dressing-table which is contrived out of a painted knee-hole table. The design is in faded green and gold on a cream background. The shapely gilt mirror is lit from each side by tall gilt candle-lamps shaded with tinted vellum. The tall vases are of clear green glass

A clever combination for cigarette-box and ash-trays specially designed for use on the dressing-table. When the lid of the box is lifted a cigarette is automatically thrust forward. The box is made in a variety and combination of colours. Price 21s.

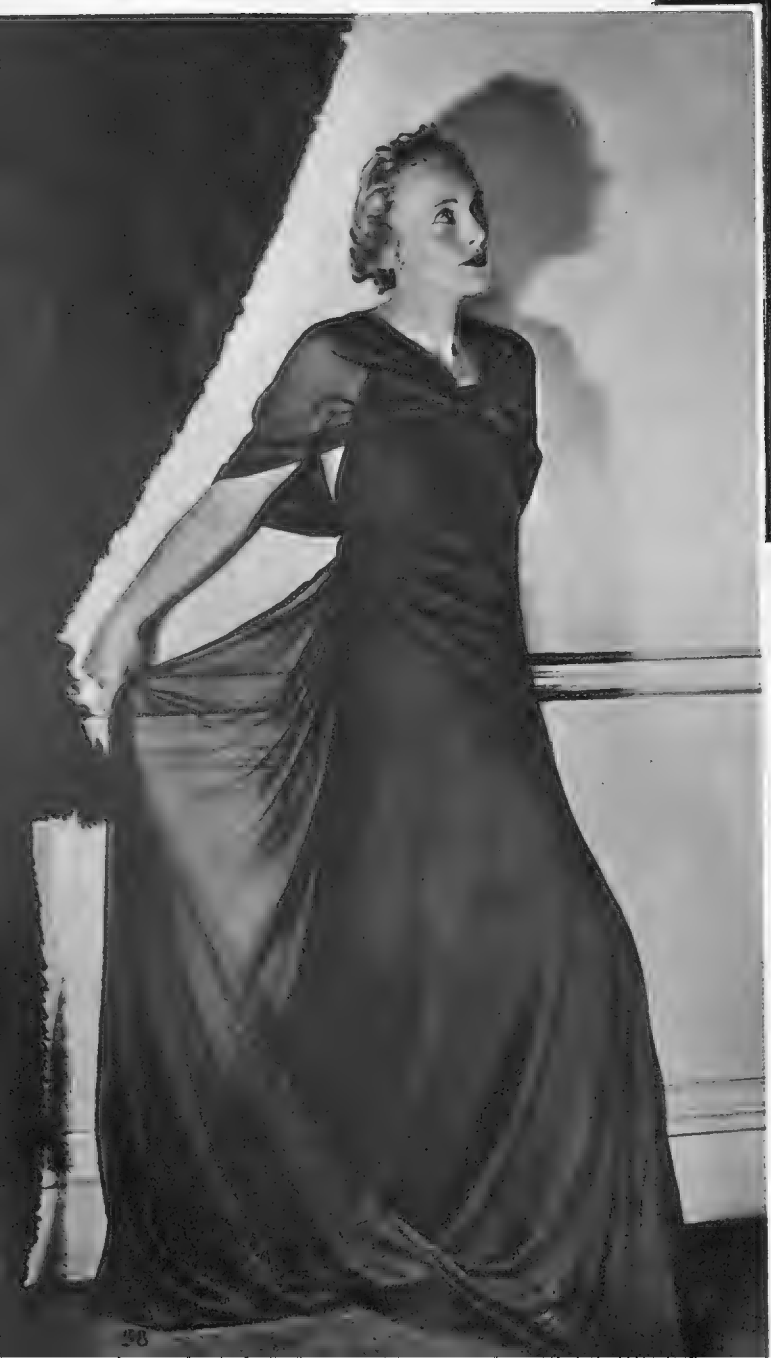
Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve"



Photographs by Helen MacGregor



Marks *of* Grace

THE same lady—Mrs. Lance Sieveking to you—shows you the mobility of the evening style, in two beautiful gowns from Marshall and Snelgrove's, as un-alike as they can be in all but their common grace, elegance and up-to-the-moment fashion points.

On the left hand, you have the fluent beauty of bronze-plum chiffon, draped, looped and put together with such skill that the whole front of the skirt is in one piece with the loose looped back panel, which joins in gathers at the backless back, if you know what we mean.

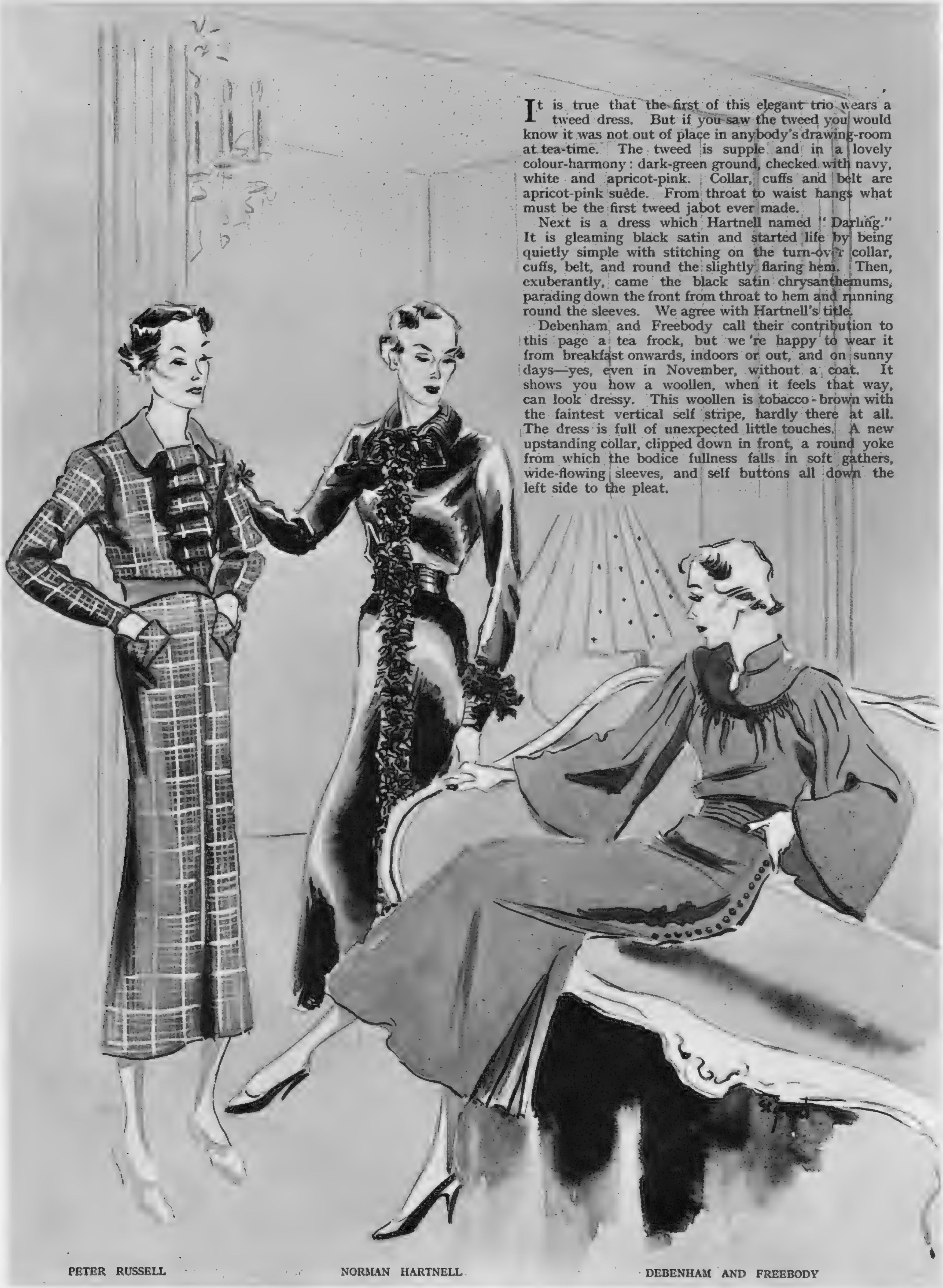
The glowing Renaissance dress above is all gold lamé, its long, flowing line emphasised by enormous gathered sleeves. A jewelled belt does very well by the waist.

Whatever evening line you fancy, draped, ethereal, Greek, Italianate, you can wear the same down-to-the-ground velvet cape with each and all.

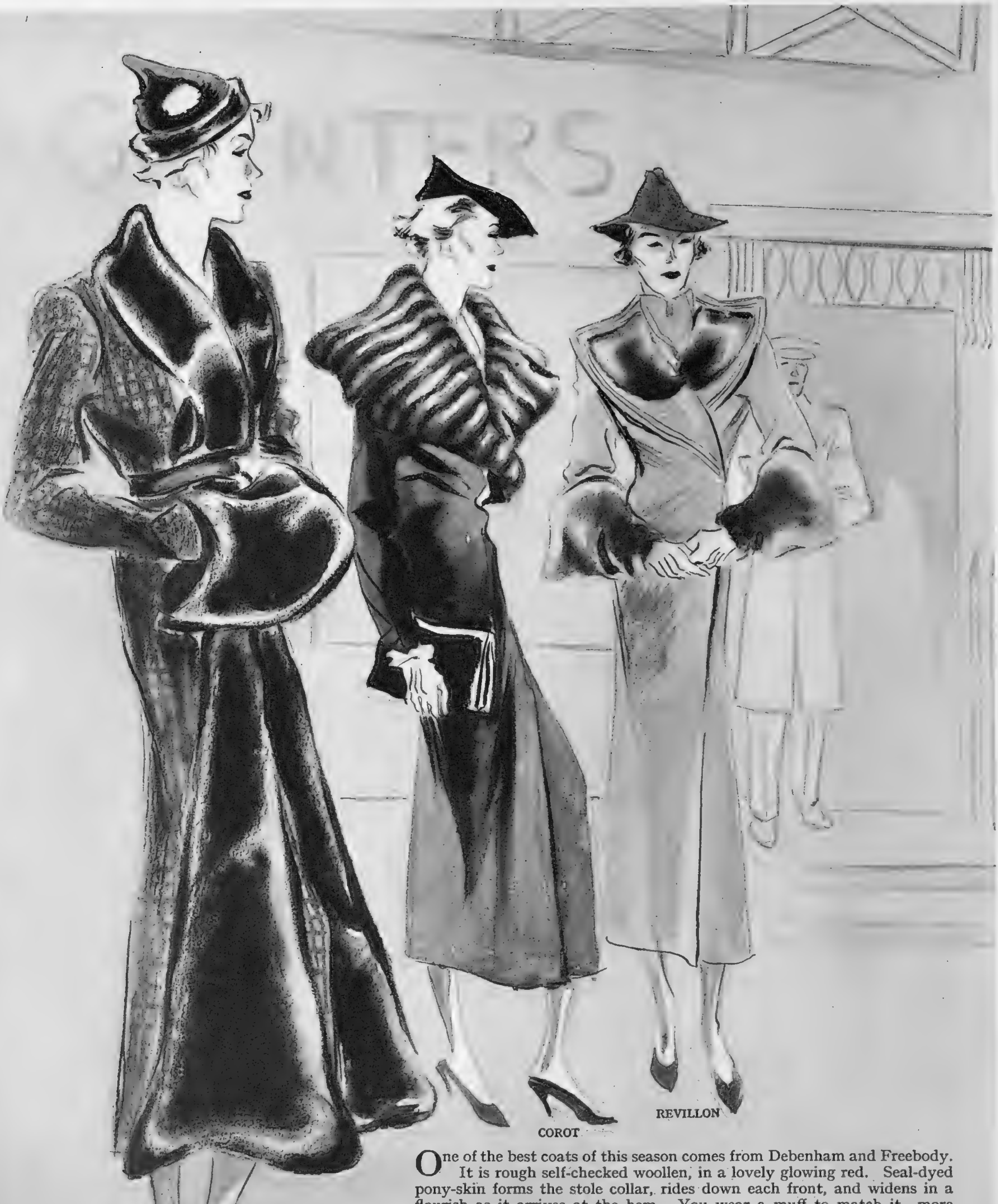
It is true that the first of this elegant trio wears a tweed dress. But if you saw the tweed you would know it was not out of place in anybody's drawing-room at tea-time. The tweed is supple and in a lovely colour-harmony: dark-green ground, checked with navy, white and apricot-pink. Collar, cuffs and belt are apricot-pink suède. From throat to waist hangs what must be the first tweed jabot ever made.

Next is a dress which Hartnell named "Darling." It is gleaming black satin and started life by being quietly simple with stitching on the turn-over collar, cuffs, belt, and round the slightly flaring hem. Then, exuberantly, came the black satin chrysanthemums, parading down the front from throat to hem and running round the sleeves. We agree with Hartnell's title.

Debenham and Freebody call their contribution to this page a tea frock, but we're happy to wear it from breakfast onwards, indoors or out, and on sunny days—yes, even in November, without a coat. It shows you how a woollen, when it feels that way, can look dressy. This woollen is tobacco-brown with the faintest vertical self stripe, hardly there at all. The dress is full of unexpected little touches. A new upstanding collar, clipped down in front, a round yoke from which the bodice fullness falls in soft gathers, wide-flowing sleeves, and self buttons all down the left side to the pleat.



PETER RUSSELL NORMAN HARTNELL DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY



One of the best coats of this season comes from Debenham and Freebody. It is rough self-checked woollen, in a lovely glowing red. Seal-dyed pony-skin forms the stole collar, rides down each front, and widens in a flourish as it arrives at the hem. You wear a muff to match it—more muffs are seen this season than for many years.

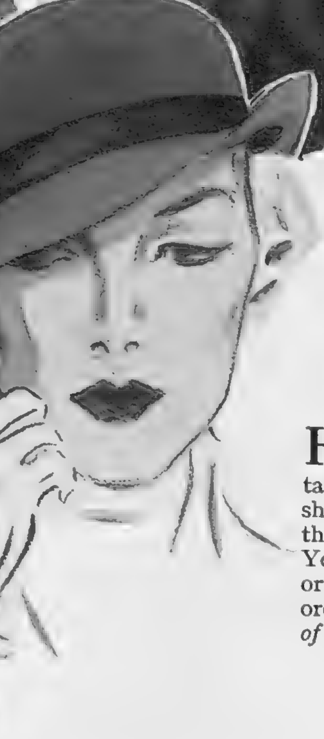
A luxuriant collar and revers of sable-dyed squirrel is the big news of the second coat, in brown novelty woollen, with a faint diagonal weave. You can get it from Corot in this and most of the good winter coat shades. And coming from this firm, who have proved that the easy-payment system is popular with a lot of us, you can pay month by month, if you prefer it that way.

Last, a coat from Revillon, which makes the long rich beaver cuffs the real point of interest. Beaver also faces the wide revers, leaving on each side a border of stitching. A fringed scarf of the same tweed tucks in at the neck.

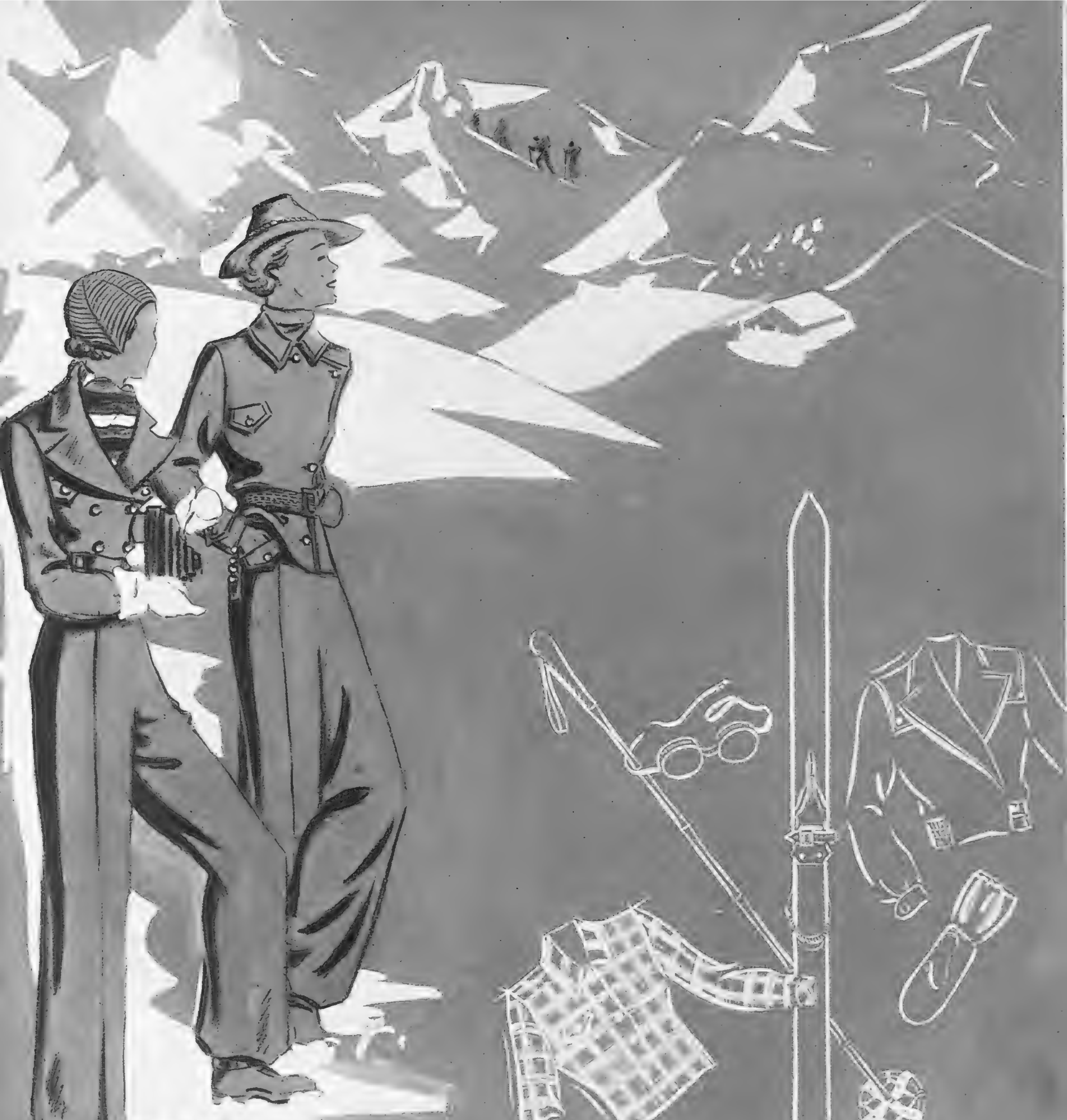
This is the hat for the woman who likes a brim, even when most other women are brimless. It is fine black velour, the brim widening in front and worn low on the brow. Up at the back, the crown starts to form interesting twists and folds. *Marshall and Snelgrove.* Silver foxes from *Debenham and Freebody.*

"Doodle Doo" is the name of this black, white-flecked fur felt, with its brave crest of red feathers. *Jeff.*

Just a soft black felt pill-box, a couple of mink tails and a rosette of black stiffened veil—but ladies, what a hat the combination makes!... This and the mink cape from *Debenham and Freebody.*



Here is the perfect sports hat, in feather weight, unspottable fur felt, smart, a good shape, and a saucy curve to the brim. It rolls for the pocket. You can get it in most colours, or they will dye any shade to order in five days. *Woodrow's, of Piccadilly.*



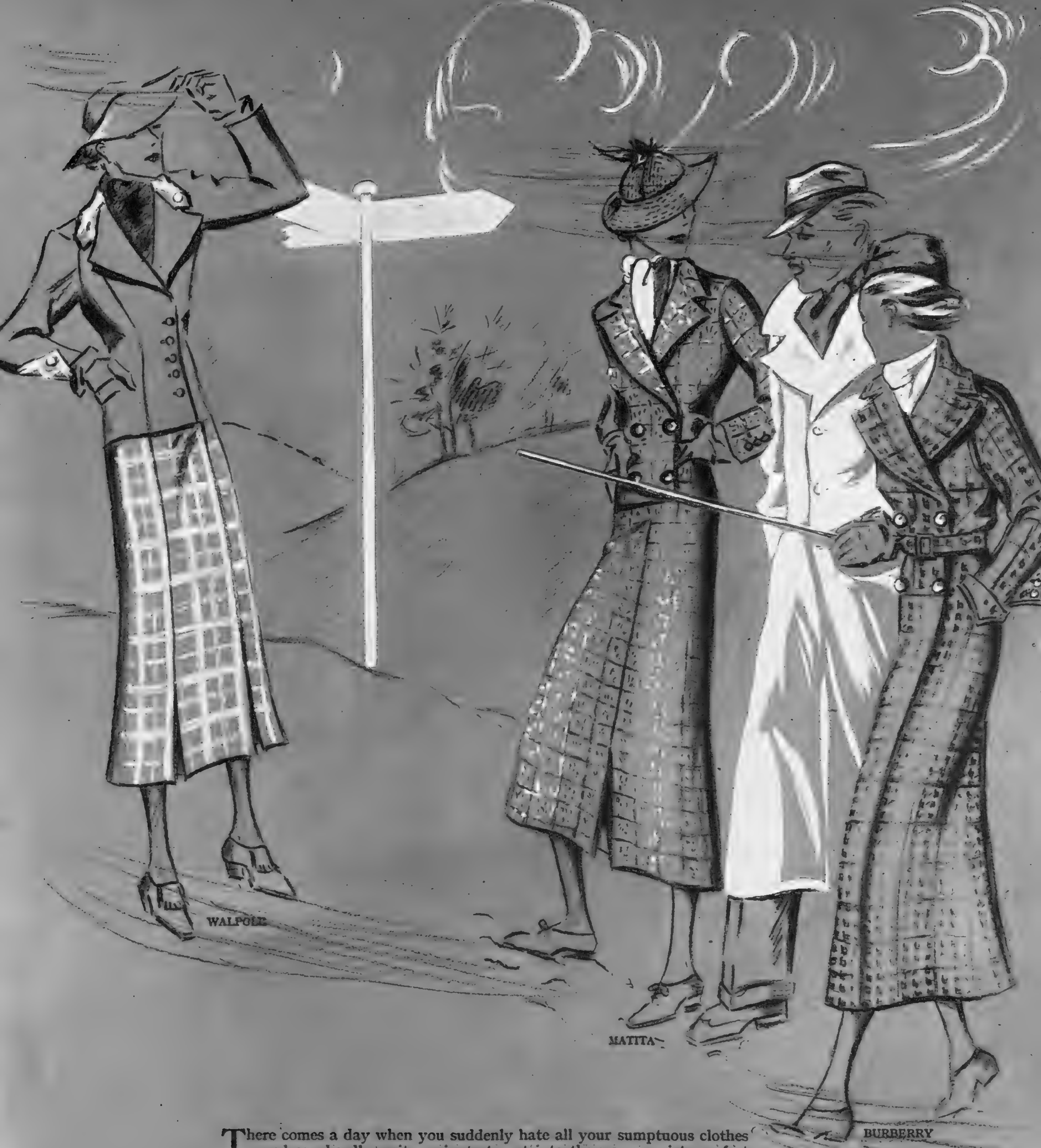
Are you winter-sporting? Then be outfitted at Lillywhite's, whether you are for the high ski-jump or whether you just stand about looking decorative and waiting for the night dancings.

We have had drawn on this page the chief and spare parts of a practical ski-ing outfit, to which you can add and subtract as convenient. We give prices to show that it doesn't cost the earth, as many think.

Take your choice of the two suits. The first is navy tricoteen, short jacket and trousers, £4 14s. 6d. The woollen devil cap is 5s. 6d., and the woollen scarf 7s. 6d. Socks are 3s. 6d. (you really need three pairs), and boots cost 30s.

The second suit is brown gabardine, £3 3s. The Tyrolean hat in brown felt with a red cord, 12s. 6d. (and if want you to wear it afterwards in town or country, we shan't complain). The plaid woollen shirt at the left is 30s. (they have many good ones at ten shillings), and the windproof jacket up at the right is also 30s. Woollen mits are 5s. 6d. and horsehide mits, lined (not drawn here), 12s. 6d. Your ski will cost you anything from 30s. to 70s. (they recommend their " Special " ski, which are 52s. 6d.). The Criterion ski-sticks are 11s. 6d., a pair of skins (not drawn here) £1 1s., goggles 1s. 9d. Don't forget fancy dress for the parties.

If this year is your first time, and you want to know the whys and wherefores, write to us for a copy (free, of course) of Lillywhite's Winter Sports booklet. It tells you everything about the choice and care of your kit.



There comes a day when you suddenly hate all your sumptuous clothes and can hardly wait a minute to get into the warm, quiet comfort of country tweeds. If you have none by you, you are really rather lucky, because you will need new ones, and they have never been such fun as they are this year, such heavenly designs, such gay, vivid colours.

On this page, the lone girl wears a tailored suit of Scotch tweed, plain and check. The plain coat is leaf green, the skirt green and brown check. Notice the check, adaptable collar which tabs up to the throat and check facings on the sleeves.

The centre figure is dressed by Matita in a classic tailored tweed turned into a personality suit by its colouring, which is stone ground, checked with green, light beige and red. The scarf is in three tones—light green, dark green and red.

The long coat at the right, in saxony finish tweed, is warm, smart and comfortable, golden brown on a natural background, overchecked in red. A triumph of fabric, style and perfect tailoring.

What I have Bought this Month

Here are Some Good Buys

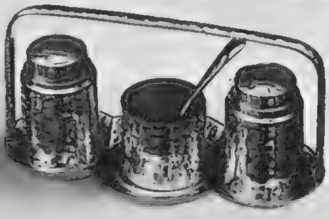
WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

Original vases always make delightful presents. This one is a clever reproduction in pottery of the Japanese method of cutting bamboo, and is most effective. Price 8/6. (Postage 9d.) Many other novel and decorative flower-containers are obtainable from the same source

This compact, zip-fastening, morocco needlework case is well fitted with scissors, bodkins, assorted needles, thimble, stiletto, and crochet-hook. Put some darning silks to match your stockings in the pocket, and pack it in your suitcase when you are going away for the week-end. Price 10/9. (Postage 6d.)

Before introducing you to this lacquer cocktail set I must tell you that lacquer does not affect the taste of your drink in any way. The black lacquer cups with gold linings, decorated with gold cocks with gay red combs, are 2/6 each. (Postage on set of six, 6d.) The black and gold lacquer tray is 5/6 (postage 6d.), but if you buy the complete set for £1 0. 6d., postage is paid



English beaten pewter has been used for this attractive three-piece cruet on a tray (10/6), the useful-sized toast-rack (8/6), and the sugar bowl or jam dish with blue glass lining (7/6). Postage in each case, 9d.

No more unpunctual meals if you place this reliable kitchen clock, with its very clear dial, on your kitchen mantelpiece. It is made of painted wood with green or cream face and edging of black, blue or green. Price 6/11. (Postage 9d.) The chromium-plated alarm clock is 4/11. (Postage 9d.)

Here is your ideal companion — the "Zip-Jack." Made of morocco leather in blue, red, green or black, it has matching fittings of comb, cream case, powder case, rouge case, lipstick, and mirror. Price 14/9. (Postage 6d.)

I'll Tell *you* *all* I K*now*

By Mary Young

If you are running a stall this winter . . .

I AM all in favour of a little cynicism now and again, believing that it flavours the outlook as a subtle sauce gives tang and significance to a dish.

But all-the-time cynics are as boring as all-the-time enthusiasts. Particularly irritating are those cynics who scoff at Good Works women.

They will have plenty of targets to shoot at soon, because the Good Works season looms. Well, let them make all the fun they like of bazaar helpers and sales-of-work sloggers, and all the women who give up time and money to help the Church organ or some other worthy in-aid-of. We shan't care. We'll go ahead all the same.

And if you happen to be one of us, if you are running a stall this winter somewhere, let me tell you what I did last year. Instead of trying to sell to the charitable public some hand-made monstrosities which they take home and give away to the maid, I had a stall full of useful and decorative things like fancy goods, perfumery, bath salts, soaps, powders, all of which I was able to obtain at cost price.

If you feel like doing the same—and think of the trouble you save apart from any other consideration—I can give you the (household word) names of these two firms. They will send you parcels of assorted " fancies " and perfumeries varying in value from a few shillings to several pounds.

Even if you're not running a stall yourself, but just want to donate to the bazaar, you can send for a parcel.

ONE of the worst things about a cold is that you have to suffer the suggestions for cures made by well-meaning friends. Being (1) a martyr to colds, (2) the sort of person who believes in her friends, and (3) the optimistic tryer of everything once, I have, in my time, essayed many, many cures. And out of the bewildering array of boxes, powders, tablets, jars, bottles, inhalers and what-nots, there has just come what, for me, has proved the perfect remedy for fighting a cold.

It is simple to take (either in powder or tablet form) and inexpensive.

Since my first cold of the winter was bud-nipped by this effective remedy, hitherto a stranger to me, I now learn it has been helping sufferers for a long time now.

I am constantly hearing about it as a remedy for all kinds of disorders, primarily headaches and neuralgia and rheumatic pains. And many women testify to its valuable help in easing period pains.

It is one of those comforting things that relieve instantly, but are, at the same time, completely safe and reliable. Both nurses and doctors endorse this.

I KNOW, none better, how hard it is for all of you who start to do slimming exercises.

The first few days you are enthusiastic and dead keen. The scales say ten stone, and you are determined to get down to just under nine. Not only do you want to look like Katherine does, slim as a wand, but you want to feel that suppleness and buoyancy of hers which is only too evident as she swings along the street, vital, healthy and lissom.

But then you start slacking, missing—because most exercises are tyrannical and difficult, and because you are often a bit scared that you may be pulling at the wrong muscles, doing the wrong things.

Having gone through this stage, I knew something had to be done, so I went around to an exercise salon whose head girl practises what she preaches.

They sell here a special exerciser which makes exercise easy and interesting, and which gives incentive to exercise. You can't go wrong with it. It helps you to do the necessary movements without any strain on the arm muscles (this is a danger when exercising, because these muscles develop far too easily).

There is an explanatory illustrated chart which tells you exactly what to do; you are given instructions for correct breathing and a special exercise against constipation

This investment costs you 17s. 6d., but the dividends you draw in health and reduction just where you wanted it cannot be estimated.

I've done a quarter of an hour a day for a week now, and my protuberant diaphragm and stomach are, hand on my heart, flat as a good pancake. And I feel fit.

As she swings along the street, vital, healthy and lissom

A FRIEND of mine, knowing that I run around the beauty harems, asked me what treatment to recommend generally for her skin.

I told her what I tell readers, what every reputable beautician tells you, that skins have to be classified. What does wonders for one will draw blanks for another. I can recommend specific things for definite disorders like blackheads, shiny noses or acne. But for general beauty treatment you need to be properly analysed and tested.

It happens that I can give my own friend and any other woman who wants to know a very satisfactory answer just now.

A salon has opened in Mayfair where they sell the preparations of every good beauty specialist.

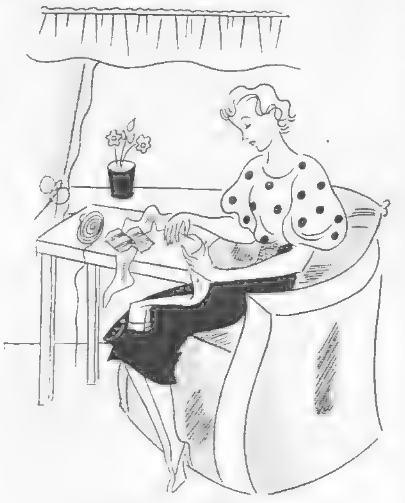
After examining you and deciding what is best for you, they will give you the treatments prescribed for each group of preparations. They have no axe to grind, and are ready to sell anyone's creams and lotions, so long as they are good. They will advise you, quite impartially, which will suit you the best.

It is an extremely nice place, run by a woman with personality and imagination.

She advises you about make up too, picking, if necessary, something from this specialist, something from that. Charges are very reasonable, and if you live near enough to the salon (it is in Mayfair) you can have the treatment at your own home, for the same price.

ALTHOUGH the weekly darning has always been the Cinderella of household tasks, the good darner takes pride in doing an exquisite, in and out, stitch-perfect darn. But even she gets bored after she has tackled the twelfth large potato, and is inclined to let her needle cheat.

She will be no less interested than the careless darner in a little contrivance which has made its bow. It is a wooden mushroom, like the one you use now, but fitted at the top with a round centrepiece, grooved so that your needle automatically runs straight. When you have done one side of the darn, you don't turn the sock round, but turn the steel piece around (doing this from the handle), and there are your grooves again to guide your needle for the under and over part.



Your darning needle automatically runs straight

BECAUSE the custom of taking orange juice is still comparatively new to the big majority of English housewives, they regard it as troublesome to prepare.

Consequently, the family goes without orange juice. It is a pity, when orange juice can do the family so much good.

If you feel this way about it, you had better become acquainted with a fascinating little affair which I have just introduced into my house. I assure you, husband and kids fight for the privilege of de-juicing our oranges with it—it's so easy and fascinating to work.

It is a small gadget, consisting of a sort of piercer and strainer combined, with a cup-shaped top. You insert piercer and give a slight twist. Then turn upside down, and squeeze the fruit. Out comes the juice into the little cup, pure, strained, with no seeds or pulp.

You can do grape fruit the same way. It is versatile enough to core apples for you, too. And it is cheap.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at " Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

Other People's Houses

"Greythatch," Ruxley, Claygate, the charming Surrey home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Nedell

THE drawing-room, with its large area of window and comfortably upholstered window seat, is a delightful summer room, and has a generous brick fireplace for winter cosiness. The old oak cradle peeping from behind an armchair, having retired from valuable service in many nurseries, now holds logs to feed the fire

THE exterior of "Greythatch" in its
rhododendrons which have grown
rockery is a small thatched cottage, a

Left:

A CORNER of the dining-room, on the right wall of which hang two straw hats, made and worn by natives of Borneo. Mr. Nedell brought these home with him on his return from one of his professional world tours

beautiful sylvan setting which includes a small forest of silver birch, to an enormous height, and some fine chestnut trees. Beyond the retreat for heated discussions and arguments about current plays and films

Below:

MRS. NEDELL, better known to her many stage and film fans as Olive Blakeney, standing with her husband at the door leading from the dining-room to a small sun porch. Above them hangs their only superstition—a dark green witch ball sent to Mr. Nedell by a gipsy youth whom he befriended

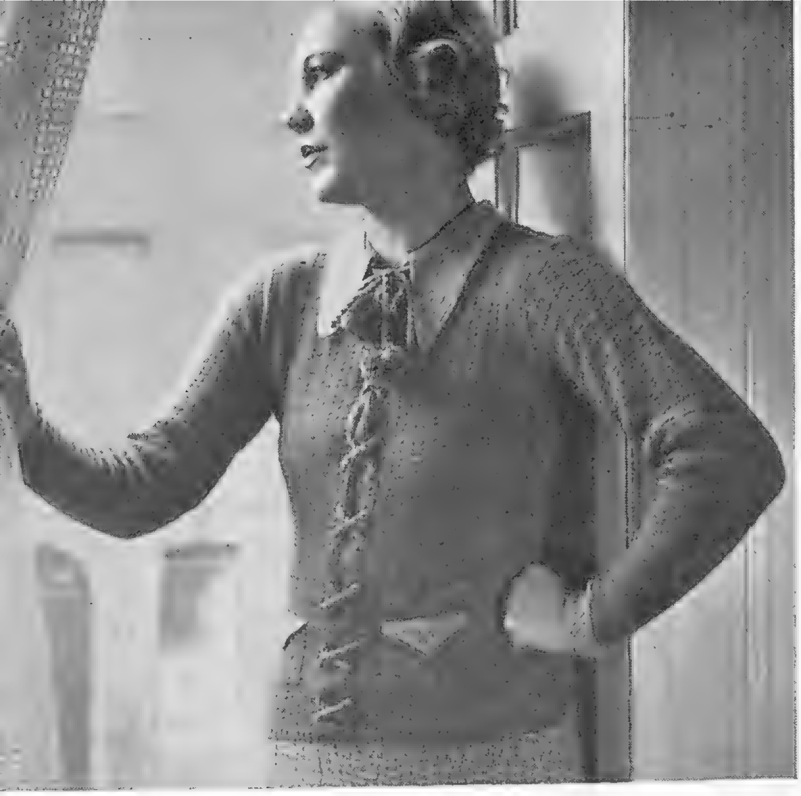
Photographed Exclusively for Britannia and Eve By "Sasha"

Above:

MRS. NEDELL'S bedroom has an enviable outlook over the charming grounds. The curtains are of blue corded silk with matching bedspread and pillows inset with cretonne. The blue and fawn carpet is bordered with hollyhocks which blend with the gay colours of the cretonne

Below:

A FAMILY tea party in the garden with Betty Lou and the dogs. Mr. and Mrs. Nedell's attractive little daughter, who will be eight in January, has the distinction of being the only American baby ever christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor



Two *Smart* Jumpers

THE time is long past when your home-made woolly was a shapeless piece, pulled casually together to resemble a jumper.

Then if you just decreased for armholes, decreased for the unbecoming V neck, knitted four inches of ribbing below the waist, and put the lot together, you thought you were a clever girl, no matter how shapeless the whole was. As it was.

Nowadays your jumpers are as cunningly shaped and tailored to fit as your fabric clothes. Moreover, they echo, in their own lines and details, the best fashion points of the moment.

The two on this page, for instance, could only have been designed this late autumn. The one at the left is trim and smart with its cord front lacing, its pockets with pointed flaps, its pointed cuffs and pointed collar.

Instructions for this are given below and on page 82.

The jumper at the bottom of the page has just that little touch of dressiness which makes it, yes, even though it's just a woolly jumper, elegant. Notice the bloused sleeves, the snug waist, the fun of the differently patterned yoke, frilling in to stand up at the neck with rows of smocking.

If you like the look of this we shall be happy to send you instructions.

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a three-halfpenny stamp.

Materials Required: *12 oz. of Miladi " Winterstrand " Yarn in Main Colour. 2 oz. in Contrast. 1 pair of No. 9 Double Century Pins, 1 pair of No. 8. 1 Stitch holder.*

Measurements: *From top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 ins. Across Back and Front underarms, 18 ins. Length of sleeve (outer edge), 24 ins. Tension 6 sts. to one inch.*

Abbreviations: *K. knit. P. purl. Sts. stitches. Inc. increase. Dec. decrease. Beg. beginning. Tog. together. Pat. pattern. K. into the back of all cast-on sts.*

Back

With No. 9 pins, cast on 105 sts. Rib 4 rows, K. 1, P. 1. Now continue in the following pat. :—

K. first row. *Next row.* P. 3. *K. 1. P. 4. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts. K. 1, P. 1. *Next row.* K. *Next row.* P. 1, * K. 3, P. 2. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts. K. 3, P. 1. *Next row.* K. *Next row.* P. 1. * K. 1, P. 4. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts. K. 3, P. 1. These 6 rows form pat.

When work measures 6 ins. from start, change to No. 8 pins. Continue in pat. until work measures 15 ins. from start.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Continue on the 85 remaining sts. until armhole measures 7 ins.

Shape Shoulders

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining 29 sts. for back of neck.

Front

Work exactly as for back, until 5 ins. from start, then to make pockets work 20 sts., cast off 20 sts., work 25 sts., cast off 20 sts., work 20 sts. Leave this and make pocket linings.

Pocket Linings (Make two)

With No. 9 pins cast on 20 sts., work 24 rows of stocking st., place on stitch holder.

Go back to front, work 20 sts. K. pocket lining sts. in place of those cast off, work 25. K. pocket lining sts., work 20 sts.

When work measures 6 ins. from start, change to No. 8 pins and divide sts. for front opening.

Left Half Front

Work 52 sts., cast on 8 sts. (60 sts.). Slip the remaining 53 sts. (for right half of front) on to a stitch holder.

Continue on the first 60 sts., keeping the 8 cast-on sts. in K. 1, P. 1 rib at inside edge, and working the 52 sts. in pat. When work measures 15 ins. from start,

Shape Armholes

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Continue on remaining 50 sts. until armhole measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Shape Neck

Cast off 7 sts. at neck (border) edge, then dec. 1 st. every alternate row at neck edge, until 28 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder

Cast off 7 sts. at every armhole end row 4 times.

Return to the 53 sts. on stitch holder. Work as for left half, and keeping 3 sts. at border edge in K. 1, P. 1 ribbing, until neck is reached, and decreasing armhole at opposite edge.

Shape Neck

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alternate row, until 28 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder as for left front.

Sleeves

With No. 8 pins, cast on 45 sts. K. 4 rows in K. 1, P. 1. Change to pat. and work $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next, and every 6th following row, until 75 sts., and when *(Continued on page 82)*

Home Made Etceteras

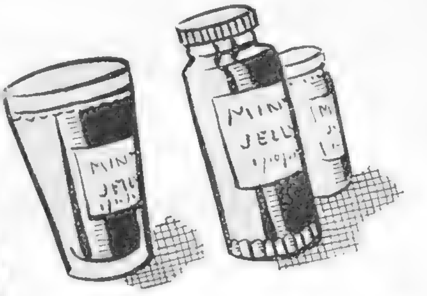
Subtle, unusual delicacies, easily made at home, that give you a reputation as an individual hostess

THERE are many delicate flavourings, interesting drinks and uncommon relishes to be made at home by the housewife who wants her friends and guests to remember her table by its individual, outstanding touches.

To serve, say, with roast lamb, with cheese, or merely to nibble at during dinner, **crystallised mint leaves** are a great delicacy.

Boil 4 oz. loaf sugar in a scant ½ gill of water until it is a fairly heavy syrup. Pick the mint into leaves using only the nice young "tip" leaves. Dip each leaf carefully in the syrup and lay on an oiled plate or cake rack until crisp and dry. They are also delightful on a sliced orange salad, either with or without the duck.

Mint into Mint Jelly



Mint Jelly is delicious to serve with lamb, and is equally good in salads or with cheese. You want 1 pint of apple juice, ½ to ¾ lb. sugar, 1 large bunch mint.

Wash some apples and cut roughly. Barely cover with water, bring to the boil, simmer to a pulp, strain through a jelly bag or cloth.

To 1 pint of this liquid add ¾ lb. sugar and one large bunch of mint, washed and picked. Boil until the jelly sets when tested on a plate. Colour a nice green. Pour through a muslin into a heated jug and fill up small pots. Cover when cold.

Candied Grape Fruit Strips are a fascinating after-dinner sweetmeat. Wash and cut the rind round the grape fruit leaving a quarter to half an inch of the pulp. Cover with cold, slightly salt, water and bring to the boil. Drain and repeat four times. The last time boil till tender.

Drain and weigh the grape fruit, and to each pound allow 1 lb. sugar and ½ pint water made into a syrup, add the grape fruit and simmer gently for about 30 minutes. Roll in granulated sugar and expose in a warm place until dry.

Pack in paper-lined boxes and keep in a dry place. Orange strips may be made similarly, using thin-skinned oranges.

Peaches into Brandied Peaches

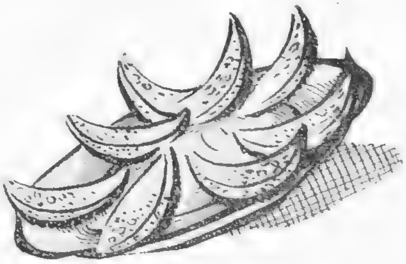
Brandied Peaches are great favourites in Californian and South African homes. Choose nice ripe peaches and prick. Drop into slightly salted boiling water until the skin shrinks. Lift out into cold water and rub off the skins. Make a syrup with ¾ lb. sugar and 1 pt. water. Simmer very gently until tender.

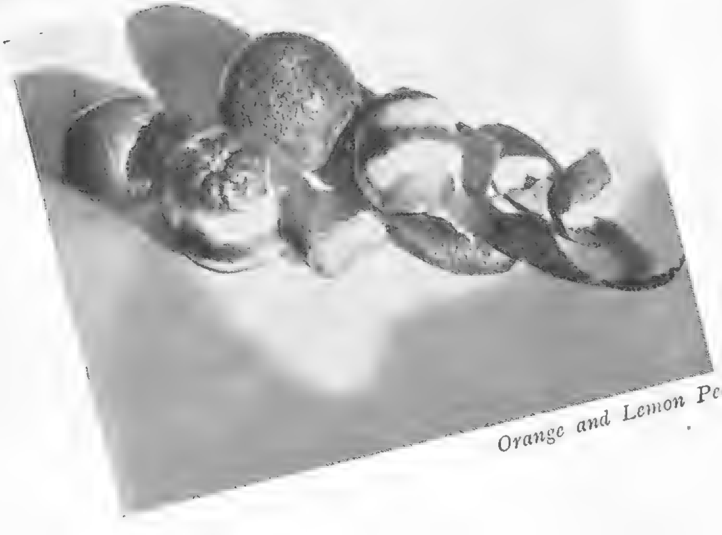
Lift out the fruit and lay on a sieve to drain.

Boil down the syrup to thicken it and add an equal quantity of pale brandy. Arrange the fruit in glasses and pour the liquid over.

Hawthorn Essence is something you must remember to make next year when the hawthorn is out. It gives a subtle and delicious flavour to puddings and cakes. Pick

(*Continued on page* 88)





Orange and Lemon Peel into Crystallised Peel

Entrées *for a* Dinner Party

By A. H. Adair

Veal chops, prepared with wine and breadcrumbs and cooked in a slow oven, become Côtes de Veau Gratinées

WHEN planning a little dinner party you should always concentrate on the main course first, and, having chosen it, then group the other courses around it with due consideration to the digestion of your guests and to the blending of flavours, as well as of ingredients.

Do not, for example, have a cream soup, if your main dish is an *entrée* with a cream sauce, nor a thick brown soup followed by a dish with a similar gravy.

The *entrée*, then, is the centrepiece of your menu, so you can let yourself go and choose a really elaborate and decorative dish preceded, say, by a clear soup, grilled fish, with an iced pudding or fruit compôte to follow. Here are a few recipes for dinner-party entrées.

Chicken à la Crème

Take a tender chicken, weighing about two pounds, joint it into five pieces, the breast, two legs and two wings, and put these in a thick saucepan with a small piece of butter.

Brown over the fire, shaking the pan occasionally for about five or six minutes.

Add two rashers of streaky bacon cut into small pieces, a few mushrooms cut in strips, salt, pepper, a port glass of dry sherry and a bunch of herbs, thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf.

Cover the pan and cook slowly for twenty-five minutes or so, shaking the pan occasionally. Just before serving, remove the herbs and add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Let the dish boil for two or three minutes and it is ready.

Suprêmes de Poulet à la Russe

Use only the wings of chicken, one wing for each person. The rest of the chicken can be used in various ways, such as grilled legs with a mustard sauce or made into a curry or a pilaff.

The skin must be removed from the wings and the bone chopped, leaving only about one inch. Cook the wings in foaming butter, turning them so that each side is delicately browned. When they are done—which should take about three minutes each side—remove them and keep them hot.

Pour away the butter left in the pan, as it will have turned to oil, and put in four shallots very finely chopped; cook them for a few minutes, shaking the pan so that they do not burn, and then pour in a coffee-cupful of dry sherry and a teaspoonful of lemon juice, letting this boil until it has almost all evaporated.

Add salt and pepper and a pinch of Hungarian red pepper, and now put in a teacupful of fresh cream. Boil quite fast until the sauce thickens, adding a small piece of butter at the last minute.

Arrange the wings of chicken in a hot serving dish, pour the sauce over and decorate each wing with a thin slice of truffle.

Ris de Veau Braisé

The sweetbreads must be carefully prepared with all skin and stringy parts removed, and, having washed them well under the cold tap, plunge them into boiling salted water for two or three minutes, and then revive them again in cold water, after which they must be thoroughly drained.

Put in a saucepan a piece of butter, one onion and one (*Continued on page* 88)

Value of Bran *in your Diet*

WHILE most people are very careful of their diet in the spring, you seldom hear of the importance of stimulating nourishment as winter approaches. Meanwhile many a bad cold or attack of "flu" could be avoided by a closer study of corrective foods.

All you need is a regular supply of the right kind of food in some pleasant form, and what could be easier to prepare, more delicious to eat, than a few home-made biscuits made with Kellogg's All-Bran?

Here you have just the very element so necessary at this time of the year to keep you fit and in good spirits, thus increasing your resistance to the chills and ills of winter. Try a few of the following varieties; they are quickly and easily made.

All-Bran Biscuits

Beat the yolk of an egg with two tablepoonfuls of milk, and mix in two ounces of castor sugar. Meanwhile work together one ounce of butter with three ounces of sifted flour and three ounces of All-Bran.

Mix well with the other ingredients, roll out thinly on a floured board and cut into rounds. Place the biscuits on a greased tin and bake in a very quick oven for five or six minutes.

All-Bran Ginger Biscuits

Put three ounces of flour and three ounces of All-Bran on a board, mix in three ounces of castor sugar and half an ounce of ground ginger.

Make a hole in the middle and break in one whole egg. Work to a paste, moistening with a little milk if necessary. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds and bake these on a greased tin for about six minutes in a moderate oven.

All-Bran Tea Biscuits

Make these in the same way as the ginger biscuits, substituting powdered cinnamon and grated lemon peel for the ginger.

It may be Winter, but you can still have the pick of Spring and Summer Vegetables, and serve them in new and interesting ways

Vegetable Variety

I ALWAYS used to think that canned goods were a purely American invention until I learned that they were invented by a Paris chef in response to an appeal from Napoleon to provide preserved foods for his armies.

Even more surprising is the tremendous success of the British canning industry, one of the most romantic enterprises of modern times.

We should not really be surprised, though, for everybody knows that England produces crops of fruits and vegetables second to none in the world. It proves the good sense of the British housewife that she has been the first to appreciate the way in which she actually benefits.

Take the question of vegetables, for instance. Thanks to a firm like Smedley's, the seasons have literally disappeared. We no longer complain about the monotony of our winter diet, for it is now possible to vary our daily fare with all the choicest vegetables of spring and summer.

Needless to say, there are other great advantages. The endless peeling, scraping and washing of vegetables—in which I should say quite half of the time for preparing meals is spent—have quite disappeared, and so have the hours of waiting for the contents of a pot to boil.

These lovely young canned things, the freshest and best of their crops, come almost straight from the garden to the table, for it is most important to realise that canned vegetables not only *need* not, but *must not* be cooked.

Just make them hot and they are ready. Unless you wish to have a separate course of vegetables, when in a few minutes you can make most succulent and unusual dishes, as I shall explain later.

Let us look through Smedley's list and see how we can brighten up winter menus and at the same time save ourselves a great deal of labour and fuss.

Hors d'œuvre

Beetroot Salad

Use either the diced or sliced varieties; season with a dressing made of salt, pepper, one-third of vinegar and two-thirds of olive oil. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Salade Russe

Use Macedoine of vegetables and dress with mayonnaise or salad cream. See that there is enough salt and pepper.

Another good vegetable salad is made with the Macedoine and a simple dressing of salt, pepper, oil and vinegar.

French Bean Salad

Stringless beans are the best. They can be left whole or cut into pieces. Sprinkle with finely chopped onion, dress with plain oil and vinegar dressing and, just before you serve the salad, sprinkle it with chopped parsley.

Salade de Céleri

Celery hearts make a most delicious hors d'œuvre salad. The dressing should be made with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar. Add a little prepared mustard.

Main Dishes

Eggs Florentine

Have ready, hot, a tin of *purée* of spinach, season with salt and pepper and add a little piece of butter. Put it in a hot serving dish and place on top, one for each person, some eggs, either poached or fried.

Escalopes of Veal

Grill the escalopes—these are very thin slices cut from the fillet and trimmed of all fat—sprinkle them with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice and serve them with leaf spinach quite plain.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Salade Russe, Macedoine of vegetables, dressed with mayonnaise (Vegetables in the hors d'œuvre)

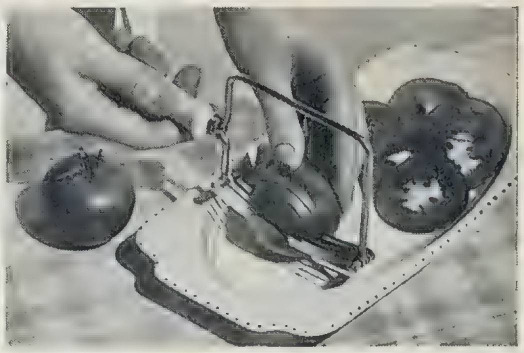
Tournedos, garnished with piles of small carrots, peas, and turnips (Adding interest to the main dish)

Button onions, added to a dish of plain peas. (A delicious vegetable course on its own

I HAVE found a most fascinating new type of egg-cup, specially suitable for invalids and children, which entirely eliminates all risk of serving a boiled egg that is not entirely fresh. It is called the "Kitchener" egg-cup, is made of china throughout and is obtainable in white for two shillings, or in green, pink, blue and yellow for two and sixpence.

To cook your egg, you place a teaspoonful of cream or butter in the bottom of the cup, add salt and pepper as required, break the egg into this and put in another spoonful of cream or butter with seasoning again to taste. Now screw on the lid of the egg-cup and place it into a pan of boiling water. Boil for five minutes, then take it out of the pan, remove the lid, and serve it in the cup.

SLICE your tomatoes with a "Record" tomato cutter. It will save you time and will cut them cleanly and without squashing them. Made of stainless steel and mounted on a cellulose-finished handle, it has four cutting blades, half-saw and half-knife edge, and will slice tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, oranges, lemons and all juicy fruits and vegetables with equal facility. Price 1/0½



Especially for Housewives

Inexpensive Things, But *they mean* Kitchen Efficiency . . .

CARE of her hands is one of the housewife's greatest problems during the winter, and constant immersion in water often leads to redness, roughness and chapping. When scouring pots and pans there is no need to come into contact with water at all if a "Tick-Tock" steel wool scour-pad is used, for this pad is fitted with a strong metal handle. The price of a pad with a detachable handle and two spare pads is sixpence.

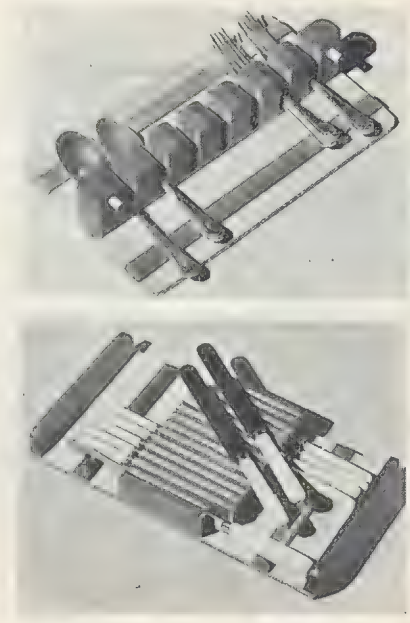
BEFORE you next make a boiled pudding take my advice and invest in a "Simwell" combined lifter and strainer. Place your pudding basin on it and lower it into the saucepan with the handles folded down on either side. When the pudding is done you can lift it out without any effort or risk of burnt fingers. You will find many other uses for it. It is particularly good for boiling cauliflowers, for you can be sure of removing them from the saucepan whole and undamaged, at the same time straining them ready for the table. Owing to its telescopic action, it will fit any saucepan or frypan. It is made of solid aluminium, price 2/-

HAVE you seen the "Hookie" safety spoon? It is a grand idea and will save you from sticky fingers and many accidents both at the tea-table and in the kitchen when jam, syrup or marmalade are being used for cooking purposes. It means no more spoons vanishing into the depths of the honey pot, or precariously balanced on the top of the jam jar to prevent their slipping in. This spoon is stainless, will hook on to any receptacle and costs one shilling.

WHILE on the subject of spoons, I would like to tell you about the "Homesneeda" labour-saving spoon. It is a large, rather flat spoon with big holes all over the bowl and has all the advantages of a fish slice.

It has one rounded and one flat edge, the latter for dividing foodstuffs.

There is no end to the many purposes it will serve. It will lift and drain fish, fried eggs, rissoles and all foodstuffs from cooking liquors, will remove small bones from soup, separate the white from the yolk of an egg, mash vegetables, beat eggs and prove itself of invaluable service in every home. Price, two shillings.



THIS ingenious silver tidy will keep your spoons and forks in perfect order without risk of scratching or damage of any kind. It will fit into the sideboard drawer and can be lifted out and carried like a tray so that every piece is to hand as required when setting the table. In cellulosed finish, price 4/6. The flat "Nife-rac" with cellulosed surface can lie underneath the silver tidy in the same drawer, forming a complete canteen, and is equally handy when laying the table. It holds 24 large and small knives, a bread knife and a carver. Price 5/6. Larger sizes of each for hotels, restaurants and clubs are also available.

NOW that canned foods are so much in use in every home, a good tin-opener is an absolute necessity. The P.C., or Perfect Cutting, Opener is safe, simple, and speedy, and ensures a perfectly opened tin. All you do is to pierce the tin in either of the ways shown on the instruction leaflet enclosed with each opener, then cut round it as if using scissors. Price 1/6

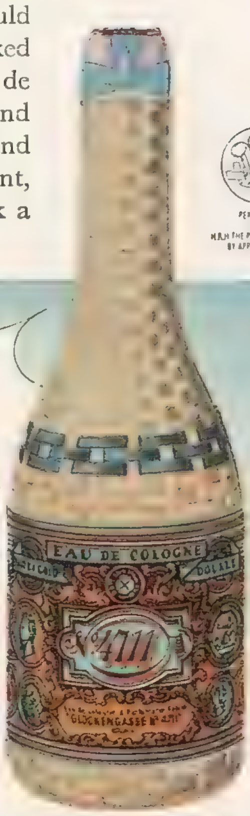
ENQUIRIES relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and a stamped envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

Make a note! Santa Claus' telephone number is "4711"

You have probably already been thinking that something like Eau de Cologne is always welcomed as a gift at Christmas. Then you should also keep this thought well in mind: that locked in each pure drop of "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne (from Cologne) is more fragrance and sweet relief than in a spoonful of its cheap and cheapening imitations. It is a poor compliment, surely, to let any friend feel that you think a cheaper substitute good enough for her.

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY APPOINTMENT

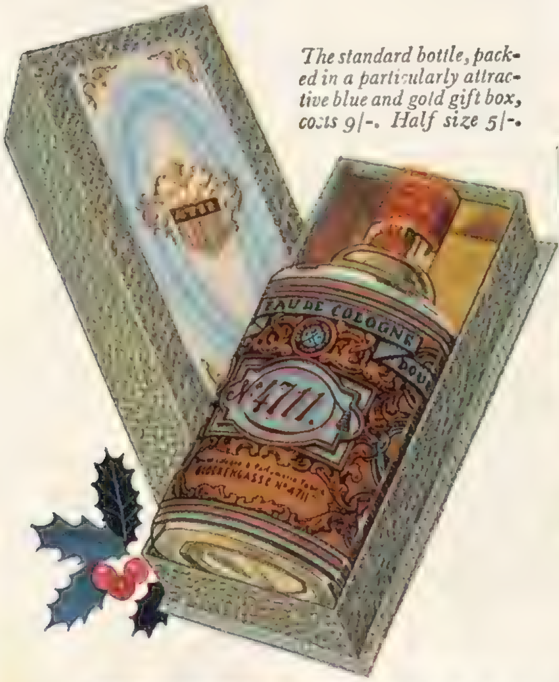
I want an idea for Mother's present



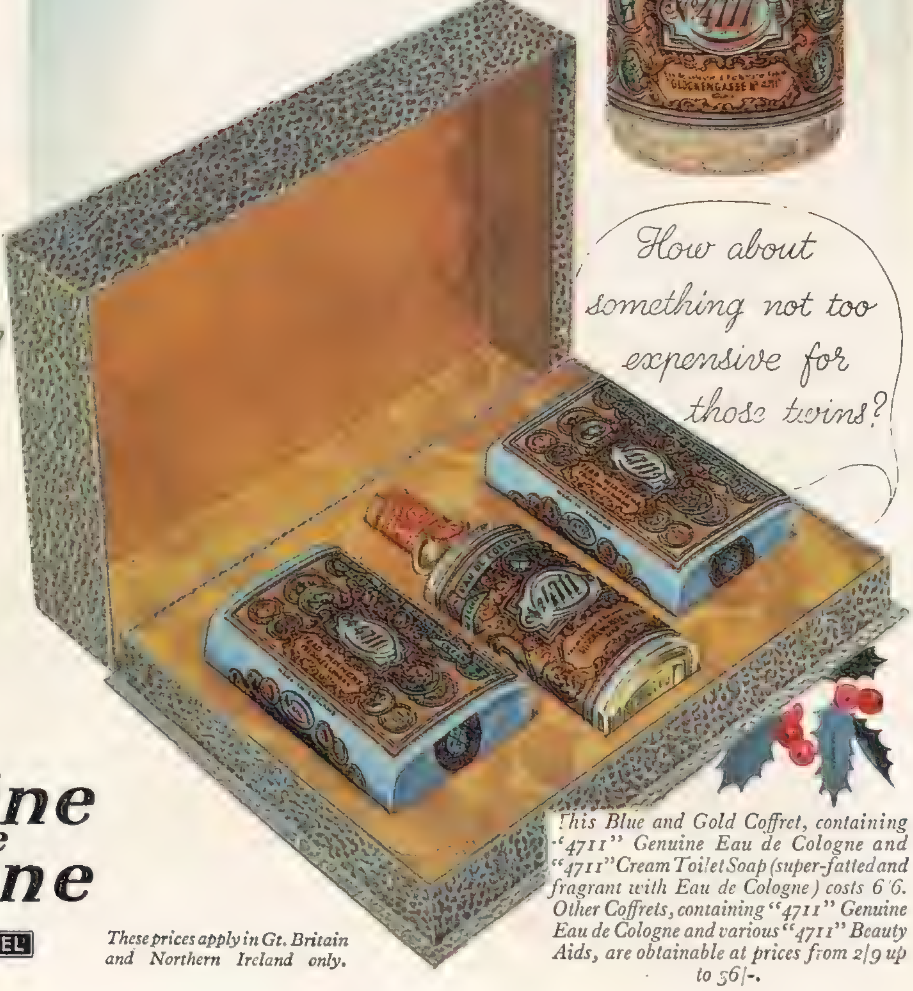
"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne in Wicker-covered Bottles costs 7/6, 14/-, 27/6 and 52/6 according to size.
Other bottles 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 9/6 and 15/6.

and something for a favourite aunt from a favourite nephew please

The standard bottle, packed in a particularly attractive blue and gold gift box, costs 9/-. Half size 5/-.



How about something not too expensive for those twins?



This Blue and Gold Coffret, containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and "4711" Cream Toilet Soap (super-fatted and fragrant with Eau de Cologne) costs 6/6. Other Coffrets, containing "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and various "4711" Beauty Aids, are obtainable at prices from 2/9 up to 56/-.

No 4711 Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

These prices apply in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland only.

CRAVEN "A"

She has found that there is one cigarette which is completely enjoyable on all occasions, and which does not affect her throat—CRAVEN 'A,' perfect in flavour, unvarying in quality.

CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

10 *for* **6d. ★ 20** *for* **1/-**

A New Feature, drawing your attention to Reputable Advertised Products, to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

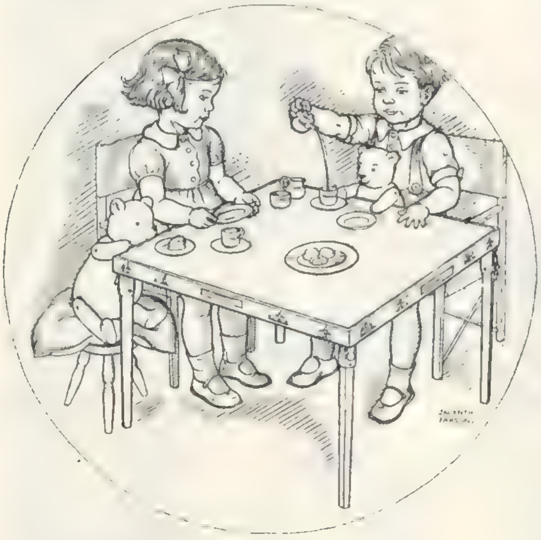
We Confidently Recommend...

THERE are a hundred and one uses for a folding table. Just because you are not a card player that does not mean that a Vono table is not for you. You can use it for sewing, writing, typing, tea in the garden, coffee on the verandah (not this month, of course) and as a play table for the children.

Of course, these tables *are* especially useful for bridge and other card games. Among the special designs are a seven-sided poker table with deep recesses to hold the chips and a games table with reversible top for backgammon, chess or draughts.

Other special tables are the table-tennis table, which will also be found most useful as a buffet table when occasion arises, and the special nursery table with hygienic lino top which can be cleaned with the wipe of a cloth.

There are also Vono folding chairs to match your table, and a set comprising a padded felt covered table with four chairs covered in good hard-wearing canvas and finished oak or mahogany costs £3 16s. 6d.



A Vono play table for the children

Velvet, felt, rubber, lino or wood tops are all available and frames are finished in waxed beech, oak, mahogany or lacquer. The standard "all-purpose" table with good quality felt top costs from 13s. 9d. to 16s. 9d. The special feature of all Vono tables is that they have no struts or cross stays, so that there is always plenty of leg room, and the easily operated patent locking device keeps them absolutely rigid.

Hygienic Blankets.

HAVE you ever tried crocheting your own blankets? You will find that hand crocheted ones made in Wendy blanket wool combine all the essentials of a good and hygienic blanket, for they are warm, soft and light, and wash and wear exceedingly well. Four good patterns are given on leaflet 77, price 2d. from your wool shop, or 3d. post free from Carter and Parker, Ltd., Gordon Mills, Guiseley, Yorks.

Wendy knitting wools are made in a great variety of mixtures and colours. The "Homespun" wool, price 5½d. per oz., is absolutely right for country wear. It has a white fleck, which gives a very good tweed effect.

Instruction leaflets showing many excellent designs for socks, cardigans, jumpers and suits are available at 2d. each from most of the good woolshops and, if you have any difficulty in getting them, Carter and Parker, Ltd., at the address given, will be pleased to send you a folder showing 60 of the newest Wendy designs.

"By Candlelight."

THOUGH we are all duly appreciative of the many facilities afforded by electric lighting there are times when we like the restful flattering light of candles, and, certainly, dining with friends by candlelight adds much to the intimacy of the occasion as well as to the general décor of the dining table and surroundings.

"Nell Gwynn" candles are ideal for table lighting, and in the thirty-six lovely colours and the many designs in which they are available, you will find one to harmonise with any colour scheme.

They are solid dyed throughout, and so when burning they do not reveal an ugly white ring immediately below the flame; their heaviness makes for economy as well as for rigidity, for they burn longer than a lighter candle; they also burn steadily and without ash, and therefore do not gutter on being relit.

Even if there are few occasions on which you actually want to use candlelight, you probably have some lovely antique candlesticks which will show up to greater advantage when fitted with these beautiful candles in colours of old gold, maize, dragon's blood or flame—to name just a few—which with their delicate tapering ends are equally decorative whether in use or unlit.

J. C. and J. Field, Ltd., Lambeth, S.E.1, will be pleased to send their illustrated free book on Nell Gwynn candles to anyone who is interested.

Flavouring Without Tears.

THE value of onion as a flavouring is recognised by every cook both amateur and professional. Now, thanks to the welcome appearance of Cerebos Concentrated Onion Salt, we can use it in soups, stews, hashes and every savoury dish without having to peel and cut up raw onions, thereby staining our hands and cutlery and crying onion tears. One saltspoonful of this concentrated salt is equal to one small fresh Spanish onion. It replaces the use of fresh onions in every way excepting for boiled and fried onions.

Cerebos also have a Celery Salt which is excellent both for culinary and table use, and, what is new to me, if not to you, they have a Tomato Salt. This has the flavour of freshly gathered tomatoes. When it is used with a liquid, it should first be very carefully creamed.

Ruling the Waves.

KEEPING the hair set at night is always a problem, and an ill-fitting cap is worse than useless, for it slips about and ruffles the hair so that in the morning it is just an unruly tangle.

The new "Halo" patent waver helmet has been specially designed to meet this need for a really satisfactory sleeping cap.

The back of the net is of Lastex wonder yarn, so that it will fit any head, and the front is made up of strips shaped to the head which can be adjusted to the position of the waves. Made in six pastel shades, the price is 3s. 11d.

Adds much to the intimacy of the occasion as well as to the general décor of the dining table and surroundings

THOSE people who have found Genasprin invaluable as a palliative in cases of headache, toothache, rheumatism and all nerve pains will welcome the arrival of the 6d. pocket container.

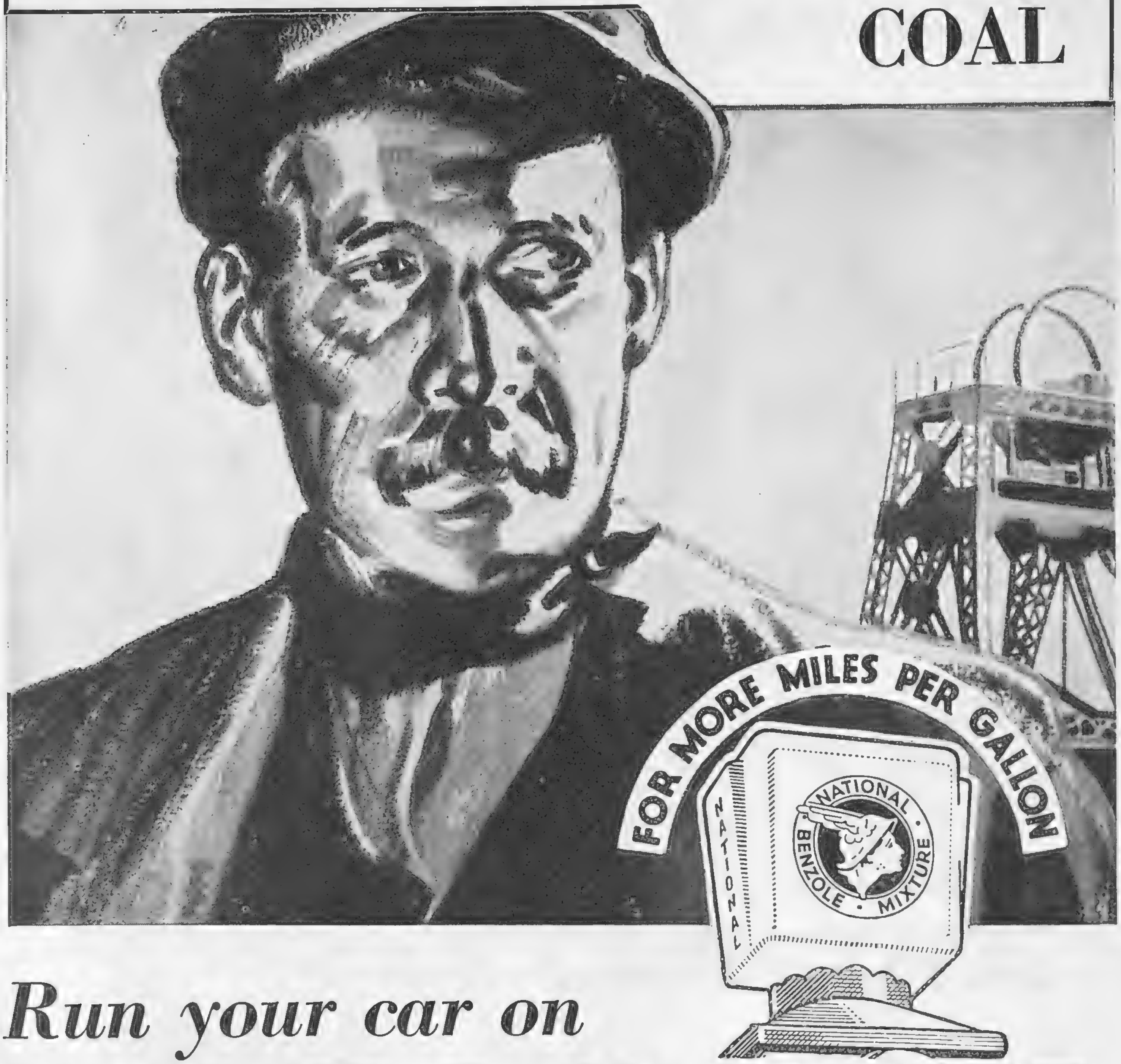
Often a day's racing, a matinée, a football match, or some other favourite recreation, can be completely spoilt by a nagging tooth or an aching head, but if the Genasprin pocket container has a permanent place in the handbag the pain can be quickly alleviated, without fear of any resultant harm to digestion or heart. There are 10 tablets in the pocket container and 50 in the 2s. bottles.

NOVEMBER fogs, mist and rain play havoc with one's clothes, and at this time of the year cleaning bills are always an item. Those who have had no experience of Vita-Cleaning should write to Clarke's Dyeworks Ltd., Retford, for their booklet, price list and autumn fashion colour guide. This excellent new fabric-rejuvenating process of cleaning is most reasonable in price, and return postage is paid on all parcels.

TOMATO SALT
CELERY SALT
CEREBOS LIMITED LONDON
ONION SALT

This trio of flavouring salts is a boon to all housewives

The SPIRIT *from* BRITISH COAL



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Driving *in* Bad *Visibility*

By The Earl of Cardigan

INASMUCH as November is traditionally the month of fogs, it must be regarded as a bad month for the motoring community. Every year a big crop of accidents results from our first encounter with conditions of bad visibility—and the victims are by no means the only people who have cause to revile this particular manifestation of the British climate.

Even the most careful driver, if he makes a journey on a foggy day, must pay the penalty of excessive nervous strain. There is unfortunately no escape from this. On very bad roads one can at least slow down to escape the continual jolting. On greasy roads one can avoid the risks of skids by deliberation in cornering.

In exceptionally heavy traffic, one can relax to some extent by merely playing "follow my leader." In fog, however, there can be no moment of mental quietude. The driver's nerves must be "keyed up" perpetually to a high pitch of concentration.

It is for this reason that I, at least, regard an encounter with fog, when I am driving, as quite the most unpleasant of all emergencies. There is so little that can be done about it. The modern car carries little or no equipment which is of practical aid—and indeed it is difficult to think what sort of additional equipment could be utilised with real advantage.

A short time ago, it was thought that lights of amber colour were able to penetrate fog more effectively than ordinary head-lamps. This has now been shown conclusively to be an utter fallacy. The amber lights merely *seemed* helpful because they were less intense, and therefore caused less glare. Any dimming or diffusion of the head-lamp beams would have had just the same result.

IN some respects, the modern car may be even less well equipped for driving in fog than the car of ten years ago. It is a demonstrable fact that the human eye sees farther when completely unobstructed than when looking through a sheet of glass. When the glass is wet, it obscures the vision very markedly, When, finally, a film of ice is formed (as happens when glass is exposed to a combination of fog and frost), it becomes difficult to see through it at all.

In other words, a windscreen is always a handicap when maximum visibility is desired. Now, in theory, the windscreen of the modern car is designed to open. (There are a few exceptions, but not many.) In practice, a number of windscreens can only be half-opened, sufficiently for purposes of ventilation, but insufficiently to enable the driver to see comfortably through the gap. This, in my opinion, is a serious defect.

Among the few things that one *can* do to make driving in foggy weather a less precarious business is, first, to open the windscreen. The resultant draught is very unpleasant; the driver gets partially frozen, and the passengers are apt to complain with a good deal of bitterness. Still, it does become possible to see an extra few yards ahead; and that, I suggest, is fair compensation for the discomfort.

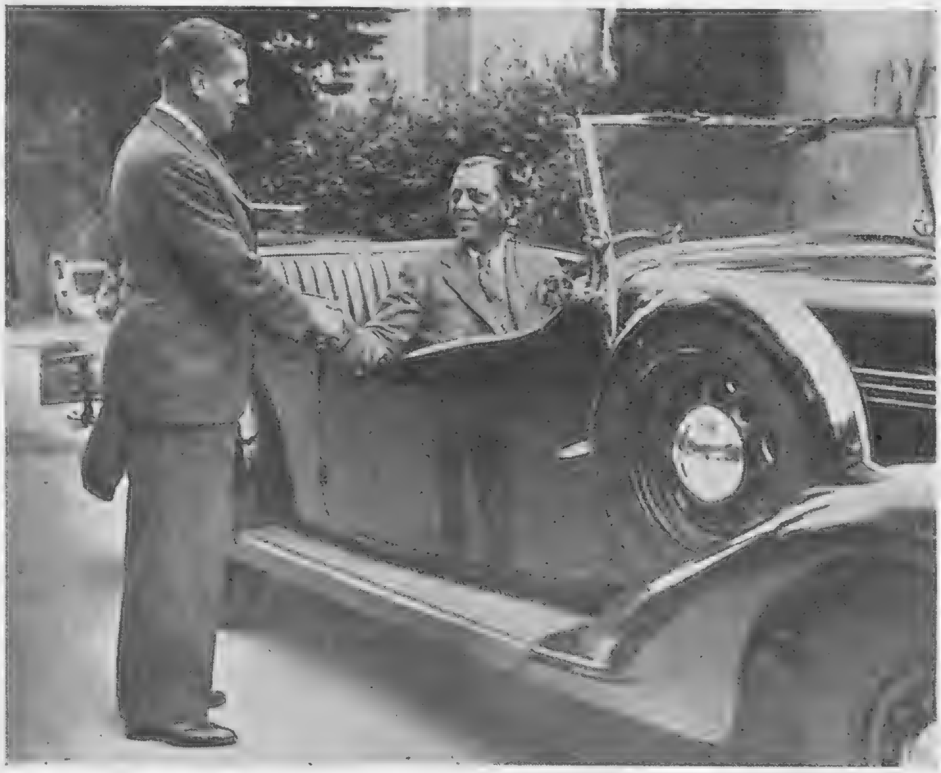
AT all times, of course, one should make a point of showing side and tail lights when the fog becomes at all thick. It is the only protection against being rammed by other traffic. At night, or more particularly just at dusk, it is a more debatable question whether or not the headlamps should be switched on. Some drivers will declare that any form of powerful light does more harm than good, owing to the dazzle which it creates.

Personally, I believe in using the headlamps, and any other lamps or spotlights with which the car may be fitted. My only proviso is that these must be specially and very carefully focused, according to the degree of fog prevailing. Thus, in a fairly mild fog, excellent results can be obtained by merely operating the ordinary "dipping" device, which in most cars will deflect the headlamp beams both downward and also to the left. In a really thick fog, however, so simple a measure is not likely to be adequate.

In the latter case it is necessary to go round with a spanner and to loosen slightly each headlamp. Then, by shifting each lamp as required, it is possible to concentrate the beams on one particular point of the kerb or the road surface. Several experiments will probably be necessary before the ideal point can be found, and it pays to drive the car a few hundred yards between each alteration. All this takes time; but it is time well spent, and can be regained by more confident driving after the perfect arrangment has been achieved.

FOR very bad conditions I would advocate canting the lights at a very big angle to the left. At such times, one can only maintain direction by trying to keep always at an even distance from the kerb—and thus the kerb on the left-hand side deserves all the illumination it can get. Other arrangements, however, are worth trying. For narrow country roads it may be helpful to turn one headlamp in each direction, so as to show up the bank or ditch on each side. To cant the lamps almost straight downward is, in my experience, not so good.

One word of warning. On the following morning, having got home by means of some such device, remember to restore the lamps to their former, straight-ahead position; otherwise, the next person who happens to take the car out after dark may have some pungent and unfriendly comments to make!

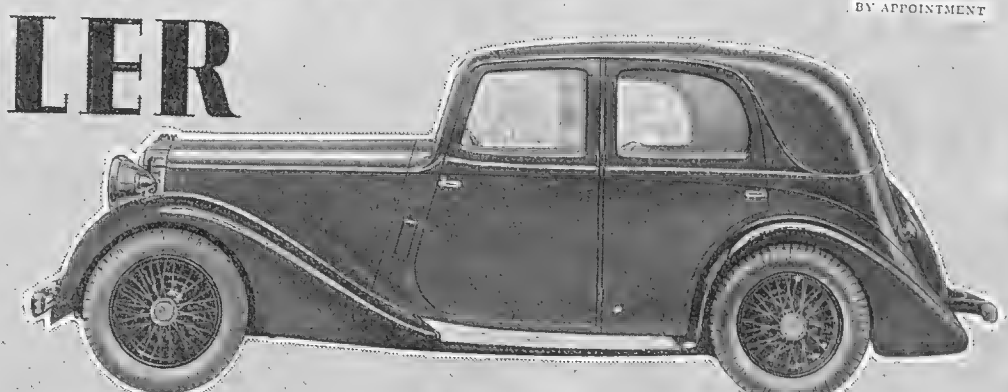


THE Western Brothers buy Chrysler cars. Here is one of the famous broadcasters in his Chrysler Sports Tourer greeting Mr. R. Hanson-Moore (Eastbourne distributor for Chrysler Cars) from whom the car was purchased. The other half of this amusing combination has also recently purchased a Chrysler

An entirely NEW DAIMLER

"LIGHT TWENTY"

BY APPOINTMENT



THE BIG CAR FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER

An entirely new Daimler is an event in motoring history. Here is a refined big car especially appealing to the owner-driver. Docile to drive, simple to maintain, inexpensive to run. Gives an effortless 70 m.p.h. with extraordinary smoothness and silence. It has the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission, a special Servo braking system, automatic chassis lubrication, built-in jacking and Daimler-built coachwork worthy of the chassis. Prices from £675. You can arrange to try this new Daimler at any time to suit you.

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PRICE - £45
Can be supplied on Hire Purchase without deposit if desired.

a NEW note on the Dinner Gong

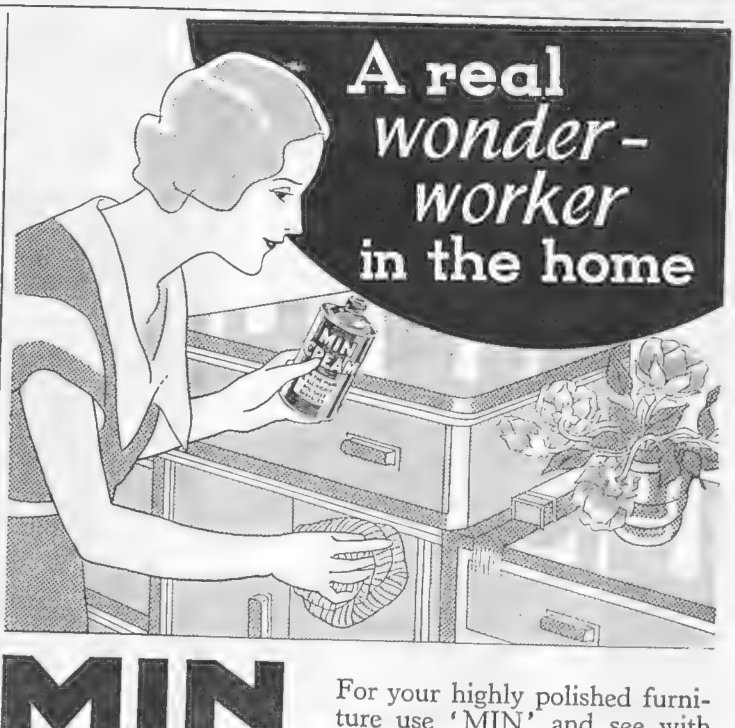
Now *you* can enjoy the healthier, better cooking which the new ESSE MINOR Heat-Storage Cooker provides. It burns anthracite or other smokeless solid fuels and can reduce your present fuel costs by as much as four-fifths It will cater for 2 to 12 persons.
Choice of colours available, fully guaranteed.

Write for full particulars and address of nearest Stockist to Dept. B.E.

ESSE

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD.
London Showrooms: 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4 (Est. 1854)

British Patents Nos. 370680; 390119; 390674; 390749 and Licensed under British Patents Nos. 205071 and 332444.



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MIN CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

TINS 6d. & 1/-

M/56/6

For your highly polished furniture use 'MIN' and see with what astonishing ease you obtain a beautiful lustrous finish. Use 'Min' also for cleaning your white enamel paint. This smooth, white cream immediately removes dirt and restores the natural brilliance of the enamel finish.

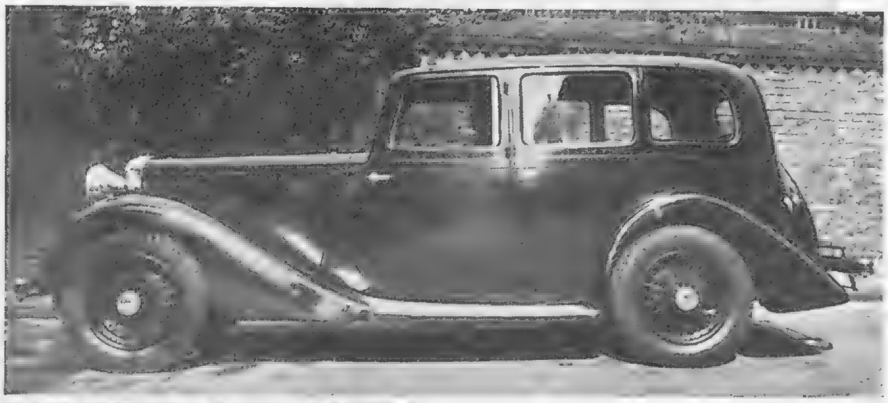
CHISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD.
Chiswick, London, W.4.

For all highly polished surfaces

A New Daimler *of Striking* Performance

The "Light Twenty" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE "Light Twenty" Daimler is built on lines which should prove very popular. It is compact enough to be easy to handle, light enough to have a good performance, and yet has a very comfortable amount of body space

THE front view is decidedly impressive. The six lamps create a striking impression, and the general lines of the car are very handsome

IN the old days it used to be almost a maxim that, if a car was to be as flexible as possible in its running, it was bound to be rather lacking in liveliness and in capacity for speed work. Nowadays the position is very different, largely on account of the remarkable new systems of transmission which are now available. Thus, for example, the modern Daimler can be driven quite happily in top gear at ·01 m.p.h., and can equally well, thanks to its fluid flywheel, accelerate to more than 70 m.p.h. in the same gear ratio.

In other words Daimler flexibility is almost infinite within the speed range which the ordinary motorist uses. At the same time a Daimler on the open road is very far from being a sluggish car to handle. The driver will find it, on the contrary, most lively and responsive.

It would be a mistake, of course, to give all the credit for this happy state of affairs to the fluid transmission with which all Daimler cars are fitted. The "Light Twenty," which I have just been testing, owes much to the excellence of its engine, which is a six-cylinder unit of overhead-valve type. A very remarkable degree of silence has been achieved, together with complete freedom from vibration.

The non-detachable cylinder head is of great technical interest, and the design of the valve gear is also distinctive. What the ordinary man will notice is that he can detect absolutely no valve clatter, even when the engine is running at its maximum "revs." Thus I was able to reach 55 m.p.h. in third gear without eliciting any sound of protest from under the bonnet, and with equal ease I was able to record a speed in top gear of about 75 m.p.h. One may quote 60 m.p.h. as being the pleasant cruising speed; but indeed this engine has no pace to which the word unpleasant could possibly be applied.

TOP-GEAR acceleration is excellent, even from quite low speeds, although naturally it pays to make some use of the gearbox. The latter is of the epicyclic pre-selective type, giving four forward speeds. Needless to say, it is absolutely crash-proof, and the cushioning effect of the fluid flywheel makes it very difficult even to produce a jerk through clumsy changing.

Incidentally, it must be said of the fluid flywheel that it now works even better than it used to do. While retaining all the familiar virtues, its action has become much less conspicuous than formerly. The necessary "slip" at low speeds can hardly be detected in cars of the latest type, unless the driver has a very keen ear.

(*Continued on page 82*)

The Daimler "Light Twenty" in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, fixed head with overhead valves; 19·3 h.p. Tax £15.
Gearbox: Epicyclic pre-selective type, four speeds, assisted by special Daimler "fluid fly-wheel."
Performance: Third gear, 55 m.p.h.; top gear, 75 m.p.h.
Brakes: Of Girling mechanical type, highly efficient.
Springing: Good, semi-elliptic.
Steering: Light and accurate; front axle held rigid by radius rods.
Coachwork: Very comfortable and well appointed.
Price: With saloon body, £675.

THE engine is a highly efficient unit of overhead-valve type. The special Daimler design of bonnet should be noted. The side pieces are removable, so that everything becomes very accessible

THE seating is extremely comfortable. Indeed, when one considers that this model has a relatively short wheelbase, the amount of space and leg-room is quite remarkable

PERMANENT jacking is one of the greatest boons which can be offered to the owner-driver. In this case, the efficient D.W.S. mechanical system is employed

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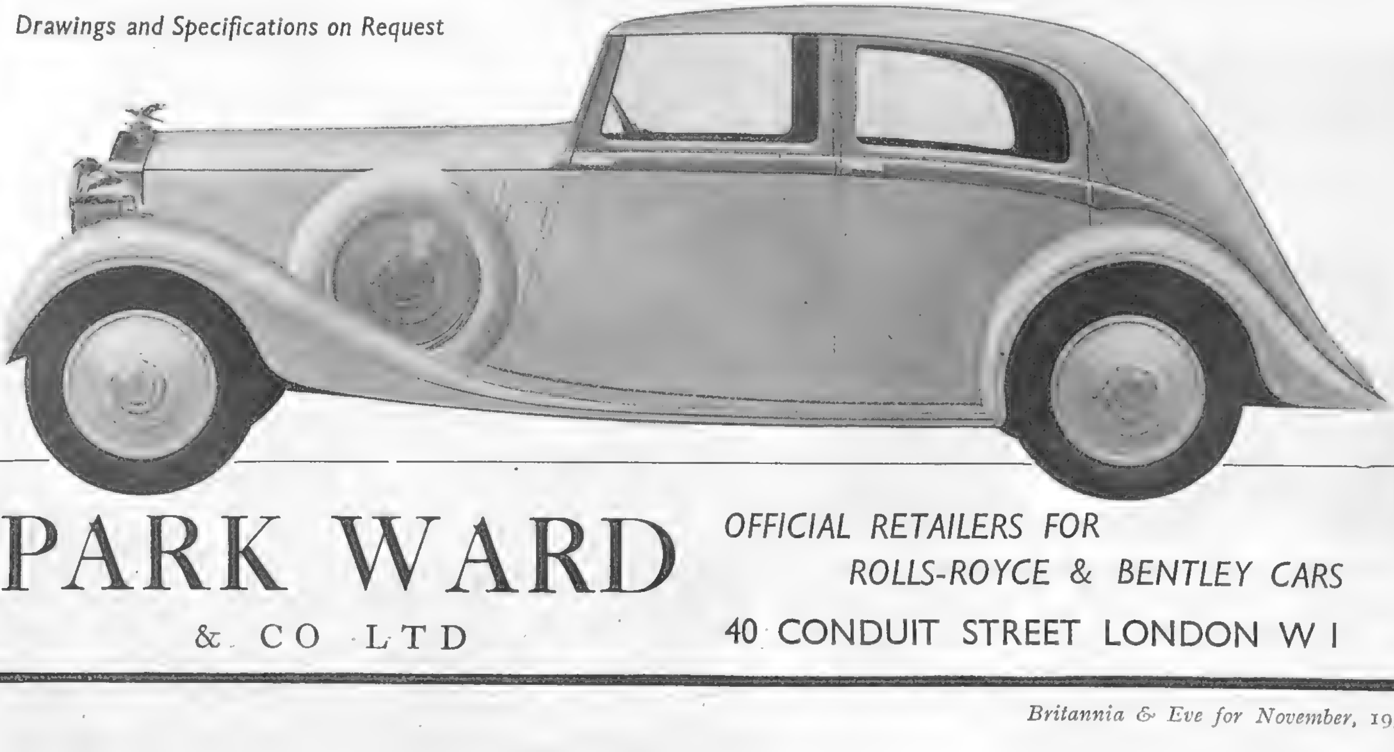

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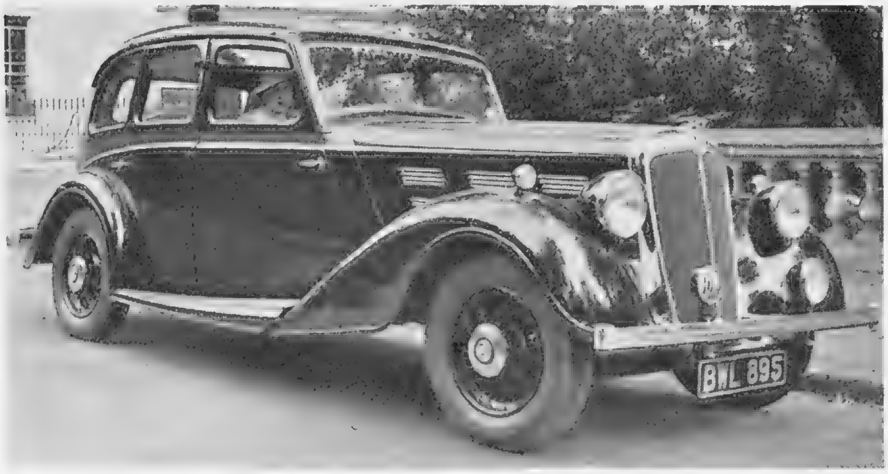

THE 25 h.p. Morris is a really big and powerful car of decidedly handsome appearance. The rear part of the coachwork is of modified streamline design

A *New* Morris

The Luxurious 25 h.p. Six

By The Earl of Cardigan

IF Lord Nuffield gives us many more cars of the calibre of this new 25 h.p. Morris he may shortly find himself in the dilemma of an Alexander, having "no more worlds to conquer." How he captured a leading place in the small car market with his celebrated "Cowley" model is now a matter of ancient history. More recently we have seen Morris cars of 15 or 16 h.p. achieving huge success in the medium-powered class.

Now we are to have the spectacle of the 25 h.p. model invading the market for high-powered cars. So far as I can judge, its success is already almost a foregone conclusion. It does everything that a big car ought to do—and does it moreover in the proper big-car style. Its price is more than "reasonable." It is almost *un*reasonable in its moderation.

In appearance the "25" is distinctly handsome. The lines of the saloon model betray a certain stream-line influence, but this is not allowed to interfere with comfort. The amount of useful body space is very large; the upholstery and interior fittings are of first-rate quality, and the seating is planned to give real comfort to four or five people. Behind the back seat is a luggage boot of generous size.

As soon as one takes the wheel, one is conscious of the reserve of power, which is both pleasant and decidedly impressive. The six-cylinder engine does its work very smoothly, and with the absolute minimum of apparent effort. It is extremely silent, and never needs to indulge in excessively high "revs." None the less it is capable of giving a more than useful road performance. The maximum speed is a good 75 m.p.h., while 60 m.p.h. is an easy cruising pace. (The speedometer, incidentally, deserves praise for its honesty.)

Few cars can climb better than this big Morris. During my test run I tackled a very deceptive gradient (Postern Hill, Marlborough), and succeeded in making a nice, steady top-gear climb, without having any need to rush the lower slopes. This was a fine achievement, as any local motorist will be aware. On the level the rate of acceleration is remarkable, even when "getting away" from quite low speed in top gear.

The ample power of the 25 h.p. engine is appreciated once again in connection with the gearbox. The latter is a three-speed unit, having synchromesh engagement for the second and top ratios. With most cars, (*Continued on page* 82)

THE front doors are of unusual width, and the effect of this is to make it very easy to get in and out. The control levers are placed centrally

The 25 h.p. Morris in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves, 25 h.p.
Gearbox: Three speeds, second and top being synchro-mesh.
Performance: Top gear, 75 m.p.h.; second gear, 50 m.p.h.
Brakes: Hydraulic type, very smooth and progressive.
Steering: Bishop cam type, with good self-centring action.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, efficient at all speeds.
Coachwork: Very roomy, comfortable and well appointed.
Price: Saloon body with sliding head, £280.

THE new type of instrument panel is very neat and compact, and leaves room for a large cubby hole on either side. The long gear lever comes readily to hand

THE engine is a straightforward side-valve unit, remarkable for its smooth running. The tool kit is stowed under the bonnet, where it is quickly accessible

THERE is a very considerable amount of space behind the back seat, and this is utilised to form a luggage compartment, capable of holding a number of small cases

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my personal preference is for four speeds; but in this case—the power/weight ratio being so efficient—I can truthfully say that I found three speeds entirely satisfactory for every normal sort of road condition. It was very seldom necessary to use a low gear at all—and the second gear, when tested, proved capable of no fewer than 50 m.p.h.

Incidentally, the "gate" of the new Morris gearbox is very cleverly planned. "Reverse" is not opposite to first gear, but has a separate slot all to itself. Thus a clumsy driver cannot touch his reverse gear unintentionally, as in the case of most three-speed gearboxes.

Big cars, generally speaking, tend to "sit down" well on the road, and this Morris is certainly no exception to the rule. I found it extremely steady, even when driven fast over a wet road of the highly cambered type. This is partly, no doubt, attributable to the springing, which has been well designed to give comfortable suspension at low speeds, without being so soft or "sloppy" as to permit of any side-sway. The steering also is remarkably efficient, and has just the right firmness of self-centring action to be a real aid to the car's stability.

The braking is of a type which I have always liked, even though it may momentarily be out of fashion. It is hydraulic, of improved design, and, of course, has a very smooth and progressive action. There is no fear of a sudden jerk if one puts one's foot down abruptly, and a further good point is that the entire system is practically self-adjusting. Within limits, it will always automatically apply an exactly even pressure to all four sets of brake shoes.

A chassis feature which will delight the heart of the owner-driver is the Jackall permanent jacking equipment. This also is hydraulic, and is so efficient that, operated from the driving seat, it enables all four wheels to be raised from the ground within a minute. For many years such jacking has been known as an expensive "extra"—too expensive for the ordinary owner. Now we find it as a standard fitting—not, as might be expected, on some specially high-priced "de luxe" model but on every 25 h.p. car that is sold.

I have described the price of this latest Morris as being "unreasonably" low. In appearance, comfort and performance, the "25" looks as if it should be well worth something like £400. Actually, the saloon with sliding head costs £280, and with the fixed head only £265. These figures are not the least remarkable feature of an outstanding car.

A New Daimler of Striking Performance

(*Continued from page* 79)

A great improvement has been made this year in Daimler braking. The new "Light Twenty" has brakes of the Girling mechanical type, and these are remarkably efficient, only a very light pressure being required, and the car can be brought to a standstill within a commendably short distance.

New ideas have also been incorporated in the matter of front springing. The movement of the front axle is now controlled by radius rods, so that the springs have no other duty than that of suspension pure and simple. The result certainly seems to justify the change, for the car now rides extremely comfortably, and also holds the road at speed with more than ordinary steadiness.

The steering is very pleasant, and imparts a distinct sense of confidence. The new steering column is of the "telescopic" variety—that is, it is instantly adjustable in regard to length. To a long-legged driver like myself this is a great boon. It means that one can now push the driving seat right back, and still have the steering wheel more or less in one's lap, instead of having to reach out for it, as one was forced to do in the "pre-telescopic" era.

A valuable chassis feature is that permanent jacks are installed—these being of the D.W.S. mechanical variety. It should also be noted that the special Daimler type of bonnet, which is wisely retained, makes the engine remarkably accessible. The familiar three-piece design is not always given its due credit for sheer practical convenience.

The coachwork is extremely comfortable, and gives a remarkable amount of space, considering that the "Light Twenty" chassis is of relatively short wheelbase. Head-room and leg-room are ample, both for front and rear passengers, and a good point is that the front compartment is completely unobstructed by any control levers. Thus the driver can slip in and out with equal ease on either side. The price of the saloon model, with very generous equipment, is £675.

Two Smart Jumpers

(*Continued from page* 68)

sleeve measures 18½ ins. from start. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 15 sts. remain. Cast off.

Cuffs

With contrasting colour wool and No. 9 pins, cast on 45 sts. K. into back 1st row.

Rib 1 row—K. 1, P. 1—then dec. 1 st. each end of every row, until all sts. are used up.

Pocket Flaps

With contrasting colour wool and No. 9 pins, cast on 25 sts., work as for cuffs.

Collar

With No. 9 pins and contrasting colour wool, cast on 28 sts. and work as follows :

Rib 2. Turn. Rib back.

Rib 4. Turn. Rib back.

Rib 6. Turn. Rib back. Continue in this way, ribbing 2 sts. more each time, until all sts. are on one pin.

Then K. 2 sts. tog. (at long edge of work) every 4th row, until 18 sts. on pin. Rib 6 ins. on these sts. Now increase by K. twice into first st. at long edge of work every 4th row, until 28 sts. Starting at short edge, cast off 2 sts. every alternate row, until all sts. are used up.

Cords

Take 3 strands of each coloured wool about 4 yds. in length. Tie one end, and place over a hook (or get someone to hold one end). Twist *very* tightly, double to form cord.

Pompons

Wind the two coloured wools over two fingers 80 times. Tie in centre. Cut and trim.

To Make Up

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew down pocket linings very neatly. Sew on pocket flaps. Sew on cuffs and collar. Make holes by piercing through with a knitting pin at corresponding edges at the front, lace cord through these holes. Sew on pompons and tie at neck.

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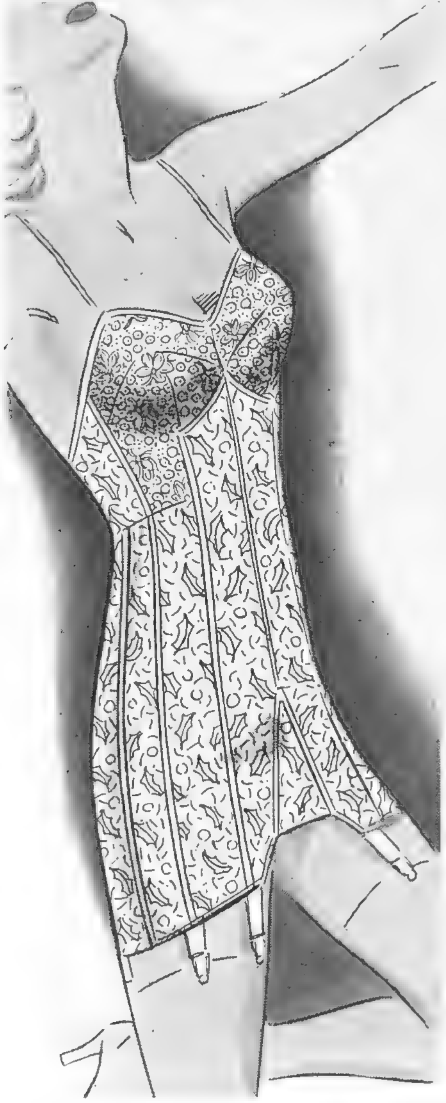

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Battle with Death

(Continued from page 9)

It is a world-wide movement. Dr. Glover, of Toronto, reports successes with serum and, in the United States, Menke, a young Washington laboratory worker, achieves triumph as he pours a crimson dye, phloxine, into a test-tube and watches cancer cells that have been nourished on a blood culture, fade and die. France, as typified by the Pasteur Institute, finds snake venom a valuable aid to cancer treatment, and recently appealed for two pounds of venom—a tall order that will need the venom of some 5,000 snakes—while Louis Revelis, a freelance biologist, becomes so sure of an anti-cancer serum that he deliberately infects his hand with cancer, allows a month for the virulent germ to gain ground, and then spectacularly effects a cure. To top off the trend, Professor Fichera, director of the National Cancer Research Institute in Milan, joins forces with the German Dye Trust and provides the world with a marketable cancer-curing serum known as Fichera 365.

Fichera's theory is that some people secrete substances which seem to resist the growth of tumours and cancers. By taking this natural anti-toxin from the blood of those who had thrown off cancer and injecting it into others more badly stricken with the disease, he has found cures. The difficulty was to find sufficient of the anti-toxin. Hence his work with the research experts of Germany and the production of the cancer-killing agent in dried chemical form.

Taking tablets for cancer! That is what it is coming to, for from the liquid serum, prophesied as likely to supersede the knife by a person as knowledgeable as Lockhart-Mummery, chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, it is surely but a step to the solid. And from a serum to a vaccine, given as a safeguard against cancer, incidentally seems but another step.

From the Spahlinger anti-tuberculosis serum to Sir Almroth Wright's serums and vaccines designed against rheumatoid arthritis, erysipelas, asthma, and many other ills with nasty names, there are serums against pneumonia, the common cold, the effects of age, even serum of glandular extractions to heighten dwarfs and shorten giants. Serums of chemical or animal substances, serums made up of comparatively harmless bacilli which wage war on the bacilli already resident in the patient—cannibals set against their own kind—while other serums come from even stranger sources. The poison of the bee sting is used, for instance, against rheumatism and sciatica—administered, of course, as an injection and not in the fashion of the pioneer Austrian doctor who treated rheumatic patients simply by exposing them to the stings and arrows of a hive.

Malaria kills general paralysis and can then itself be killed off by quinine. In the search for the elixir of life, it has been reported that a mixture of gold, iodine, platinum, brain extracts and other ingredients proves rejuvenating. So, it is claimed, do the leaves of an Asiatic plant, the hydrocotyle—and that the claim is not entirely worthless is proved by the grant, on the part of the British Government, of money and land in Ceylon in order that the properties of the plant may be investigated.

But perhaps the most astonishing story in serum research lies in the attack on the triple evils of influenza, pneumonia and the common cold.

DOGS are commonly regarded as the friends of man. Appropriately enough, it was an enquiry into the nature and probable cure of distemper which set the doctors along one of their strangest trails, the conquest of influenza. Distemper had always been regarded as a disease which every dog had to have once in a lifetime. Working in a converted farmhouse at Mill Hill, under the auspices of the National Institute of Medical Research, Dr. P. P. Laidlaw disproved that old view when he discovered an anti-virus—a germ to wage war on the resident germs. But, *en route* along this line of work, Laidlaw came to the conclusion that the 'flu germ might not be an ordinary sort of germ after all, but a virus, an organism infinitely smaller. The similarities between distemper, swine influenza and human 'flu could hardly be overlooked. And Laidlaw took the ferrets that had been used in the distemper research, infected them with influenza through the nose and the skin, and came to a high-light in his life as their eyes began to water, as their temperatures rose amid sneezes, as they developed all the usual symptoms of 'flu.

It was a landmark, because the trouble with 'flu experiments had always been the difficulty experienced in finding subjects for human influenza. Medical students had sometimes volunteered for infection—a too dangerous practice. The higher apes refused to catch the 'flu. And now here were ferrets, easily obtained subjects for investigation, not only catching the 'flu, but also passing on the complaint.

Better still, they proved easily curable by human serums from former influenza patients who had shaken off the illness. Medical theories were being proved—the theory of defensive germs in the human body which repel attacks of disease and, if they do not give under altogether in the struggle, remain strengthened by the tussle, as a permanent defence against the disease. Here were these defensive anti-bodies defeating the influenza virus in the ferrets!

Laidlaw had already been joined in his researches by C. H. Andrews and Wilson Smith. Tirelessly, now, this trio filtered away every tissue from experimental swabs until at last they had made history. The dreaded influenza virus, cousin to almost all the winter ills, was isolated. Forty-five years after a gentleman named Tom Starkey fell into the grip of what was then a puzzling epidemic in Paris and first brought influenza to England, the real cause of the illness was found to be, not bacteria as had previously been supposed, not a germ that rushes in when breaches have already been caused in the human defence, but an organism that actually carries out the sapping work for itself.

Before long, the three doctors learned that a far more readily handled animal, the mouse, could equally be infected with the virus of human 'flu. Soon, too, a new super-microscope enabled the virus to be more easily focused and watched. Something a hundred million million times smaller than the average finger-tip. Something so small that it can pass through all the filters that hold up normal disease germs.

And, at about the same time, with that curiosity of coincidence found again and again on the medical front, an Englishman working at the Rockefeller Institute, New York, Dr. Oswald Avery, laid bare a germ capable of tackling a pneumonia bacillus.

For years, of the four known types of pneumonia, only one—and that the mildest—has yielded to a serum. The trouble here was that pneumococci, the pneumonia germ, kept house. They existed in pairs, enclosed in a form of natural capsule. Dr. Avery, working with American vastness on 175 quarts of germs, followed up the idea that this protective home was the germ's defence against all medical attacks. He stripped off the capsules by chemical means and discovered them to be sugary in substance, the composition varying for each of the four types of pneumonia. Seeing it obviously impossible to inject strong sugar-dissolving chemicals into the blood, Avery guessed shrewdly that the pneumococci might be counteracted if some kind of bacilli from the animal or vegetable world known for attacking cellulose could be discovered. Lo and behold, in peat was found an organism which would regard the pneumonia sugar jackets as a grand feast!

In this country, Dr. V. G. Walsh and Dr. A. C. Fraser, in the medical school laboratory of St. Mary's Hospital, London, have hit upon

(Continued on page 86)

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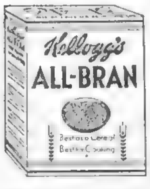

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an emulsion of olive oil, soap and water with which the normal course of a pneumonia illness can be lessened by half. The poisonous bacteria merely adhere to the oil emulsion as it passes through the veins and are in due course removed from the circulation. Simple principles, but the intricacies of medical science steadily become nothing if not fundamentally simple.

Dr. Ronald Hare, of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, similarly in the last resource upon a dying woman, employs a serum of antibodies extracted from convalescent pneumonia patients—and achieves a cure. Von Euler, Nobel Chemistry Prize-winner of Stockholm, reports finding in the juice of lemons, blackcurrants and other fruits a new substance active against pneumonia infection. On other lines entirely, a Detroit doctor reduces the death-rate of his pneumonia patients by as much as 75 per cent. by injecting air under pressure between the chest wall and the base of the lung—the effect being to cause the affected part of the lung to collapse and ensure for the patient rest and recuperation. And, in France, a Dr. Ferreyrolles revives a medical system of five thousand years ago and announces that needle therapy—the insertion of needles into the body so that certain combinations of nerves are pierced for varying lengths of time—can cope with the nervous disorder arising from colds and 'flu and so remove headaches, dizziness, coughs and neuralgia.

So it goes on. Step by step, isolated workers in these calm laboratories all over the world continue to achieve their fresh conquests. Two doctors recently discovered by accident that mumps could cure whooping-cough. Two of three children with bad attacks of whooping-cough developed the mumps. The whooping-cough went. The third child escaped the mumps and had to go through the normal course of whooping-cough. Two other specialists—of Harley Street, this time—found a gas of 7 per cent. carbon dioxide to 93 per cent. oxygen, inhaled through a mask or released into a tent over the child's bed, efficacious in four or five days. And whooping-cough has hitherto been one of the most distressing and intractable of the winter diseases of childhood.

The virus of the common cold has been isolated. Statistics, too, prove that 60 per cent. of the people inoculated with anti-cold vaccine—the weakened influenza or cold virus—are immune from infection for the entire winter. In industry, a chemist on the experimental staff of Messrs. Lever's was given the job of combating the annual loss of work and profit arising from cold. For the first season, he gave 100 men and women daily doses in capsule form of vitamins A and D, the vitamins of milk, butter, fresh vegetables and cod-liver oil. So remarkable was the vitamin-fed hundred's freedom from infection that 300 volunteered for experiment the following winter.

Vitamins, needless to say, are always in the medical news. The vitamin alphabet has reached, so far, the letter K—though there is still a good deal of dissension regarding the actual existence of vitamins H, I, J and F. Vitamin A is all-round disease-resisting. Vitamin B, found in egg yolk and nuts, wards off neuritis. Vitamin C, of the fresh fruit family, prevents scurvy. D is a preventative of rickets. Vitamin E is the prevailing vitamin of lettuce and, as the enemy of sterility, is suitable food for rabbits. G is aimed at nervous exhaustion—you find it in yeast.

Drugs also are advancing to power under the hands of the medical munition makers. We are learning something of adrenalin, the drug which, because of its deficiency in the human body, results in the loss of thousands of lives a year. We have hit upon dinitrophenol, a substance which seems to have the power of making fools clever, the fat thin, the clever men still more wise. Three students were enquiring into the processes of metabolism, the building up of the body with energy from foods and the pulling down or tiring process of action. One, somewhat stout, tried a five-grain dinitrophenol dose. He lost 2 lb. of fat in one week. Seven grains were tried on an even fatter friend. He lost weight and became half again as lively. A double dose caused high fever, an increase of a third in the pulse beat, a doubling of the pace of respiration. Larger doses, it became clear, would cause the taker to die—through living too fast. The power of thought had been doubled, and the power of action. But we do not yet know sufficient of dinitrophenol.

"Heavy water" comes into the field as a weapon against the germ of colitis, appendicitis or peritonitis. It is water made heavy by diffusion, passed as vapour through many yards of porous clay tubes, almost separated from its hydrogen and given twice the usual quantity of heavy oxygen. It will enable the researchists to study the behaviour of the bacillus coli, a germ capable of causing chemical changes which there has hitherto been no means of following.

And now there is no need to fear an end to the radium supplies of the world for medical purposes, for the Cavendish Laboratory have discovered a substitute derived from sodium which, though expensive to make, is in every way the equivalent of radium.

Going, going, going—the sickbed terrors of to-day and yesteryear.

Why Does Baby Cry ?

(*Continued from page* 40)

But what are you to do in these difficult days when your baby is inclined to be restless? Crying is not natural in babies. That is an old wives' tale. It is the expression of a need or a discomfort. If a baby really cries—sometimes they will just grizzle for a moment or two and then drop off to sleep—then it needs attention.

It is your job to find out *why* he is crying and make him comfortable. But in the process of doing so you should be very quiet and avoid petting him when he should be asleep, lest he grows too dependent upon your constant attentions for his happiness.

If he draws his knees up in crying, here is definite information that he has a pain that only lifting him and gently rubbing his back will ease, if it is caused by wind.

The first thought, otherwise, if baby wakes is that he is cramped and simply needs turning into a fresh position.

A drink of cool boiled water may help if neither of the other two attempts prove quite satisfactory. You can soon feel, too, if his feet are cold, or if by chance he is too warm or needs changing.

Whatever difficulties arise in the daytime with a baby there are usually echoes of them at night, and it is broken nights that become so wearing.

You should give the last feed with the least possible disturbance to baby, and in a subdued light for choice.

Hold him up well for some minutes after. Have a mattress in the cot that is reasonably firm but resilient, or else use a pillow longwise down the cot, with *no* head-pillow in this case, and place the blanket across the cot with the ends hanging over on each side.

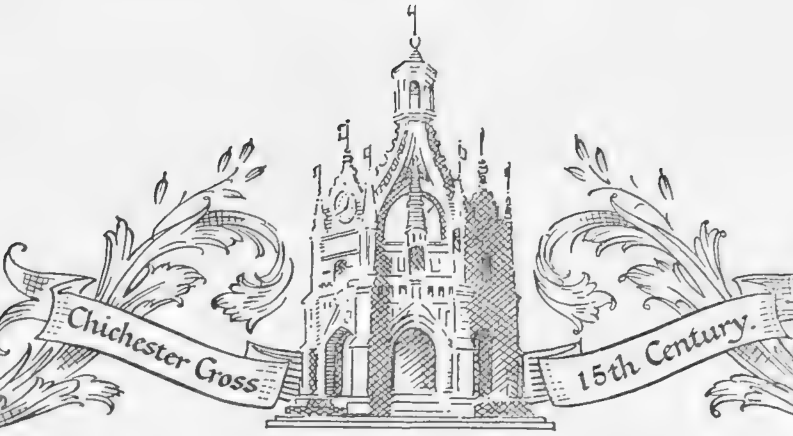
Lay him on the blanket on his right side and fold the blanket ends comfortably round him.

Have available during the night a four-ounce bottle of warm boiled water wrapped in a boiled napkin and again wrapped in a piece of flannel. In this way it should be just the right temperature if required in the night. If not, solid methylated makes a good fuel for heating a bottle in the early hours. There is a special fitment made for this purpose.

If you are in anxious doubt about something, a letter to his maternity nurse will be wiser than listening to the counsel of too many friends, whose opinions rarely agree.

Or, again, it may be an excellent scheme to join a Babies' Club, for a modest subscription, where qualified advice on everyday health maintenance, feeding, routine and so on, is available.

End



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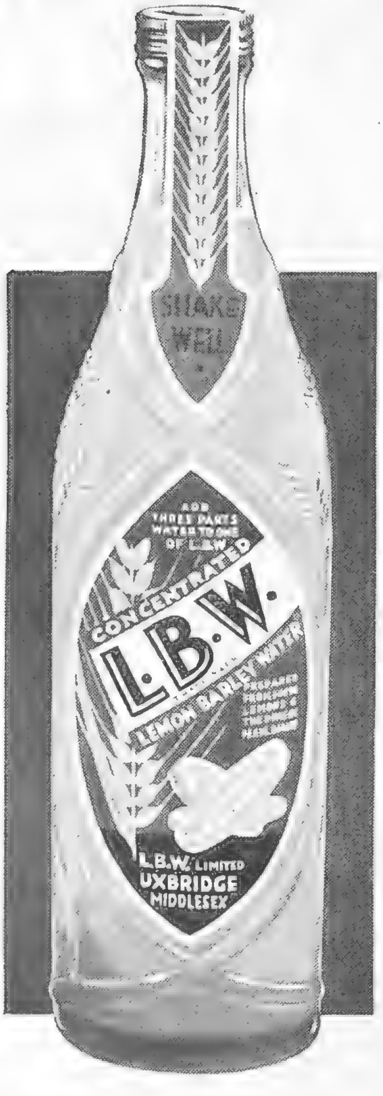

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"Drink your own Health!"

Home Made Etceteras

(Continued from page 69)

hawthorn blossom on a nice dry day. Three-quarters fill a clean dry bottle with them, and cover with brandy or whisky. Leave for 2 to 3 weeks.

Pour off into a clean bottle and cork. Some people prefer red hawthorn, but the common white of the hedgerows, to my mind, gives a piquant flavour. If you have ever tasted honey where the bees have fed on hawthorn, you will know its delicious flavour and aroma.

Flavoured Vinegars are very useful for salad dressings, marinading fish, and so on. **Tarragon Vinegar** is made by filling a bottle two-thirds full with picked tarragon, adding white wine vinegar, corking and laying aside for about three weeks until the vinegar is thoroughly flavoured. Strain off the tarragon and cork.

For **Chilli Vinegar** infuse ¼ oz. chillis in 1 quart of vinegar, bring to the boil, stand till cold, then bottle.

When making lemonade do not throw away the lemon peel. Grate the "zest"—that is, the yellow part—lightly, mix with castor sugar, rubbing it well in the sugar, leave exposed to dry, and bottle. This flavoured sugar is an excellent addition to cakes and puddings. In the same way, after using vanilla pod, keep the pod in a bottle of sugar. The sugar becomes impregnated with the flavour and is most useful.

Crystallised Orange or Lemon Peel is easily prepared at home. Wash the peels and cook until very tender. Make a syrup with ½ lb. sugar and 1 pint water, boil for 10 minutes, pour over the peels and leave until cold. Strain off the syrup and add 2 oz. sugar and boil 10 minutes. Pour over the peels again and leave 12 hours.

Add a further 2 oz. sugar, boil and pour over peels. Leave for several hours. Grain the syrup by stirring it. Dip the peels and dry in a warm place.

Entrées for a Dinner Party

(Continued from page 70)

carrot cut into small pieces, salt, pepper and your usual bunch of herbs.

Place the sweetbread on top and add enough stock to come half-way up the meat. Cover the saucepan, bring to the boil and then put it in a moderate oven for half an hour.

When this is done, pour the gravy through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan, adding one tablespoonful of thick tomato purée and a tablespoonful of brown sherry. Bring to the boil, see that there is enough salt and pepper, and cook for five minutes.

Arrange the sweetbread in a hot serving dish and pour the sauce over.

Côtes de Veau Gratinées

Have some fairly thick veal chops, one for each person, and trim them well.

Meanwhile chop finely half an onion and two shallots and fry these until golden brown in butter. Add a wineglassful of dry white wine, bring to the boil and simmer for two or three minutes, adding salt and pepper.

Have ready some stale white breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley. Dip each chop first into the white wine and then coat with the prepared breadcrumbs, laying each chop in a fireproof dish which you have buttered. They must not, of course, be on top of each other.

Pour over the white wine, shallots etc., adding the same quantity of stock. Bake in a slow oven for two hours, basting occasionally, by which time the chops should be golden brown. Regulo setting, mark 1.

If, towards the end of the cooking, the chops are not browning, increase the oven heat a little.

Vegetable Variety

(Continued from page 71)

Tournedos aux Primeurs

Tournedos are rounds of beef about two or three inches thick, cut from the fillet and well trimmed. They should be tied round with string while cooking, which is usually done in a little foaming butter. Season with salt and pepper, and when they are done remove the strings and put them in a hot serving dish.

Garnish all round with little alternate piles of small whole carrots, quartered turnips and green garden peas, all these made hot previously.

This dish, though very simple, is good enough for any luncheon party, provided that the vegetables are perfect. Ordinary large vegetables would be quite useless. New potatoes (one of Smedley's big successes) should be handed separately from another dish.

Faisan Poché au Céleri

Here we have a really elaborate dinner-party dish, very effective and at the same time quite easy to prepare.

Have the pheasant trussed as for roasting and prepare the following stock: Put a few onions, a carrot and a tin of cut celery into a large saucepan with salt, pepper and a little bunch of thyme, parsley and a bayleaf.

Half-fill the saucepan with cold water and bring to the boil. Put in the pheasant and, if necessary, add enough boiling water just to cover it. Let it simmer for 40 minutes while you start on the basis of the sauce.

Put a tablespoonful of flour in a saucepan with an ounce of butter, stir well over the fire and then add, little by little, some of the stock from the pheasant passed through a fine strainer.

Cook the sauce for about 15 minutes, whipping it well and adding more stock until you have a sufficient quantity of smooth sauce, the thickness of good cream.

Remove the pheasant, drain it well and put it in a hot serving-dish, garnished with a tin of celery hearts which you have made hot. Pour the sauce over the bird through a strainer to make sure that there are no lumps.

VEGETABLES AS A SEPARATE COURSE

Hot Vegetable Salad

Take one tin of diced carrots and one tin of diced turnips, and make them hot. Put them together in a saucepan, adding salt and pepper and a good sprinkling of chopped parsley, shaking them lightly over the fire.

Just before serving, add a good piece of fresh butter, shaking the pan until the butter has melted, but without letting the butter cook at all.

The point of this is to prevent the butter from turning to oil, as you want the fresh taste of the vegetables which blends so well with fresh butter.

Garden Peas

A few button onions cooked in butter, water and sugar and boiled until all the liquid has evaporated, leaving the onions slightly coated and glazed, are extremely good added to a dish of plain peas. In this case I should choose the small or extra small variety.

Another excellent dish is made with button onions cooked as previously described and mixed with little cubes of fried streaky bacon. Add these to a tin of small or extra medium peas, a little butter, salt and pepper and you have a very good luncheon dish.

Purée of Spinach

Make the spinach purée thoroughly hot, add a tiny piece of butter, salt, pepper, and stir in a tablespoonful of cream. Put in a hot serving dish and decorate with triangles of bread fried very crisp and golden brown.

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You Can't Tell Elephants

(*Continued from page* 47)

were columns and columns about it in the newspapers, how white it was, yes, and how sacred it looked.

It had a tent all by itself, not near the freaks, for it was much too sacred for that, but on the other side of the big bell tent where, twice a day, acrobats leapt through the air, trapeze artists swung from bars suspended high in the roof, barebacked riders jumped from horseback to horseback, and clowns fell over the carpet.

For years, it had been the biggest circus the world had ever known. But for once the circus and its marvels were all forgotten. They were a mere side-show. It was the elephant that drew the crowd.

"Come and see the Great White Elephant," was displayed on all the hoardings. And, having gone in their thousands to see the Great White Elephant, the crowds paid, since they were there, to go in to see the circus, merely because it was in the same field.

The Showman waxed rich on his takings. Day after day, and week after week, the sixpences dropped, thousands of them, into the hands of the men at the turnstiles.

Sixpence proved too little to charge for such a novelty.

For, with three attendant priests in white robes, there stood, quietly munching hay, a great snow-white elephant !

"My, how white he is!" the small boys would say. "Why, he's as white as our ceiling."

And, indeed he was, for the elephant was covered with the same whitewash.

"Make a nice pet, that would," Gertie would giggle to 'Erbert. "Look well in our garden, when we're married."

And, when the sixpence charged became a shilling, still they poured in, thousands of them.

Never did a circus stay for so long in London. A month was the Showman's usual London season. This year, month after month passed, and still the money poured in.

And then how hungry the provinces were for such a sight ! For a month, the Sacred White Elephant was shown at Birmingham, where usually the circus stayed for only three nights. At Manchester and Liverpool it was the same.

Every morning, the priests saw a man come in with a big pail of whitewash and a huge brush and, used to it though they were by now, they always moaned when they saw the sacred skin covered with such an unholy mess.

"Still, the white people are strange," they always said. "They do not know a white elephant when they see one. Perhaps, even when it is covered over with paint, a sight of it may be good for their souls."

Then there came a time, though, when the priests began to grumble.

"When are we going to see the Great White Queen ?" they asked. "We came to see her. If we can't, we shall take the elephant home."

The Great White Queen was at Balmoral. She seldom came to London. When she wasn't at Balmoral, she was at Windsor, or in the Isle of Wight.

Week after week, the Showman hedged and promised. Week after week, the priests threatened to take the Sacred White Elephant home. They didn't want money. They wanted to see the Great White Queen.

But that was not the only trouble that befel the World's Biggest Circus that year. You may not have heard of it, but they still whisper, in Circusland, about the day the Freaks threatened a strike ! Pushed into a background of forgotten fame, they rebelled against the elephant and the big splash he made—not in his bath, but on the hoardings.

The Dog-Faced Boy, till the elephant came to England, was used, when he peeped through the window of a caravan which was his only sight-way into another world, to seeing his own portrait on the walls. Baby, a woman who boasted that she weighed 35 stone, had for years excited the wonder of the crowd. A freak who could swallow two swords at once got jealous because he was no longer an object of attention.

One day the Showman had to face a row of angry freaks.

"We'll blow the gaff on your whitewash tricks," they said.

The professional etiquette which kept quiet the chicanery of circus showmanship—freaks are as bound in secrecy as even are the most expensive surgeons—was forgotten in their rage.

Their contracts had all to be re-written, their wages increased, or else their shares.

Then, hearing of this, there was a bother among the acrobats and the walkers on wire.

"You won't whitewash us off the map," they said.

No, it escaped the newspapers, did all this fuss. But, sometimes, circus folk talk still, when they are alone, when the flares are out, or when the caravans are on the road. . . .

"Talk about the elephant !" said the Showman. "Why, I shall go white myself, soon !"

"Show us the Great White Queen !" went on the priests, whenever they saw him.

Then, when all his troubles were at their height, Victoria, one day, came back to her capital. It was in the papers.

"Court Returns to London," they said.

Yes, at last, the Queen was to drive out. . . .

The Showman took the priests along to Hyde Park, bright with flowers, smiling in the sunshine. Little groups of people stood around expectant. For they knew. . . .

"The dear Queen's driving out to-day," the priests heard everywhere, and, now and then, "If we wait we shall see her."

So, expectant also, they waited with the Showman and stood at the rails by the side of Rotten Row, along which only Royalty could drive.

"Here she comes," they heard.

From far away there came the sound of distant cheers. The cheers came nearer. The priests saw that hats were raised, that some people waved their handkerchiefs and that women curtsied and men bowed.

"Doesn't she look lovely ?" they heard.

"There she is," said the Showman. "There is the Great White Queen," he added, raising his hat.

"What a show," he thought. He nearly shouted, "Walk up, walk up !" For, as there was only one Sacred White Elephant, there was also only one Great White Queen. And all the world was a show to him.

The three priests stared across the rails and, in Rotten Row, they saw a small figure dressed in deep black. She wore a black bonnet and a black cape. She sat in a small carriage drawn by cream ponies. And, beside the coachman, there sat a man with a short dark beard.

"Look, that's John Brown," someone said.

Who John Brown was, they did not know. They saw a woman and cream ponies, and they saw the bowing and heard the cheers.

"There is the Great White Queen," repeated the Showman, still with a bared head.

"Where ?" asked the priests.

"There, in that carriage drawn by cream ponies," said the Showman.

The priests merely stared. And then, incredulous, they turned to the Showman, protesting.

"That is not the Great White Queen," they said. "That is only a woman."

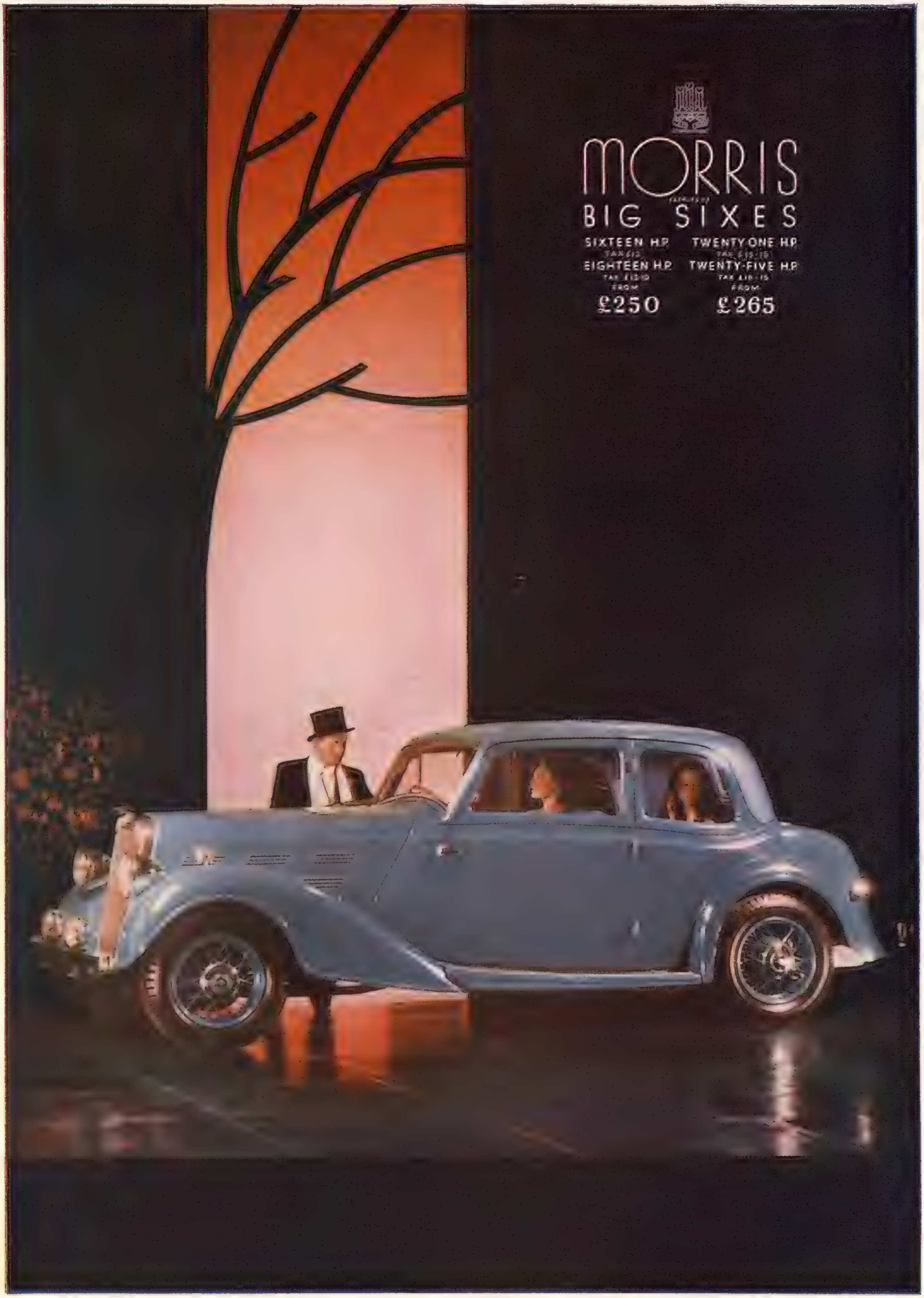
"But she *is* the Great White Queen," persisted the Showman.

"The Great White Queen would not be drawn by little ponies," replied the priests. "She would ride on an elephant. A Queen could have thousands of elephants. She would despise ponies."

They walked away, disgusted. Week after week, there went on angry grumblings around the circus tent.

The Great

(*Continued on page* 93)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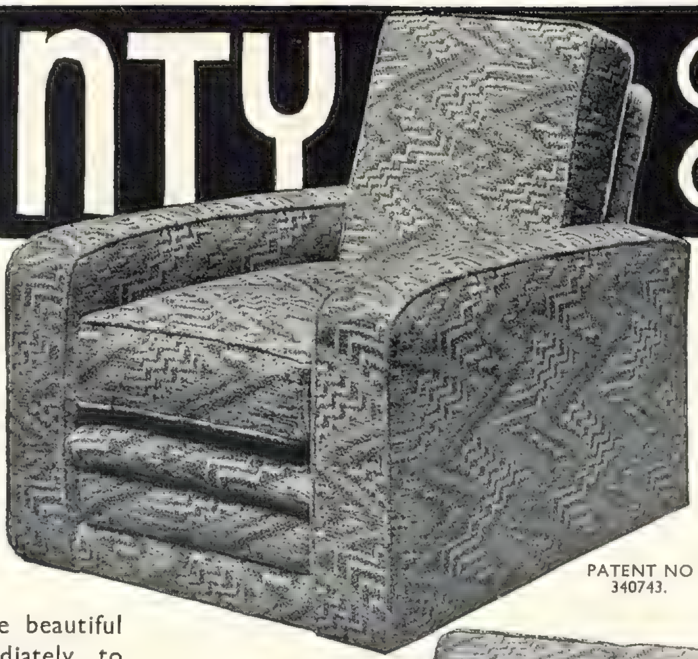

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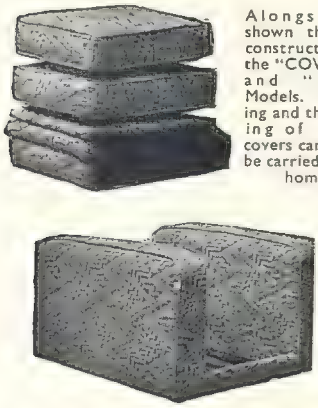
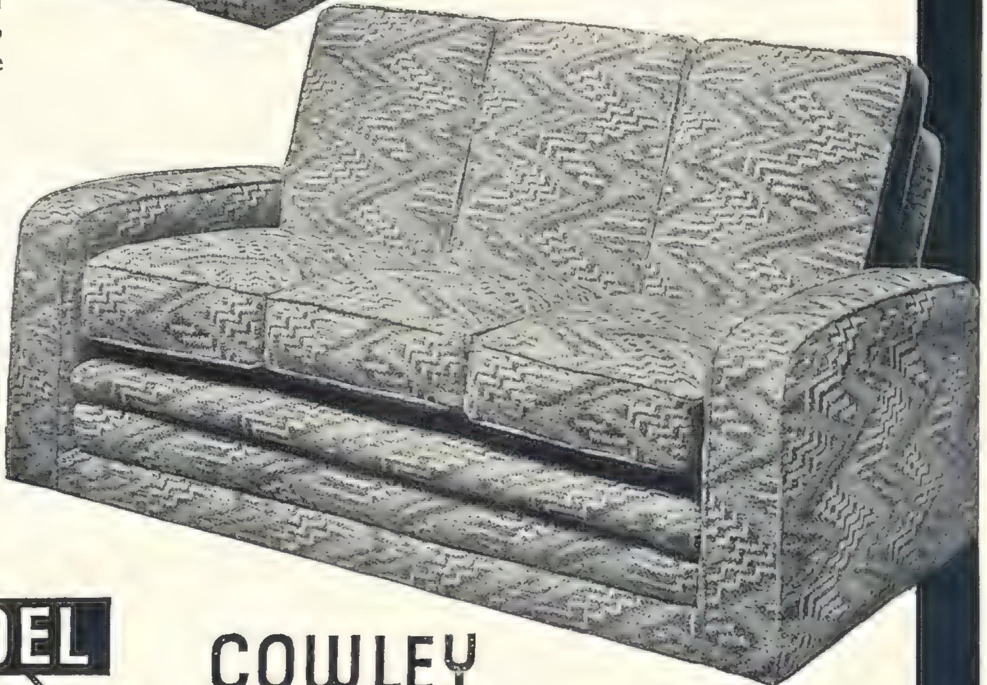


Alongside is shown the unit construction of the "COWLEY" and "ISIS" Models. Cleaning and the making of loose covers can easily be carried out at home.



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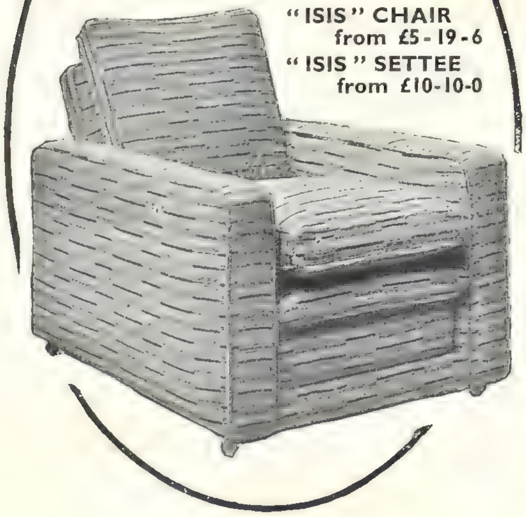

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Showman kept on repeating, "That *was* the Great White Queen," and the priests replied, "It was only a woman."

More and more they growled. In panic, the Showman feared the loss of the elephant and a fall in his takings. The priests continued to threaten that they would return to Burma and take the Sacred White Elephant with them. Louder they threatened. Besides, it was getting cold—and their priestly garments were thin.

"Well, if you go home," the Showman always said, "I shall whitewash a black elephant, and then the public will insult your religion by worshipping an ordinary elephant that anyone can buy."

Then the winter came and, with the winter, a great thought came into the Showman's mind. The annual pantomime was being rehearsed for Drury Lane. The grumbling went on.

Sometimes it almost came to blows. But, with promises and threats, the Showman kept the three priests comparatively calm.

Then, on Boxing Night, he took the priests along to Drury Lane.

They saw Cinderella wooed in her kitchen by a fairy prince. To them, all that was very dull. In Burma, they had not heard of fairy princes, and they could not understand.

They heard a patriotic song sung by the Principal Boy. That, to them, meant nothing. Nor did the jokes of the Dame, who was to them merely an ugly being with a red nose.

For three hours, seated in a box with the Showman, the priests sat through it all, very restively. But then, at the end, came the Transformation Scene.

They saw orchids come to life, and butterflies. Gauze curtain after gauze curtain went up, each covered with stars and tinsel.

You Can't Tell Elephants

And then, when all the curtains had gone up, they saw in the centre a Fairy Queen seated on a throne, surrounded by Beauty and Colour. Hundreds of people thronged the stage, all in dazzling array. All was Glitter and Wonder. It looked as though Paradise had come to earth.

"Ah, there is the Great White Queen," shouted the three priests.

And they knelt down in the box and bowed their heads and worshipped. . . .

THEY had seen what they had come over the Great Black Water to see. They could at last go home satisfied.

They did—and they took with them the Sacred White Elephant.

But the public still crowded to see him in the circus field.

For the Showman knew his business.

"Whitewash one of the other elephants," he said. "Any of them will do. Beauty isn't skin deep. It doesn't go as deep as that. It's the whitewash that the public worship."

THE Showman didn't know it, but, as he said that, he was whitewashing himself—yes, and you and me. For most of us have our little tricks, haven't we?

And we rather admire, too, the tricks of other folk—or they couldn't be any. For, if they were not admired, they would horrify.

Still, the real moral of this story is that, if you cannot tell elephants, you cannot tell anything.

Reality looks a lie. Fake often appears to be the truth.

There is much virtue in whitewash. And, if Showmen didn't lie—well, who would believe them?

Twelve to Follow

(*Continued from page* 11)

Her native heath is the New York stage from whence a far-sighted Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout held her hand in a vice-like grip while she signed what is known, in filmatic technical circles, as a long-term contract with his company. She broke into pictures in "Evelyn Prentice," the film that everyone concerned hoped would repeat for Myrna Loy and William Powell the walloping hit of "The Thin Man." It didn't; but it put Rosalind Russell on the screen map. I was in Hollywood then, and during the lunch-hour wild-eyed men kept running into the Commissary from the near-by Projection Rooms, foaming and burbling "Have you seen this Russell girl? Boy, she's a knock-out!"

They were right. Rosalind Russell, in that one picture, knocked critics and audiences for a row of whatever it is such individuals get knocked for. Came "Forsaking All Others," a delightful, fast-moving picture in which, good though the three principals were, Miss Russell from Broadway practically walked all over Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery, with her brunette beauty and her lazy, wise-cracking drawl. Watch that girl. Like Nelson Eddy, she has everything it takes.

Then there is Michael Bartlett. Now Mike Bartlett happens to be a friend of mine; but I'd put him on any list of future film stars, whether I had shaken hands with him or not. He brings to the screen a tenor voice as good as Nelson Eddy's baritone. Like Mr. Eddy, he is very tall, has a slim figure, is extremely good looking, with mid-brown hair that photographs darker than its real colour, and grey-blue eyes. What's more, he has dimples that out-dimple the popular Clark-Gable variety. And how he can sing!

In Grace Moore's "On Wings of Song" he sings some of Rudolpho's exquisite music from "La Bohème," and steps straight to the top of things that really matter in the film world. Odd to recall that he was forced to adopt an Italian name before he could get a start in grand opera. It was as Eduardo Bartelli that he sang in Italian opera houses, and had audiences on their feet cheering. His names really are Edwin Alonzo; but at school a boy called him "Mike," and the name fitted him so well that later he adopted the longer Michael as his own.

Mr. Bartlett arrived in Hollywood, quietly, this year, to sing in the new Grace Moore film. He came from New York, where he meant quite a lot in artistic musical circles. It chanced that some great friends of mine had known Mike Bartlett well on Fifth Avenue, and at their house I met him the first Sunday he spent in California. That evening he stood leaning against a grand piano, in a music room, and sang. He sang for nearly three hours: Puccini, Massenet, Wagner, Brahms, Rossini. He sang in English, French, German, Italian. He speaks Italian and French as well as his own language, having lived and studied for some years in both those countries. And as we listened we nodded knowingly to one another—for we knew that a star was rising.

Mike Bartlett counts princesses, ambassadors, celebrated musicians, artists, authors, and a few crossing-sweepers among his friends. He has the native charm of manner that makes him happy with all of them, as they are with him. Before the Grace Moore film was finished additional scenes had been written in for the young tenor whose voice was going to send chills up and down the spines of countless thousands; his contract was extended, and he was made leading man to Claudette Colbert in "She Married Her Boss." In this, I fear, he does not sing; but, though that is to be regretted, it won't matter too much, as he is an excellent "high comedy" actor, an accomplishment that will bring him a great deal of money.

Luise Rainer owes her first film chance to Myrna Loy. In "Masquerade," with William Powell once again as her opposite number, Miss Loy had been cast for the feminine lead. She began to work, made up her mind that she was utterly mis-cast in the part, and staged her well-known walk-out, to Europe. Luise Rainer stepped into her shoes; and in the part Miss Loy did not like she has made a success that set all

(*Continued on page* 94)

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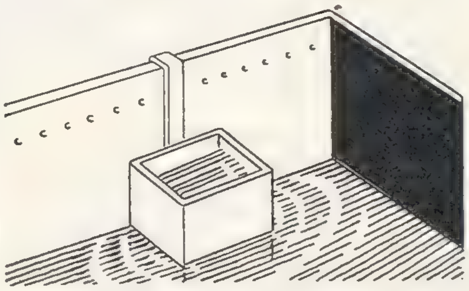

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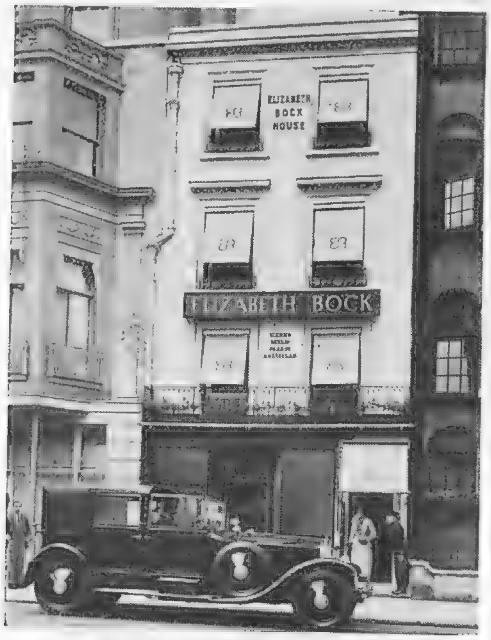

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the New York critics dusting off every adjective in the dictionary.

She is brown-eyed, black-haired, a bundle of energy, with a passion for gramophone records which must be played before she can act a scene for the camera. She is from Vienna, I believe; not of theatrical parentage, but with the determination at the age of sixteen to follow her own hunch and rush on the stage. One audition brought her a contract; one performance made her a star; and then came a session as a member of Max Reinhardt's company, the finest training ground in the world, one gathers. About those gramophone records; apparently she needs them to perform a clog dance, off the set, before plunging into a highly emotional scene. Well, some people like Frankfurters and sauerkraut: we can't all lean towards the same things.

She is famous in Berlin and Vienna, this ethereal, wide-eyed slip of a girl. "Masquerade" has opened the doors of a new world to her; but she will need to watch her step. Rumour has it that when she attended a recent film first night in Hollywood, at which posing for photographers and cooing into a microphone is all part of the game, little Miss Luise Rainer chose to fling her hands in front of her face when she beheld the battery of cameras, and was understood to moan something about, "Why can't I be left alone? Why must my privacy be intruded upon?" Perhaps it isn't true; but if it is, she will find, all too soon, that the day on which she *is* "left alone" will be the day on which her footsteps are directed towards the gate marked "Exit."

Joseph Calleia is something new in the menace line. Film audiences have seen him already in "Public Hero Number One," in which his performance turned blood to ice, and produced shivers by the yard. Joe Calleia is frightened, in one sense; he does not want to be *typed,* but at the moment it would seem that he must be content to be a villain, as Wally Beery was, and Clark Gable, too, until that happy moment when those in authority realise that they have a grand comedian under their noses. Born in Malta, Joseph Alexander Herstall Vincent Spurin Calleia is British by birth and citizenship; but the blood in his veins is a mixture of Italian, Spanish, German and English. Here is another new star who is a singer and a really clever musician. Joe Calleia is a friend of mine; and I know that apart from his intense interest in every part he plays on stage or screen, his real love is the big black-cased grand piano in his music room. At that piano he sits for hours, when the mood is on him, playing, composing. More than one of his pianoforte compositions has been published and played by theatre orchestras in England, as well as round the world. Its title is "Adelai." Another is called "My Heart is Calling."

He was the sinister chauffeur in the Broadway production of "Grand Hotel." He was a menace in "The Last Mile," and in "The Broken Wing." He was a murderer in "Small Miracle," that amazing play which made him a star on Broadway and took him to Hollywood. And he began his stage life as a Scotch comedian! In a trunk in his box room in Hollywood Joe Calleia has hidden a kilt, a sporran and some bagpipes. He told me that when he can't stand being a villain any longer he takes them out and gazes at them. But nobody is ever going to let him wear them again.

Patsy Kelly is one of those wise-cracking comediennes with tragedy as the high-spot in her private life. She has been in Hollywood for a fair number of years, making good, then not making so good, then leaping to the highest branch of all. But her high-branch leap came after a certain accident which is going to make a whale of a difference to Patsy. When you hear her talk, on the screen, and get a laugh out of her strident, husky voice, you should be shedding a quiet tear. For that husky voice will mean the end of Patsy, far too soon. She knew a clever cabaret star called Jean Marin, who came from New York to open his own night club in Hollywood. It was popular, and so was Jean Marin. Patsy knew him. One day they went for a drive in his high-powered car. Something went wrong, and the car plunged down an embankment into the Pacific Ocean. Neither of them could get free before the plunge. Jean Marin was drowned at the wheel. Patsy was rescued, or crawled out, alive, but with her lungs filled with sand . . . .

Nothing can be done about that sand . . . . It is there, and it will stay in Patsy Kelly's lungs, until in the end it kills her. Meantime, she steals scenes from every top-line star with whom she appears and sends filmgoers into hysterics with her dry wise-cracking humour. Not beautiful, in fact, downright plain, is Patsy. She says she has a face like a Mexican revolution—just a lot of upheavals, meaning nothing! With Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood," and Jean Harlow in "Blonde Bombshell," she tore off chunks of laughs. Now she is teamed with lovely Thelma Todd—her greatest friend—in a series of Hal Roach comedies.

Those girls are good; and I'm glad the threat to team Patsy with Oliver Hardy, following the much-publicised Laurel-and-Hardy break-up earlier this year, was not carried out. The studio said—"No more Laurel and Hardy? O.K.: we'll team Patsy Kelly with Babe Hardy, and give them a nice, naughty offspring of some kind, always getting into trouble, and that will be just swell!" But it did not happen; so Patsy is working away getting laughs on her own, and being borrowed by every studio that wants a doubtful filmie lifted out of the rough.

Another six-footer is Robert Taylor, who can act and dance and look like the answer to several maidens' prayers at the same time. He comes from Pasadena. He wanted to be a doctor, like his father, but somehow found himself engrossed with amateur theatricals—where have I heard that phrase before? Anyhow, six feet tall, blue-eyed, black-haired Robert Taylor was spotted doing some darned good acting, at Pomona College, about twenty-five miles east of Hollywood. Some energetic star-scout went snooping, all that long, long way, and watched Bob in a performance of "Journey's End," played by a bunch of college students. Bob was so good that a contract was offered to him that same night, after the show.

He said "No, thanks; I'm only doing this for fun. I'm going to be a doctor." They answered: "Don't be an idiot; here's Fame knocking at your door." So Bob thought better of the doctoring racket and listened to Fame's summons. Some training in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramatic school followed; and then he was let loose in front of the cameras as a youthful villain in "A Wicked Woman," in which Mady Christians had her first bad break in Hollywood. That picture established Mr. Taylor as One to Follow; and his next rôle revealed him as a hero, also as a doctor (which he still thinks he should have been) in "Society Doctor." Now he is mounting that rickety success ladder with steady steps.

When the Max Reinhardt production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" flows across the screen, it is going to make the name of a young actress—and will reveal an established actor as a really great comedian. The young actress is Olivia de Havilland; the actor is James Cagney. We can forget about Mr. Cagney, as he is already on the peak of things; but Miss de Havilland is different. Here's her history, in brief. She was born in Tokio, Japan; her parents are American.

She came to California when she was quite young, and studied at the University of Southern California, near Hollywood. Acting was the only career that interested her. Some appearances in college shows led her to try for an understudying job when Max Reinhardt arrived to produce "The Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl. Olivia managed to get engaged as understudy to the important actress who had been cast for the important rôle of Hermia. But that actress never played the part; (*Continued on page* 96)

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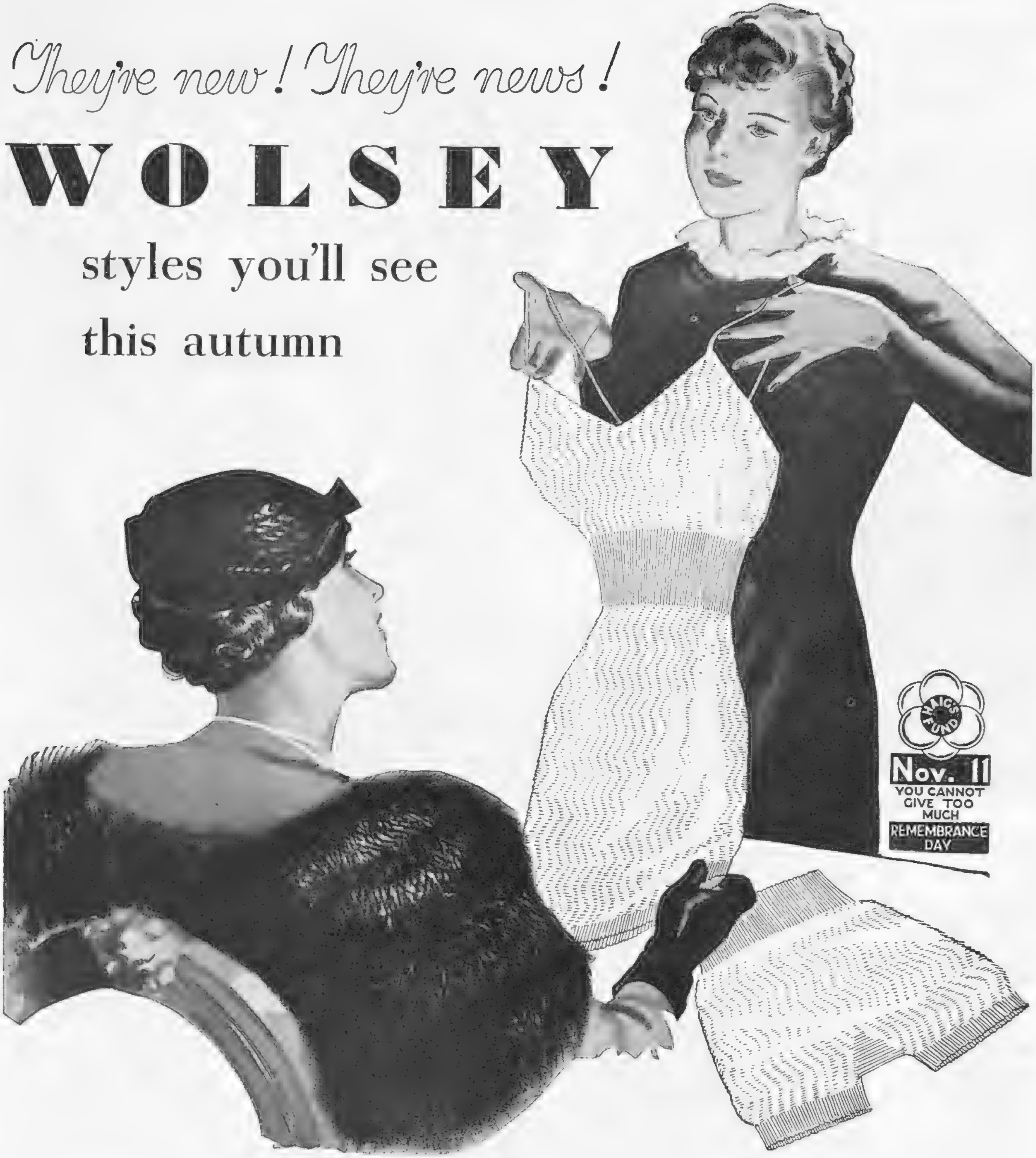

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Olivia played it instead, in front of 25,000 people, and Mr. Reinhardt was so delighted with the performance she gave that he engaged her to play Hermia at Berkeley University, also in San Francisco, and right through a tour of Eastern cities.

Then came Warner Brothers' decision to film Shakespeare's comedy, with Max Reinhardt in command. When the cast was assembled, Olivia de Havilland was the first one chosen, and the first to sign a contract. She has a charming, gentle personality, a delightful speaking voice, and real acting ability. From "The Dream" her film career will become a definite reality.

Henry Fonda is going to make himself another Montgomery, so say the wise ones. They always try these comparisons when a new star appears; personally, I see no reason why Mr. Fonda should not be the first of a long string of Fondas, because he is original and unusual, and decidedly full of character. I met him this year while he was letting his hair grow long enough to play opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." He was waiting, too, for a vast canal to be constructed on the back lot at the Foxhill Studios, in order that the principal scenes in this New York play might be filmed in their proper surroundings.

Hank Fonda has three claims to fame already. He is the ex-husband of Margaret ("Little Man") Sullavan; he created the lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" on the New York stage, and won a Hollywood trip as the logical result; and he was the unwitting cause of giving Janet Gaynor concussion when she butted into his waistcoat, at full tilt, as she rushed into his arms during a scene in the film they made together. Which is a good enough start for any tall young man—so watch Hank Fonda, because he is going far.

Julie Haydon reverses the usual cry of the comedian who longs to play tragedy. She has played serious rôles, so far, and wants to prove that she is just as good in comedies. She went to Hollywood at the age of seven, played in stock, did odd jobs in films, was chosen by Francis Lederer for the feminine lead in "Autumn Crocus" when he played it on the stage in Los Angeles. At one time it was thought that she had embarked on a starring career, in pictures, but something gummed up the works, and it was not until Julie Haydon appeared with Noel Coward in the New-York-made film "The Scoundrel" that she hit the high spots in pictures. Now nothing can stop her.

Fred McMurray broke into films via a dance band—like some others before him. It was the saxophone that attracted him; he toured with a band called the California Collegians, was engaged for the Broadway production of "Roberta," and so came to Hollywood to act with Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." Now he has a long contract and does not care if he never sees Broadway again. As for Marsha Hunt, she is right at the beginning of her career in films, but those who should know say she is going to be very well known indeed, quite soon. She is seventeen years old; she came to Hollywood to stay with some relations, was taken round a studio, seen by an executive, offered a test, and is now hard at work in Paramount Pictures. There's no more to say about Marsha Hunt at the moment; but thousands of words will be written later on . . . . There goes the starting bell. They're off! The race for fame is on.

END

Where Women are Scarce

(*Continued from page 21*)

aged lady with an immense amount of new clothes going out to West Africa? Had no friends, no business, no knowledge of the place but piles and piles of clothes. Changed for every meal.

The smart young woman and the Spanish dandy made a wager as to who would be the first to discover Sylvia Maund's secret. Cigarettes against cigars, ratio of five hundred to fifty. The hunt was on.

Sylvia Maund was aware of the hooks. She sparred with the two amateur detectives. She fibbed gracefully. The newspaper article? Ah, she had really forgotten what it said. She had read it weeks before she sailed. As a matter of fact that newspaper article was in Sylvia's dressing-case. Once a day she read it to buck up her faltering courage.

The captain's table was amused at the tactics of the young woman and the Spaniard. The probes of the young woman showed a tremendous longing for five hundred cigarettes; the Spaniard was equally bold in seeking cigars. They harried Sylvia. She became a little afraid of the two; the luncheon and dinner gongs brought terror to her heart.

One afternoon, sitting behind a wind-screen, she overheard a conversation between the two ladies bound for Accra.

"Have they cornered Madame Du Barry?"

"Not that I know of. Miss Lemmison is sure that she'll win, but old Don Quixote seems confident."

"She stands up well to it. The Du Barry, I mean."

"Doesn't she? Why is she going out? Have you any idea?"

"Not half a one. Funny old girl. Nine trunks of dresses, they tell me."

"Great Scott! I'm hoping 'Lammy' will win. I'm nearly out of cigarettes. She'll have to whack up, y'know."

"Wish I smoked cigars. That man is the meanest ever. Quixote will put on a Holmes stunt that will knock 'Lammy" endways."

Sylvia Maund crept noiselessly away from the wind-screen and descended to her cabin. She was upset. She read the newspaper's clipping, but it did not calm her fears. Possibly the "Old Dears" were right. "The Du Barry!" The wretched snooping Spaniard. The fearfully inquisitive young woman! She, Sylvia Maund, was the joke of the captain's table. Possibly the joke of the steamer.

She thought of London, of the little flat in Davies Street. London, although hard, had a protective capacity about it. She wished that one of the "Old Dears" was on board the *Branscombe Prince*. Any one of them would be able to put the cheeky Spaniard in his place. She recalled a night in the long ago when "Boy" Allardyce called down an impertinent foreigner in the Café Royale. The fellow had wilted under "Boy's" sarcasm.

She wept a little. Fear pounced upon her. She was adrift. Her world was as unsteady as the sea that rolled around her. She decided to eat her dinner in her cabin. There she would have protection from the young lady and the wretched Spaniard. She wondered what the Accra woman meant by the words, "Quixote will put on a Sherlock Holmes stunt that will knock 'Lammy' endways." Rather frightening those words.

SYLVIA ate a light dinner, read for an hour, then turned off the light. Lying in the darkness, she heard footsteps approaching her cabin, there was a discreet knock, then the door was pushed open.

"Who is it?" asked Sylvia.

"It is I, madam," came the whispered response.

"Who are you?"

"I am the Señor Vascadis."

Sylvia was sitting up now. "What do you want?" she demanded.

"I thought madam was lonely. A little triste. I say to myself, 'I will go and sit with her the little while to cheer her. To make her laugh, to tell her stories. . . ."

Señor Vascadis got no further. There was a glass of water on the little table beside Sylvia's bed. A ray of light, striking in from a deck lamp, touched the white shirt-front of the visitor.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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Three-fourths of the glass of water struck this objective.

There was a crash as the Spaniard fell back against the door of the cabin. There came from the corridor bursts of hot Castilian phrases, the clatter of retreating footsteps, then silence. . . .

Sylvia Maund prayed. Prayed with fierce intensity. She was alone, adrift, friendless. She opened her heart to the Almighty. She kept back nothing. She had been vain and stupid. Her pride had been her undoing.

She whispered of her days of conquest. Her days of fine splendour. She even mentioned the year when she was belle of the season.

"Diamond Jubilee's year," she murmured fearfully. "Thirty-five years ago! I should have learned sense! Dear God, help me! Help me!"

That night Sylvia Maund dreamed a dream. In the dream she saw a promontory jutting out in a blue-green sea, and on the strip of land were seven palm trees. Seven palms that leaned towards her as she looked at them. And, while she stared at them, their plumed tops turned into green hands that beckoned to her. Friendly hands. They urged her to come closer. They seemed protective. She had no fear of them.

SHE woke up with the dream quite clear in her mind. She was puzzled. She wished that she could ask one of the ship's officers if there was a point on the route where seven palms stood together on a promontory.

Timidity stopped her from questioning the stewardess who brought her breakfast. The stewardess looked at her strangely. Sylvia was certain that the matter of the Spaniard's intrusion was known to all aboard the steamer. The water, thrown at the fellow, had left a moist patch on the carpet. . . .

Sylvia remained in her cabin all the morning. She could not face the deck. What story had the wretched Spaniard told about her? The truth even would make the passengers think that her conduct had been very unladylike. The "Old Dears" would have understood, but she was two thousand miles from the habitat of the "Old Dears."

She wept softly as she thought of her friends in London. Dear Colonel Blitherly, so kind and helpful; "Boy" Allardyce, so romantic at sixty. "Boy" would have punched the head of the impudent Spaniard. "Pretty" Truesdale, Jack Hopper, Willy Lasseter and the rest.

She ate her lunch in her cabin. She told herself that she could never again face the captain's table. She would remain in her own quarters till the steamer reached Lagos.

After lunch she read a little. She felt strangely uneasy. The dream persisted.

It was a few minutes before three when the *Branscombe Prince* hooted loudly. Sylvia Maund rose and walked to the porthole. The steamer at half-speed was skirting a sandy shore, and as the eyes of Sylvil became accustomed to the fierce sunlight, she saw them! *Saw the seven palm trees of the dream!*

There they were on the bare promontory as she had seen them in her sleep. Leaning towards her as the shore wind swept over them. Like green welcoming hands. Protective, kind hands.

Sylvia Maund became a little hysterical as she stared at the trees. The *Branscombe Prince* was slowing down. There was the rattle of chains on the foredeck as the anchor slipped down into the blue waters. The steamer swung at the mouth of a tidal river.

Sylvia pressed the bell-button. Madly, wildly, holding her finger on the ivory tip till a steward and stewardess came running.

"I'm leaving the steamer!" she cried. "Leaving it now! Quick, quick! Help me to pack! One of you run and tell the baggage-master! My large trunks! Get them out at once!"

The steward tried to calm her. "Ma'am, there hisn't any tarn 'ere," he said. "We jest stop fur twenty minyets to drop a piece of machinery for a banana plantishun. You——"

"Go at once and tell the captain that I am leaving the ship!" cried Sylvia. "Don't stand there gaping at me! And you"—she turned on the woman—"put those things into my trunk. Hurry! Hurry!"

The steward raced along the corridor. He collided with the purser and sent that august personage sprawling.

"Mrs. Maund!" he yelled. "Leavin' the ship, sir!"

"What the devil's up with you?" cried the angry officer. "Who's leaving the ship?"

"Mrs. Maund in Number 35!" stammered the steward. "Says she, 'Run and tell the captain I'm gettin' orf,' she says! Got the stewardess scurryin' like mad gettin' her things boxed up!"

"Go and tell her she can't leave the steamer," said the purser. "There's no town here. No hotel, nothing but a few banana plantations."

"I told 'er there wus no tarn!" cried the steward. "She won't listen! You—you better tell 'er, sir. She might listen to you."

The purser swallowed the bait. He strode along the corridor to Number 35, thrust his head into a flurry of underwear and dresses and delivered himself, "You can't leave the ship here, Mrs. Maund!" he said sternly. "The moment we push this piece of machinery over the side we are off."

"I'm leaving the steamer if I have to jump overboard and swim!" cried Sylvia. "Tell your captain that nothing will keep me aboard! Get my trunks up, you idiot! Don't stand there telling me what I can or cannot do!"

The purser retreated. He climbed to the bridge and informed the captain. The captain snorted. "Tell her she can't!" he roared.

"I did," said the purser. "She won't listen to me." Then, using the same words as the steward, he added: "She might listen to you, sir."

Sylvia Maund was on the promenade deck when the captain descended from the bridge. The deck was in an uproar. The small luggage from Sylvia's cabin was around her, and a very red-faced and nervous baggage master was receiving a sharp tongue lashing for his inability to understand orders. Looking on were the first-class passengers, including the five that sat at the captain's table.

Sylvia Maund didn't see the passengers. She saw only the green shore half a mile distant, that and the rocking barge that had been rowed out by a dozen black rowers to receive the piece of machinery.

The captain approached and delivered himself in exactly the same manner as the purser. "Mrs. Maund," he said pompously, "you cannot leave the ship here. You——"

He got no further. Sylvia Maund—a strange, commanding Sylvia—turned upon him. He cowered under her words. She was going ashore, and neither he, purser, nor crew could prevent her. She placed a hand on the rail and made a movement that suggested a desire to leap into the barge that rocked fifty feet below the deck.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the captain. "We'll—we'll put you over in the *panier!* Wait!"

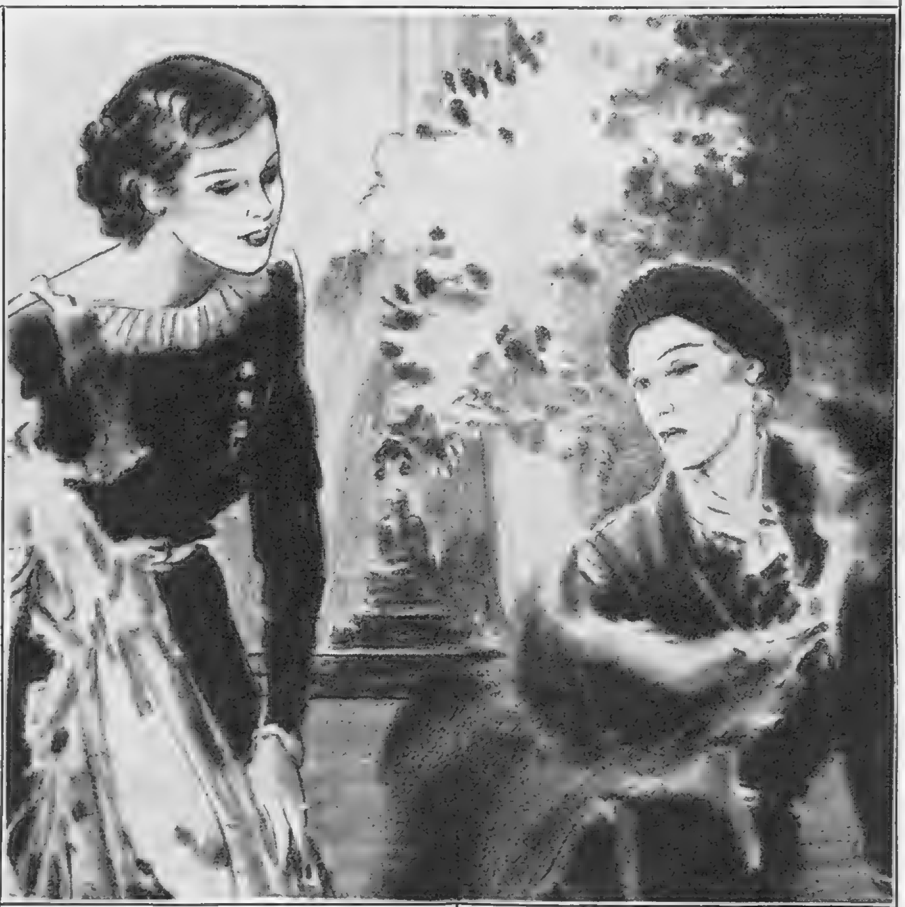
He asked counsel of the chief officer, who had stepped to his side. The chief looked at the determined face of Sylvia Maund and gave his opinion. "I'd let her go," he said slowly. "It's her business."

One by one the trunks went over the side into the barge. The landing cradle was hooked to a winch, Sylvia Maund stepped into it and was swung outwards and downwards. Not once did she look up at the line of heads that regarded her with mixed sentiments of amusement and wonder. Sylvia was looking at the shore.

The dozen nearly-nude natives drove their paddles into the water. They chanted a song that thrilled Sylvia Maund. The banks of the tidal river came closer. She heard the siren of the *Branscombe Prince* as the steamer swung out to sea from the anchorage.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Your complexion has been your fortune, Coral!



June had come to see Coral's trousseau—a very sumptuous one, for Coral was making a brilliant marriage.

" You *have* made a success of life," said June. " I wish *I* had ! "

" Oh, you will yet," said Coral.

" No," said June. " Nobody wants to marry a girl with a wretched skin like mine. You know, I've tried all sorts of things for it, but it's no use."

" Have you ever tried taking Eno every morning ? " asked Coral.

" Eno ? " said June. " But what's that got to do with a good complexion ? "

" An awful lot, really," said Coral. " Mother told me : ' If you want to keep your looks,' she said, ' look after yourself. Self-neglect has spoilt many a girl's chances. Be on the safe side—take Eno.' I've always admired mother's complexion—so I took her advice. And my skin *is* pretty nice, isn't it ? "

" Lovely ! " said June. But privately she thought : " I wonder if Eno would help me ! Supposing I tried it ! "

Well, to cut a long story short, she did. You never saw such a change in a girl ! For Eno gave June what she and so many women lack—cleanliness within. Gently and surely every day, Eno washed all impurities out of her system. Her skin, fed by pure blood, lost its ugly blemishes and grew clear and fresh. You can guess how much it's improved, because the Press will have an interesting announcement about her shortly under " Forthcoming Marriages."

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PRICE'S ART CANDLES

The native in charge of the barge regarded the trunks of Sylvia Maund. He regarded their owner. There was a swell here at the mouth of the river, and the barge rocked violently as it approached the opening. The river waters and the tide fought with each other and created an eddy that was dangerous.

The piled trunks caught the gusts of wind and swung the barge sideways. The natives yelled. Sylvia Maund slipped from her perch on one of the trunks. A huge wave running shoreward seized the opportunity given it by the wind. It cannoned against the barge and the clumsily built vessel went over.

Sylvia Maund, coming to the surface, had a fleeting vision of a young man racing along the bank of the river, then one of her rollicking trunks struck her spitefully on the back of her head and she lost consciousness. . . .

Sylvia came to her senses in a cool bedroom. She lay on a single bed, and she was wrapped in what she imagined to be a man's dressing-gown. Surely a man's garment. There came from it a faint odour of tobacco. Good tobacco.

She coughed to relieve a dryness in her throat, and the cough stirred a watcher in the corner of the room. A middle-aged negress moved out of the shadows and spoke. "Missus better now," she murmured, "lots better."

Sylvia Maund touched a bandage that swathed her head. "Where am I?" she asked.

"Mister Holland's place," answered the negress. "Mister Holland pull you outer water quick. Me call him."

She stepped to the door and shouted. Sylvia Maund wished that she had a compact and a mirror. She knew that she must look frightful after the dip in the muddy water of the river. She cried out to the negress to delay the entry of her master, but the order was too late. A young man in the late 'twenties had sprung into the room through the open window and approached the bed.

He was a fine-looking youngster. Tall and handsome, with a winning smile on his sun-tanned features.

"Hello," he cried cheerfully. "Better now? That's good. You got a whack on the head from one of your old trunks."

Sylvia Maund feebly tried to thank him, but he waved her thanks aside. "Nothing at all," he cried. "Sorry about your trunks. Couldn't save 'em. All gone."

Suddenly Sylvia Maund realised her position. She was here in this lonely spot in Africa without a dress except the one she was wearing at the time of the accident. She was without clothes of any description. All the thousand and one articles that she had bought with such infinite care had been taken from her!

The twelve dozen linen handkerchiefs with her initials embroidered upon them, the innumerable pairs of silk stockings, the scarves, the vanity bags, the fine selection of shoes, the toilet articles—powder, rouge, perfumes—all were lost. She was stripped of everything.

She began to cry as the full realisation of her position came to her. Her sobs went out into the silence of the room. Into the soft quiet that surrounded the house, the quiet of the tropics.

The young man tried to comfort her. Clumsily, playfully.

"You won't want much round here," he said. "Only one other woman for twenty miles. Just niggers."

"But—but I've lost everything!" sobbed Sylvia. "I'm—I'm absolutely ruined!"

"Friends?" he asked.

"I've—I've got no friends."

"What were you going to do here?"

"I—I don't know."

"Why did you get off the steamer?

"I—I had a dream," gasped Sylvia. "A strange dream. I—I saw seven palm trees and I—and I thought they were beckoning to me! When—when I saw them on the shore I—I got off!"

The young man rubbed his chin and regarded Sylvia Maund. He was a little puzzled

Sylvia wiped her eyes on the collar of the bath robe. "I—I must look a fright," she cried excitedly. "I know I must."

"No, you don't," he said slowly. "No, you don't at all. You look—you look the dead image of someone that I loved. Loved a lot."

"Who was she?" whispered Sylvia, her mind for an instant forgetful of the loss of her wardrobe.

"My grandmother," said the young man. He had turned his head now, thinking his glances might have annoyed his guest. Looking out of the window he went on slowly and quietly. "The moment I pulled you out of the water I saw the resemblance. It was wonderful. I—I for a moment thought you were grandmother. I told the negress as I carried you up here. I said: 'This lady is the dead ring of my granny.' That's what I said."

There was a great silence in the room. A tremendous silence. The young man was staring out of the window. He seemed to be considering something. Sylvia Maund lay without a movement. A strange paralysis clutched her. *His grandmother! . . . "Dead ring of my granny."* . . .

After an interval of minutes he spoke. "If you have no friends and no money, like you say, I can make you a proposition. I've got to have a housekeeper on this plantation. This negress is no good. She was all right for me, but you see my father is coming out to stay with me next month. He's alone now, mother having died sudden in June, and I'd like things to look spruce when he arrives. There is no work. The niggers do that. I'd pay you what you wanted, and I'd advance you some money to get some clothes down from Conakry by one of the coasting boats. What do you say."

Silence hung over the bed. A terrible silence. The young man glanced at the swathed head of Sylvia Maund. He was certain that she resembled his grandmother. Silently he thought that the resemblance would be pleasing to his father.

"It's not as lonely as you think" he said, not receiving an answer. "There's fishing and hunting. I've got a good gramophone, and when Dad comes out it'll be sort of friendly and all. Do you want time to think it over."

The faintest murmur came from the bed. He could hardly hear the whispered: "I'd like time to think."

"All right," he said, rising from his chair. "Roll it over through the night. I'd be awful pleased to have you here and so would dad. The negress will bring you in some broth now. Ask for anything you want. Cheerio."

PHANTOMS danced around the bed of Sylvia Maund during the night. Strange phantoms. They skipped over the couch, they climbed the wall, they danced across the ceiling. Lean miserable things that grinned at her. They were a little terrifying.

They were all what "Pretty" Truesdale called "Maundies." They concerned the London life of Sylvia. They represented episodes. Episodes that were not bad nor wicked, but just a little close to the line that divided the nice from the not nice.

They were all there with their tags on. Chaperonage, commissions, subterfuges, makeshifts. There was one dreadful thing labelled "52." It was her age! Around it danced a thousand imps. Imps that represented the lies that Sylvia had told regarding her age.

She covered her face to avoid seeing the phantoms, but they pursued her under the bedclothes. They were devilish. They harried her.

It was cose to the dawn before she found relief. She smiled softly as the annoying phantoms fled. She lay and watched the rose-coloured light in the east. The silence was soothing. A healing silence. It brought balm to her soul. . . .

When the negress brought breakfast Sylvia Maund said: "Will you tell Mr. Holland that I am pleased to accept his offer."

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THAT COLD
V131

Books

(Continued from page 55)

Voodoo Fire in Haiti (Jarrolds, 18s.) is by an Austrian, Herr Richard A. Loederer. In a manner reminiscent of *La Vie Parisienne,* he has written and illustrated a sensational, not to say luscious, account of native life in Haiti. The queer thing is that the harder the author works, the more I became aware of my armchair and my fire. I enjoyed Herr Loederer's company, but I did not feel that I had left home. Very different was my experience with *Abyssinia on the Eve* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), a book by Ladislas Farago, a journalist who was sent out by his newspaper last January to study the centre of the world's attention. Even the weekly papers find difficulty in keeping abreast of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, so that it is hopeless for me to make even a guess at the state of affairs which will have been reached by the time these lines are read. But the fact that Mr. Farago's volume has been reprinted three times within a month of its first appearance makes it safe to assume that it will still be finding readers.

It deserves to, for it is vivid yet temperate; thorough and lively at once. Perhaps the qualities of the book can best be shown by quotation, but where there is so much that is novel and interesting the choice is not easy. However, here is a sample: " The Italian Consulates are spread far into the interior of the country, where there are no Italian interests to be protected. Usually the Consuls are the only Italians in their districts. They have not to perform the usual consular duties. Their business is to know everything that happens in the country, and through their reports Italy knows the districts almost as well as the natives themselves. . . . I admired the courage and selflessness of the Italian Consuls. They do not take orders from the Consular Service, but from the General Staff of the Intelligence Service, and they are really condemned to death, for if there is a war they will inevitably be the first to fall before the fury of the natives. The Italian Government does not expect to be able to save these men, for a rescue-party could not reach them in less than two or four weeks, and in time of war they could not count on the Emperor's protection." By means of such little pictures, and they are numerous, the reader finds Abyssinia prepared for his imagination.

A Book *for* Photographers

WITH the rapid improvement of equipment and the development of technique, photography as an art has made tremendous strides during the past decade and, even though it may be only the discerning who notice the changes that take place from year to year, those changes none the less accumulate over a period of time into something very substantial. Indeed, one has but to compare the illustrations in *The Photography Year Book,* 1935 (Cosmopolitan Press. £1 1s.) with the work of five and ten years ago to gain an idea of the astonishing advances that have been made. This is an excellent volume and it is packed with pictures of every type which, by reason of their individual excellence, should not only serve as models both for the amateur and professional camera owner but provide ideas for the go-ahead advertiser in search of original methods of attracting interest to the products he has to offer.

Great photographers such as Edward J. Steichen, Horst, Professor Moholy-Nagy, Lejaren à Hiller, Shaw Wildman, Ralph Kunfalvi, Man Ray, and Paul Wolff, contribute to this outstanding work, which also includes some remarkable pictures from men and women who, the amateurs of to-day, will probably rank among the successful professionals in years to come.

The book contains more than 100 portraits of men and women; seventy of children; sixty-five of fashion and men's wear; forty-five of nudes; sixty of natural history subjects; fifty-five of sport and entertainment; and numerous examples of rural, mountain, and seaside scenery.

The Photography Year Book is divided into six sections: Main section—(pictorial and commercial photography) with 241 pages and 914 illustrations. Trick photography.—Seventeen pages of outstanding photographic work in this field, of which eighty-five examples are given. Scientific and " Spirit " Photography.—Thirty-seven photographs showing how the camera is aiding the cause of science. Applied Photography.—Fourteen pages demonstrating the use of photography for photomurals, postage stamps, photo-posters, packaging, magazine and newspaper covers, book jackets, showcards, and display pieces, etc., comprising ninety illustrations. Printed Salesmanship.—Forty-eight reproductions of photographic brochures, folders, catalogues, etc. The Camera in Advertising.—Thirty large-size photographic illustrations which have appeared in national advertising, and sixty-seven pages of reproductions of actual advertisements in which photography has been used, classified by industry.

Photographic Advertising Ltd. (for Strong & Co., Romsey, Ltd.)

ONE of the many excellent illustrations from "The Photography Year Book, 1935"

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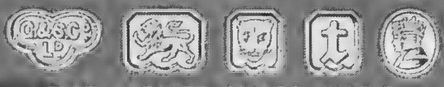
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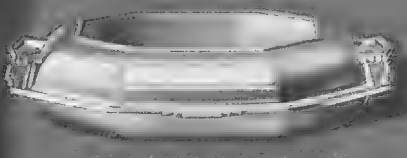
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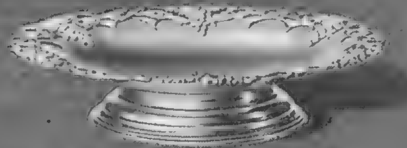
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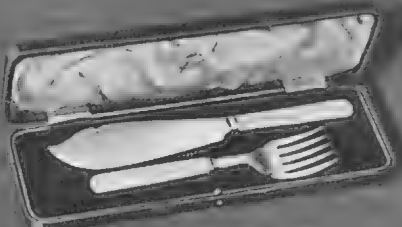
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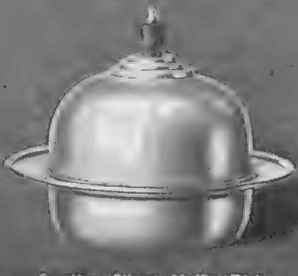
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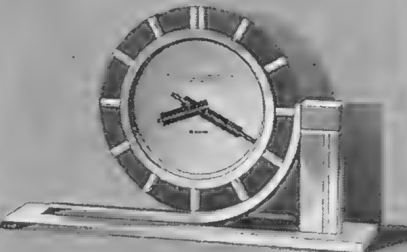
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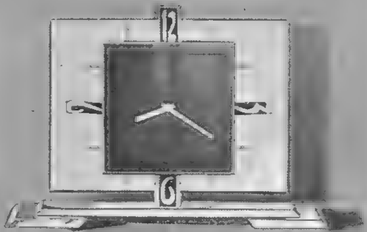
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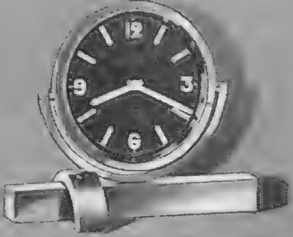
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Man's Challenge to Nature

(Continued from page 23)

But whether they derive from a creative process, as Millikan thinks, or are the result of a progressive atomic annihilation, as Sir James Jeans holds, remains a question. If Millikan is right, the universe is in course of construction; if Jeans is right, it is disintegrating. Thus the cosmic ray goes right down to the root of man's purpose on earth and his destiny here.

But he errs who thinks that such severely practical governments as those of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are financing stratosphere explorations in order to provide philosophers and physicists with material for interminable argument. There are more immediate and concrete aims. The patent processes of Nature's weather factory are to be inspected somewhere in those lofty unexplored regions of the stratosphere and the ionosphere. Up there, too, is hidden the key to the tremendous secret of sun-earth relations.

It is not surprising that man wants to find out all the secret processes of weather manufacture; for weather has dominated him all his time on earth. A list of major human plans which a change in the weather has thrown awry, thereby changing the course of history, would fill this magazine. It was an unexpected May storm which drove the first Spanish armada back to port and gave the British time to prepare; and another storm which finished off what was left of that fleet after its encounter with the British three months later. A fog, caused by cold air on ground and warm air above, enabled the American army, beaten in the battle of Long Island, to escape the Sedan planned for it by the British army and fleet—it slipped away to New York, and an American President instead of a British viceroy now presides at Washington. If the Dutch admiral had known the Zuyder Zee would freeze suddenly, and hard enough to sustain horsemen, he would not have left his fleet at anchor to be caught by the ice and captured by the French cavalry riding across it. If the British Admiralty had had forewarning of the gales of February, 1915, in the Dardanelles zone . . . if Earl Haig had been able to include in his Somme offensive calculations the factor of a weather change, bringing drenching rain . . . and so on, endlessly.

We now challenge Nature to catch us altogether off balance with weather changes. We have covered the whole earth with a network of agencies, on land, sea, and in the air, which constantly spy on the weather and report to central stations, which in turn exchange news flashes among themselves, enabling the key bureaux to issue from two to ten weather maps daily. This facilitates the operation of man's sea and air fleets.

We have also discovered that the earth's ceiling rises and falls, and its electrification weakens and strengthens, depending on the intensity of the sun's radiation, which in turn depends on whether the billion-miles-wide solar hurricanes we call sun-spots are few and scattered, or many and close; and we have found out how this affects radio reception, and why.

The new sun-spot cycle, which began in 1934, was expected, thanks to a record of the sun's behaviour which began when Galileo levelled the first telescope at that furnace, 93,000,000 miles off, in 1610. Astronomers, who hope ultimately to leave Nature without even a figleaf to cover her nakedness, have found that sun-spots have a rhythm of their own, and both they and the economists are beginning to surmise that sun-spot cycles are linked to earth affairs, and explain the recurrent phases of scarcity and plenty, and provide the clue to the riddle of the trade cycle (the short-term sun-spot cycle and the short-term trade cycle, both come out at eleven years).

As for the past in this general field, it is being forced to yield its secret (in which we may find the lead to the long-term cycles) by the patient scientists who are charting the weather cycle of the ages from the evidence of earth, rock, fossils, and those tree rings which have already enabled the variations in rainfall in certain parts of the world to be traced year by year over a period of more than ten centuries.

Men will not be content on this front until they have penetrated the last secret of weather manufacture and can chart it far ahead. At this point they will doubtless incubate a new ambition: to control the weather.

At some period, probably before men walked erect, Nature assembled in her huge subterranean plants carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur, and out of these raw materials, by pressure, temperature, and airlessness, she produced coal. Man subsequently got at it and used it to energise a family of his machines. Nature had also manufactured in the upper strata of the earth a dark inflammable liquid and kept it safely housed in the rock vats in which it had been made. Man got at that too and used it to energise a new family of machines, one group of which enabled him to fly.

But one of these days the oil reservoirs will be pumped dry and the coal dug out. Will Nature then have the last laugh? Probably not. There remain the winds, the tides, and the sun.

The wind vane is an old story, and the tide machine is not new. But the real tide and wind machines belong to the far future—they are too grandiose for this civilisation. Even a little tide machine in the Severn, proposed after the war by a Geddes committee, was waved away with a gasp. It would cost thirty millions.

In a hundred laboratories now scientists are studying the problem of harnessing the free energy of the sun, being fascinated and provoked by the discovery that every square yard of sunlit earth receives continuously the equivalent of one horse-power in the vibrations of the sun's rays, and that the sunlight sifting down on big cities carries energy enough to animate all the mechanisms of the metropolis.

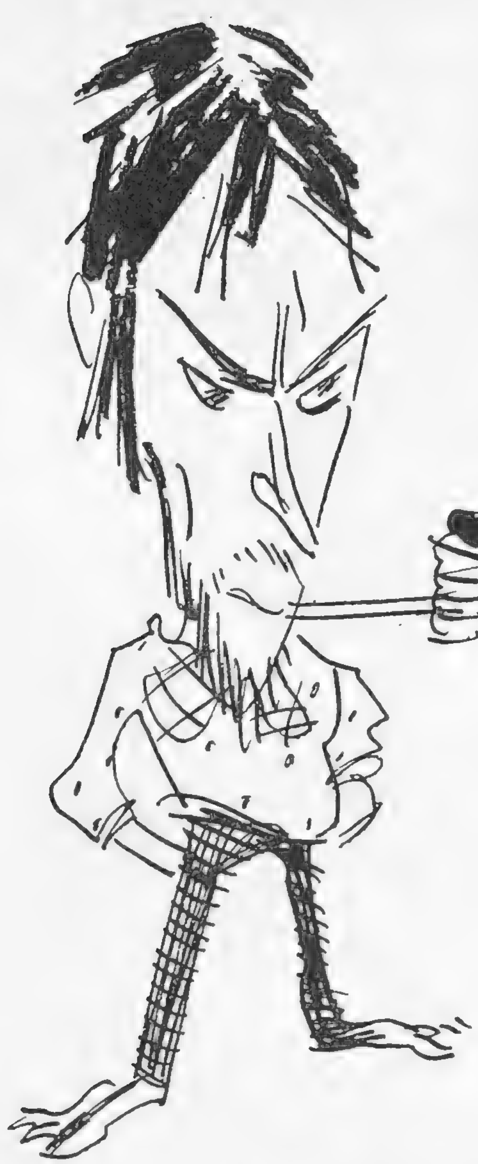
Sun engineers have already constructed solar furnaces which, using only the energy of the sun's rays, have cooked for a family, operated a large kitchen and bath services, and pumped water. An enterprising Soviet government is now building a big solar power plant of 30,000 kilowatts capacity to generate steam, the steam to be used to drive dynamos. In the end, the sun engineers will cut out the intermediate steam and dynamos, and get the sun's electricity direct by way of the electro-voltaic cell, which soaks up sunlight and converts part of it into current.

Research department men have already obtained one watt from a square metre of the cell discs. This represents an efficiency of one-tenth of one per cent. But—the first dynamo was a toy, the first radio signal was barely perceptible, and the first airplane flight lasted only seconds. All the solar apparatus and machines will indubitably grow and develop as fuel resources diminish, and men find they must challenge Nature anew and conquer, or retire back to the cave and tree life from which they emerged to build the life and world we know.

Although men started diving operations with animal skins tied over their heads 2,000 years ago, it is a remarkable fact that up to 1930 men had not managed to get beyond a few hundred feet below the surface of the seas which cover three-quarters of the globe. Then Otis Barton constructed his bathysphere of inch-and-a-half steel with three-inch quartz windows, and, starting with a dive of 1,400 feet in 1930, with his friend, Dr. William Beebe, was dangling three years later in his steel ball at the end of a half-mile cable.

Now a new assault is under way, backed by a Rockefeller gift of £500,000. All the oceanographic agencies are co-operating in a long-distance effort to strip the last veil from the cycle of events that takes place in the sea.

(Continued on page 106)



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They know that animal life in the sea is based on plant life—big fishes prey on smaller fishes, until the beginning of the chain is reached in the non-carnivorous little fish that feed on the pasturages of the ocean, crops like the diatom crop which is estimated to yield 5½ tons annually beneath each acre of the little English Channel alone, and without which the smaller fish would starve, carrying the famine right up the chain to the largest sea creatures.

They know that ocean circulation is vertical as well as horizontal, descending currents enabling life to sustain itself below the topmost layers by carrying air down deep, while the great horizontal circulations provide transport lines along which food supplies come to the fish, and down which the fish travel on those migrations which disperse the various species through the seas.

But among the things they have yet to find out is how Nature maintains the alkalinity of the sea everywhere within the narrow range within which the protoplasm, which is the basis of the sea creature's life, can live.

Men will not stop worrying at the sea until they know as much about it and its life as they do about the soil and its life; and when they know the last thing, they will seek to control sea life at least as effectively as on land they control their supplies of meat and farm produce.

How does the human thinking machine work? Why does man need sleep—and what is sleep? Just how does a seed develop into the marvellous self-reproducing mature organism of a human being? And once the process has begun, what controls the rate and pattern of growth? What is the ultimate secret of the miracle of life creation? And why must man die, anyway?

Somewhere in Nature's bosom these secrets reside. The number of skilled warriors sapping and mining to reach them continually increases. Their methods constantly improve. They now challenge Nature to kill men in masses, as she used to, with such diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, malaria, diphtheria, typhoid, and tuberculosis; and they are fighting to diminish cancer, the common cold, which causes 90 per cent. of child mortality, rheumatism, which annually loses insured workers in Britain alone 5½ million weeks of work and £12 millions in wages, and the "flu" germ, which, in an epidemic, kills in a few weeks as many people as the great war killed soldiers in a year.

They can repair worn or damaged human organisms with gland transplants and chemical injections, and infuse new life by a blood transfusion. To-morrow, they may be able to transplant bones, stomachs, hearts. Further on, the chemical formula for the substance which kills germs in healthy blood will be found, and then every individual can have a full-life expectancy.

But the conquest of the micro-organisms which carry off the majority of men before their time will not, one may be sure, end man's challenge to Nature. That great victory will only spur him on to the ultimate challenge—to the conquest of death itself, and the creation of life.

END

Compound Wall

(*Continued from page* 45)

with an extensive letter of credit and only a briefcase for luggage.

"You should have seen the swarm of newspaper men that came on the *Empress*," he told Joan, amber flecks dancing in his eyes. "They'd heard about the briefcase—"

He looked on life as she did—a glorious game to be played with a bit of a flourish.

He lingered in the old Manchu capital, and they rode daily together, scouring the narrow *hut'ungs*, the great crowded marts, and the dusty plain outside the Tartar Wall for all that was strange. Joan found in him all she had missed in Ken, but when the inevitable happened, when he urged her toward divorce and remarriage, she waited a little. She wanted to be very sure—this time.

Yesterday she told Ken. Yesterday—sitting behind the silver teapot under the gay stripes of the canvas umbrella in the bright September sunshine of the Peking garden.

Ken, in flannels, stood with a map in his brown hands, towering above the green lacquer of pomegranate leaves. Joan knew, by the way he scanned the map, that he was planning a trip of some kind.

"I have to go up toward Jehol to-morrow—to get General Li's *chop* on an oil contract. He's going to be our next war lord, and I hear he's already moving down with his troops. I know Li will sign because my father once did him a kindness. And while I'm away," he lowered the map to look at her, "I wish you'd stay inside the city. These jaunts of yours on horseback aren't too safe."

"Safe?" Joan tossed an embroidered scrap of napkin to the tea-table. "I'm through playing safe! Staying continually behind this wall——"

"You haven't stayed here much lately. Every time I come home I find you off with Barney Pryde."

"We like the same things. He and I are companions."

"And what are you and I?"

"A man and a woman who've made a mistake."

He eyed her sombrely. "I've made a mistake in letting this fellow hang around and yap about adventure. He can go out and get his ears sliced off for all I care. But not you. I—like your ears, Joan."

She saw him watching her, waiting for her to laugh. Her anger mounted in a great surge. He usually tricked her with his whimsical humour, but he wouldn't this time. "You're being ridiculous. And I have something to tell you. Ken, I want a divorce."

The map dropped from his hands. He took a step toward her. "To marry this playboy?" She could see the blue powder splash above one dark eyebrow where a Tibetan bullet had once narrowly missed his life.

"He's not a playboy. But—yes!"

"So you can have adventures together, I suppose—and fun?" How he accented the word. "Let me tell you something, Joan. Adventure is a damn serious business when you're in it."

"It would be for you," she flung out scornfully.

"This isn't America. No rules hold out here, you know. The only way to come safely through——"

"Look before you leap," she mocked. "Take a lot of tiresome precautions. I sometimes wonder if you're afraid, Ken."

"Afraid? Of what?"

She could not tell whether she had pricked him or not. Her arm, in yellow linen, flung in a wide sweep. "Of everything that makes life worth while."

"I have my own idea of what makes life worth while," he said slowly and somehow grimly. "I won't give you a divorce. I picked you for myself."

He was like granite. Joan made no headway. But he did not leave for Jehol as he had planned. And Joan met Barney at the Water Gate—was it only this afternoon?—and they rode out toward the Summer Palace. It was almost as though Ken had wished the kidnapping on them—to prove his warning right. But he wouldn't be happy about it. He was still her husband—and he certainly wasn't a cripple. She knew, as she watched dawn form grey slits high up in the black walls of their prison, that she had made a foolish comparison because it was night, and she was tired. With the coming of day she felt an upsurge of spirit. She jumped to her feet and walked quickly up and down to relieve the stiffness of her body. Adventure, new and strange, lay before her.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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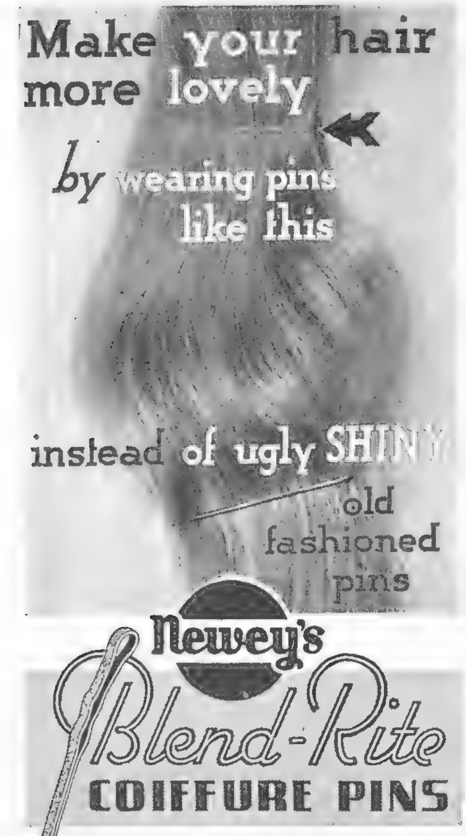
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She roused Barney gaily. "After breakfast I shall complain to the management about the sheets."

SIX dragging, uncomfortable days later, she was still able to joke about their accommodation, but it required more effort. Her riding breeches and coat were wrinkled, her face and hands were not too clean. She and Barney used the same water, fresh once each day, to rinse their hands and faces. Her boots pinched when she drew them on in the mornings. She had a chafed heel where one stocking had worn through. She was thin; she lived mostly on hot tea.

Barney ate heartily of the brown rice and long noodles. His tailored clothes resembled left-overs from a rummage sale, and he had a brownish-red growth of beard unlike the gold of his hair. But no physical inconvenience dimmed the gay pennon of his courage.

During daylight hours, they were allowed outside in their own courtyard where the giant and his family occupied a low building that formed an ell with the decayed splendour of their own. Occasionally the barred gate was open which led into the great outer enclosure, but the rear compound of the Tiger's domain was always closed.

Joan made friends with the giant's young wife, who brought a yellow cherub of two birthdays to lie on a mat in the bright sunshine. It did not need the mother's "*Yo-ping*" to tell Joan that the child was ill. When she saw a whitish blister on the baby's plump leg, she recognised infection.

To Joan's suggestion of treatment the woman was shrilly averse, but the father had more faith in foreign ways. He heated water on an open charcoal stove and accepted the torn-out sleeve of Joan's white riding shirt to make a pad as nearly sterile as boiling water alone could accomplish. While Joan bound the leg and gave directions about keeping the pad wet, the mother went into her house and returned with a handful of firecrackers.

"She's not taking any chances," Joan told Barney. "She's going to scare the evil spirits away."

The father brought a red balloon, trying to rouse the child from drowsiness. When the black eyes in the plump little face showed momentary interest, the mother darted to their doorway and fetched a small bottle and box. The giant knelt beside the sick baby and uttered a cajoling "*K'an'-i-k'an*—look, see." Dropping bits of zinc from the box into the bottle of acid, he allowed the gas which formed to swell the balloon to monster size.

"Imagine these old, old races knowing crude chemistry," said Barney.

Joan was intent on the disappointment in the stolid native's face as the baby's eyes closed again.

He had bought the magic fluid and the balloon at a wayside fair, he told Joan, and even they had failed to interest. His son must be very ill.

"Your son will be better soon," she told him, and sat down on a grass-tufted marble step beside Barney.

"I'm worried, Barney," she said. "We should have heard from Peking by now. Surely the Legation wouldn't delay——"

"The Legation is probably following my instructions. Do you—remember that last line I added?"

"When you tried to give our location?"

"It wasn't exactly that." His eyes were those of a roguish boy who knows he will be forgiven. "I told them to stall a bit."

Joan stared. "To stall?"

"We didn't want our big adventure spoiled before it got started, darling. But now that we've seen it all, I'll write them to send the money on."

Joan looked into the smiling bearded face. And she had suspected him of acting—like herself. She had thought his gay nonsense assumed to keep up her flagging spirits, to present a proud front to their captors. Every bone in her body ached from contact with hard stone. She was grimy and untidy and dishevelled. But Barney didn't mind. He was as indifferent to bodily discomforts as he was to the presence of danger, which Joan felt coiling about them like a slowly tightening rope.

And his note! Joan heard the buzz on the club veranda over the bridge tables. "Bit of a cad, this fellow Pryde. D'you suppose he intends to marry her?" or "Lacey can't take her back after this." She didn't mind gossip, but this sort of thing——

Cool, grey eyes turned to blue fire. "You would never have written *that*—if I had known," she said.

"I was only burning a bridge for you," he said cajolingly. "You're going to be my wife, Joan."

"How! When? We may never get out of here—now."

"Of course we'll get out." He put an arm around her stiff shoulders. "You don't know what a lucky guy I am. Everything always comes right for me. But because you're cross, I'll write another note. Right now. Hi!"

The giant paid no attention to his call. He was plodding toward the outer court, where a thunderous knocking could be heard at the great red gate. It was mid-afternoon, hours later, before he returned bearing a significant message. Ying, the Tiger, commanded their presence—at once.

He marshalled them into the rear court, along a flagged path between pine trees knee-deep in yellow-leafed underbrush. When they passed under the padded hanging into Ying's chamber of state and Joan saw the crowd of armed bandits ranged around the walls, her fingers grew stiff within Barney's.

The great hall was crowded with loot, but it was only in after years that Joan recalled the teakwood tables jostling foreign sofas of imitation leather, the stately celadon vase by the side of the nickel-plated alarm clock. Her gaze centred on Ying, who sat at the far end of the big room in a red plush chair, his small booted feet on a silken rug of Imperial yellow.

Barney's voice, easy and assured, scattered words into the brooding silence which greeted them. "If you're worrying about your ransom, Captain Kidd, I'll write again to-day." They were puny words. Futile words. Joan knew. They were as valueless as grains of millet tossed against the black omen of approaching storm.

The Tiger rose and advanced. He broke the silence with a sharp command, and a knot of brigands sprang forward and dragged Barney from her side. The giant gripped Joan's arm. Fear contracted her throat. She tried to scream, but merely gasped. She heard a soft, ominous swishing in the tight circle of which Barney and Ying were the centre; a moan, horrible and indescribable. The ring parted a little. Barney, trussed like a fowl, lay palely on the stone floor. Blood ran from his crushed lips.

Fear, with a definite outline before it, became articulate. Joan's scream broke through. She wrenched forward, caught the Tiger's uplifted arm with the stave in its grasp. "*Ko-la!*" she gasped. "Enough! I will write. I promise you, the money will come."

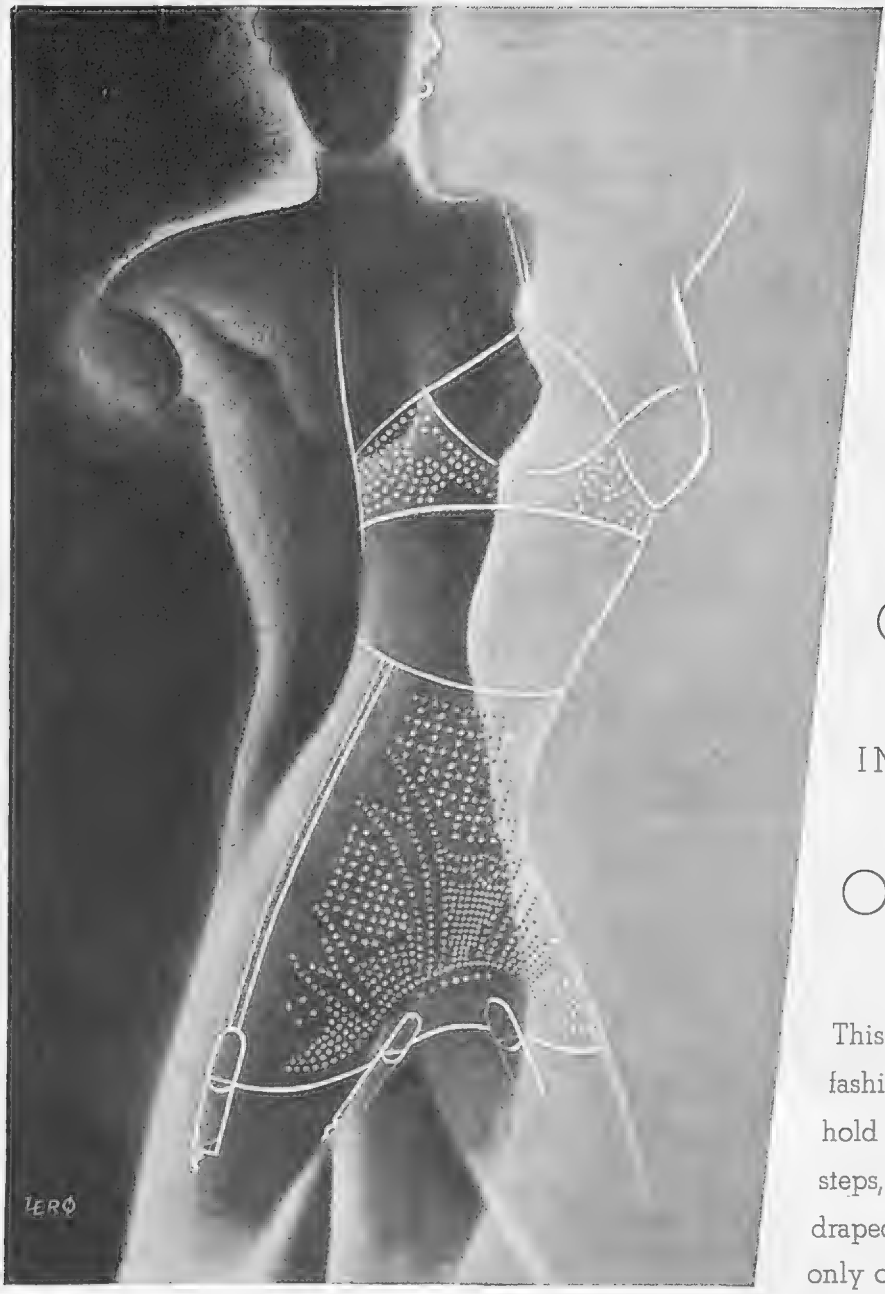
He looked down at her hand on his grey cotton sleeve. He appeared to consider. "So be it," he said in Chinese. "My patience shall endure a little longer. The lady has pretty fingers. The female missionary had ugly, crooked ones."

So it had been Ying. Joan felt a sharp wave of nausea. With fingers that trembled she took the grubby paper and ornate fountain pen he tendered her and scrawled a brief, urgent note—to Ken. He would not fail her if she appealed to him. He would have no delusions as to their safety. Safe! The word mocked, a jeering echo that flung back the memory of a grey-walled compound where sun slanted on pomegranate leaves.

Joan held Barney's arm as their jailer marshalled them back to their quarters. "I never thought they'd dare," he mumbled from swelling lips.

Again in the familiar courtyard, Joan saw the giant's wife slithering toward them. Prostrating herself

(*Continued on page* 110)



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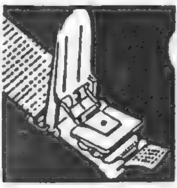

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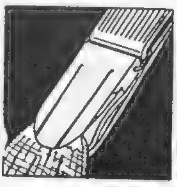

Nuvo Sanitary Belt

in a *k'otow*, she chanted, "Our miserable son improves. The heat fades from his blood." Even the giant dipped a knee in deferential salute as his stolid face lit up. Joan felt something pushed into her fingers and, looking down, perceived that the woman had made her a present of a cluster of firecrackers.

The native motioned them up the marble steps. To-day he must lock them inside. It was not his wish—but the great Ying was a Tiger——

Barney dropped upon an arc of the altar, felt for a cigarette and, when he could find none, swore.

"You couldn't have smoked anyway," she tried to console him. "Your lips——"

"When that big oaf comes with food this evening, I'll slug him with a hunk of wood, and we'll try to get away."

"We'd better wait. I—sent this note to Ken."

Joan smiled in tribute to the queer balance of events. Barney was staring at her in the same way she had stared at him when he explained *his* note.

"Ken?"

"When he starts, he finishes," she said with sudden sharpness.

"And I suppose," Barney mumbled, "you told him exactly where to find us."

"I—I was so upset, I—forgot."

Waiting for reproaches, she heard him laugh. "I'm glad you're not one of those efficient females, darling. Maybe Ken will send a squad of Marines with copper cash strung on their bayonets."

"What's that?" Joan clutched his arm as a deep, steady drone came from overhead.

"An airplane!" Barney jumped to his feet, both lifting their gaze to the only light in the room, the narrow vents near the ceiling. "Someone," he said "is looking for us."

Joan's heart beat quickly, but she was afraid to hope. "It may be only Chinese soldiers."

The throb of the plane receded, then came again. Someone was flying, not too hastily, over this ancient valley.

"No one could pick out our location with a dozen old tombs scattered around here," said Joan. "If we only had some way to signal——"

They waited tensely during the hours while dusk gathered, listening, hoping, for the sound of the plane. But it did not come again. Finally, they heard the rattle of bolts which announced the coming of the evening rice.

The giant bore no food. He addressed Joan in an urgent flood of words, his stolid calm broken up.

"He says," Joan told Barney breathlessly, "that Ying is alarmed by the airplane. That he's planning to take us away, or— or——"

"Or what?"

"He doesn't explain. He only says, 'The tiger has become a wolf.' And, because we saved his first-born, the door is now wide. Ying isn't ready yet—we have a little time while everyone is in the outer court. We can hide in the brush in the rear court, and he'll bring some horses outside the wall."

They hurried down the marble steps into a windy dimness that promised a moon. "Careful—don't fall." They reached the bottom. Barney's fingers tightened on her arm. "Listen!" The quick patter of heeled boots was coming close.

They fled into the gloom before the giant's quarters only one moment before a shadowy figure came through the gate. Joan's breath came in little noiseless gasps as the Tiger paused at the foot of the marble steps. She clutched for support at the post against which she crouched and her fingers touched something thin and soft and taut. Looking up, she saw the obscure outline of a ball. The child's balloon was tugging bloatedly at its string in the rising breeze of the night.

As Ying started up the steps, Joan broke the string and fumbled in the pocket of her riding coat. "Quick!" she whispered, "A match! Our signal—I'm going to tie the firecrackers the woman gave me to the balloon."

As the Tiger passed inside, Barney lit the fuse, and she tossed the ball into the air. A sharp puff of wind swooped down. The balloon lifted, soared. Fanned by the breeze a spark caught the gas-filled rubber and it burst into a vivid beacon of flame.

"Run!" cried Barney. "They'll be on us in a minute."

Thorns caught at their clothes and hands as they stumbled into the thicket of the rear court. They fell over stones and great lumps of sod. Crouching, they waited while voices, shrill and clamorous, beat upon the walls. In spite of the thudding of her heart, a strange quiet descended upon Joan, as though she were facing that which she had long foreseen. Implacable, inevitable, were those minutes of straining ears and clenched fingers and tautened nerves.

"He'll never bring the horses now," she said.

"Sh! They're coming." Louder voices, the patter of feet, the swish of poles beating the surrounding brush.

Afterward, out of that endless passage of time, only the dried leaf remained clearly in her memory. Scratching against her cheek, it seemed to come between her and Barney, cutting an outline of the past, sharp like a silhouette. Herself, dozing in a long wicker chair in the afternoon heat of the garden; Ken, rousing her with the light stroke of a pomegranate leaf against her cheek. A leaf that was glossy—and green. Alive. Not dead. No threat of death then. This terrible intimacy of death in which she and Barney were wrapped. . . .

A sound like the popping of giant crackers broke upon her ears. Barney jumped to his feet, dragging her with him. "Rifle shots!" he said hoarsely. "Something has happened."

The beating of bamboo poles had ceased. The bandits were running. Big gates were slamming. Near at hand, Joan heard a clear, steady voice calling in terse commands of the vernacular.

"Ken!" she cried. "It's Ken!" She ran ahead of Barney into the open, almost into her husband's arms.

"Joan!" His fingers dug into her shoulders. "It's you? You're all right?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Where's Pryde?"

"Here." Barney was behind her.

Ken's arms dropped to his side. He turned and called to the black mass which was surging over the outer walls, "The *waikuojen* are found! Go ahead."

"A bunch of troops General Li gave me," he explained.

"They mustn't harm the giant and his family." Joan gave brief particulars.

"Wait!" shouted Ken, and issued orders to the young Chinese captain in charge.

The officer bowed. "A friend is sacred, even among bandit vermin," he assured them, and gave sharp commands to his troops. The brightening moonlight glinted on bayonets and rifle barrels moving swiftly forward, on a machine gun being set up before barricaded gates.

Joan could not distinguish Ken's features, but she could hear the tautness in his voice when he spoke. "I tried to get the ransom off at once," he said, "but had difficulty because Peking is in turmoil now with Li's troops camped outside the West Gate. Moreover, the Legation took your note as meaning that you had your escape all planned and only wrote to throw dust in the *redbeard's* eyes.

"But when the messenger slipped out of the city without the money, I knew you were in real danger, and I had to act at once. General Li got word through his system of underground information that you were somewhere in this valley. He let me have one of his planes—and I flew up this afternoon. At the same time, a detachment of his troops was stealthily entering the valley.

"I intended to clean out all the tombs to-night—but didn't know where to start. When your flare went up"—he addressed Barney—"we were barely a half-mile away. It was invaluable.

(*Continued on page 112*)

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It almost makes up for the half-baked note you wrote."

"The signal wasn't planned," said Barney, facing Ken directly. "It was just my usual luck. But I did plan the note—and I take all responsibility for it. You understand, Lacey, that Joan is going to be my wife?"

Joan could see Ken's face more clearly now. It looked white and tired in the moonlight. And although she couldn't see the expression of his eyes, she knew they were upon her.

"I wanted to make you happy, Joan," he said, his voice dry and harsh, "but I failed—all along the line. If this man can do it——" He stopped suddenly as though something rasped his throat.

Rat-tat-tat came the machine gun. *Rat-tat-tat*. . . . Groans and shrill Chinese voices. . . . Men were dying behind those walls . . . Joan's lips were seared as by a hot wind. It was difficult to speak. "Ken——" she began.

Barney interrupted, his arm falling easily around her shoulders. "Tell him, darling, that we're going to take the high roads together."

She laughed, a bit hysterically. "Are—you still talking about them?"

"You're unnerved for the moment," he explained. "You'll soon forget this bad hour and be ready for something else."

She looked up at Barney's bright head, proud in the moonlight. He was like the men who started gaily across the Atlantic in faulty planes against unfavourable winds. Only when luck rode with them did they come through. More often they were never heard of again. The men who succeeded were those who understood the chances they took, and used every precaution to insure safe landings. Practical adventurers. Men who referred to their exploits as only a part of the day's work. Men like Lindbergh. Like—Ken!

"Barney," she said, and there was sweetness in her voice, but no sadness, no regret. "You'll always find some woman to take a high road with you. But this one, on which you and I started, didn't end right. You see—I found out—back there when the dead leaf touched my cheek—that there is only one man by whose side I'm willing to face death. That's Ken. I—want him."

She took two steps forward and Ken's hands met hers. They were big and hard and strong, and they held her small ones tight. He hurt her a little, but she didn't mind. "I understand," she whispered, "a lot of things—that I never understood before. You put my safety before yours because you loved me—not because you wanted to wall me in. The wall around our compound is lovely. And safe—and a beautiful—shade of grey."

Tears blurred across the corners of her lips as he held her close against his heart. "I have you again," he said in an unsteady roughened voice. "Nothing else matters. And—whatever you want in high roads, Joan—we'll get us one or two."

END

The Finer Points *of* Food Etiquette

(*Continued from page* 41)

down the middle of the back from head to tail, using a strong pointed knife. A lobster pick is placed for each guest, who uses it to remove the flesh from the claws.

Potato chips are sometimes difficult to manage with a fork, and there is no reason why they should not be picked up by the fingers. At a cocktail party they are always eaten this way.

Unusual vegetables, such as globe artichokes, aubergines and peppers figure largely on smart dinner tables. To many, they are an unknown quantity.

When eating the globe artichoke, you use your fingers to detach the tiny leaves one at a time. The tips of these are dipped into the accompanying vinaigrette sauce and sucked, then the leaves are discarded neatly on the edge of the plate.

Aubergines and peppers may be cooked and served in a variety of ways, and practically in every case they are eaten with a fork only.

Seagulls' eggs are peeled and eaten with the fingers. Asparagus, when served as a separate course, is eaten with the fingers, the ends being dipped into melted butter and then sucked. When served as a vegetable with the entrée it is eaten with knife and fork. It is a good rule to remember that a knife should never be used unless the food requires cutting.

Corn on the Cob, an American dish which is becoming increasingly popular, is generally served as a separate course after the meat. It also makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

When cooked, the cobs are wrapped in a folded napkin and placed on a hot dish, allowing one cob for each person.

Spread plenty of butter along one row of grains, season with salt and pepper, then take in the fingers and nibble from end to end of the cob. Butter the next row, and eat the same way. A thoughtful hostess will, of course, provide finger-bowls.

Celery is served in a celery glass, two-thirds filled with cold water, or in a flat celery dish on a bed of cracked ice.

It should be cut into lengths suitable for holding in the fingers.

A fruit knife and fork are used for the larger varieties of dessert fruits. Pears, apples, peaches, nectarines, green figs, etc., are quartered with the knife and fork, then cut into small pieces and peeled, and eaten with the dessert fork. Grapes, like cherries, are eaten in the fingers. Stones are discarded on the edge of the dessert plate.

Bananas are spiked on the end of the fork in the left hand and are peeled downwards, although some people prefer the fingers for actually stripping the skin. The fruit is then laid on the dessert plate, freed from the skin, sliced into round sections with the fork only, and eaten as it is cut.

Oranges are a little more difficult, and for this reason many people avoid them. By cutting the orange in half and steadying it on the plate with the fingers in the left hand, it is easily manipulated. The flesh should then be loosened round the edge and quartered in the same way as a grape-fruit, using the knife and fingers. It is then scooped out of the orange shell on to the plate, when it can be tidily eaten with the fork.

Some hostesses, however, anticipating difficulties, halve the oranges beforehand and serve them with a spoon instead of the usual knife and fork.

END

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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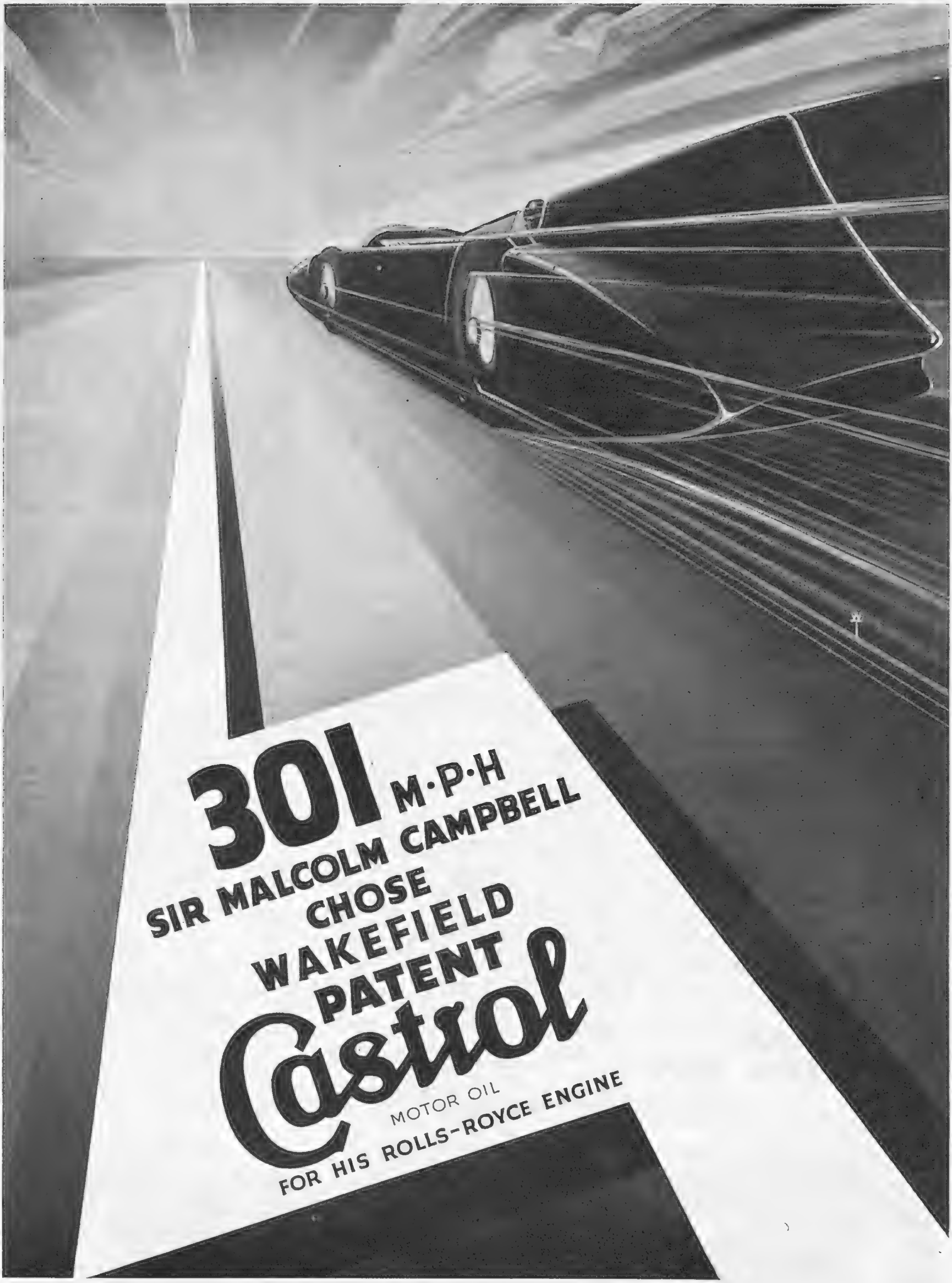
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Then Came the Dawn at Willie's

(*Continued from page 27*)

It was a jig-saw puzzle into which Mary Fox couldn't fit.

But the next day at lunch, sitting across from Mrs. Krause, Denny was silent and thoughtful. There were people who hadn't met Denny before . . . important people . . . and Mrs. Krause wanted Denny to be entertaining. "Whatever are you thinking about, Denny ?" she asked at last.

Everyone at the table looked expectantly at Denny. They had heard so much about this mad and amusing person Enid had annexed. "About a girl who's crazy about a guy. Really loves him, I mean," Denny explained solemnly. "A girl who doesn't even want to get over it."

The people who had just met Denny laughed uncertainly. They weren't sure but that it might be a sample of the man's peculiar and famous wit. But Denny didn't laugh. He didn't seem to remember they were there. "You know, Enid, I'd like to make just one more picture. Just one."

If any of Denny's old cronies had been present they would have found in that brief admission all the nostalgia that had filled Denny's heart during his three years of voluntary banishment. Mrs. Krause shook her head, smiling as at a fanciful child. "But we're sailing in three days. You couldn't possibly."

Denny sat glowering. If it were only as simple as that, but there was no point in his explaining that his chances for making a picture in Hollywood were thinner than the lock of hair brushed so sleekly over the shining pink skull of the old party prominent in banking circles in whose honour Mrs. Krause was giving the luncheon.

Then suddenly Denny banged a fist on the table so hard that everyone jumped. "Solly Weisenstein," he shouted exultantly. . . . "Solly Weisenstein !"

And before anyone knew what had happened Denny was gone, still repeating the name "Solly Weisenstein" as if it were a magic formula. Mrs. Krause turned to her bewildered guests murmuring inadequate apologies.

IN his spacious and richly furnished offices sat Solly Weisenstein, a very busy and sorely troubled man. The churches were clamouring for clean pictures. There had been meetings, and two of the super productions, on which the studio of which Mr. Weisenstein was president had pinned its highest hopes, had come under the ban. At lunch Mr. Weisenstein had deviated from the rigid diet insisted on by his physician. He had a dozen appointments to keep, not one of them pleasant, and he had just been informed that his youngest daughter had established a residence in Reno. So it added little to Mr. Weisenstein's happiness to be told by a harassed-looking secretary that one Dennis Fitzgerald was in the outer sanctum proclaiming to the high heavens his unshakable determination to see Mr. Weisenstein.

Mr. Weisenstein tossed the sheaf of discouraging statistics he had been studying into the air.

"On such a day as this," he groaned, "that drunken loafer should come bellowing at my door ! Tell him for me that five years ago I passed a law saying that never again should Denny Fitzgerald set as much as one of his feet on Invincible property. Tell him that as long as there is an inch of Invincible property left, or a stick or stone of Invincible Studio standing, for him, Denny Fitzgerald, there still holds such a law. Then say to him 'Daphne's Dilemma' ! 'Daphne's Dilemma' ! 'Daphne's Dilemma' !"

Solly Weisenstein's little niece, Ruthie, had written "Daphne's Dilemma" when she was but seventeen. "She's a genius," Solly had beamed, and he decided to make "Daphne's Dilemma" a super special, with Dennis Fitzgerald directing and with Ruthie sitting on the set to offer special suggestions.

The super special had been in production a little more than a week when Denny announced to all within hearing distance that "Daphne's Dilemma" was the "most awful tripe" it had ever been his misfortune to be connected with; and the next thing Mr. Weisenstein, Ruthie, and Invincible Productions heard of their ace director he was on the high seas Honolulu bound. All over the country "Daphne's Dilemma" when released set a new box-office low for Invincible pictures . . . for which Denny was held responsible.

It was too much to expect that Mr. Weisenstein had forgiven and forgotten . . . yet here was Denny Fitzgerald pushing his secretary aside and embracing the little old man as if he were a long-lost father and the fatted calf was done to a beautiful turn.

"Solly, I've got an idea," Denny burst out. "A beautiful idea ! You'll be crazy about it !"

Stonily Mr. Weisenstein regarded his erstwhile favourite. "If you have an idea, Denny Fitzgerald, I guess you know maybe what you can do with it. I have a chief of police six and a half feet high to handle such people like you, so get out of my office before I have you thrown out !"

But Denny wasn't listening. He pushed Mr. Weisenstein down in his chair. "I come to you, Solly, because you know what I always said. 'Solly Weisenstein is the swellest little guy in the business.' Even when you passed that law against me and wouldn't as much as speak to me I never said anything else."

There had been a time when Solly Weisenstein had loved Denny like a son. Denny had started his career on the Invincible lot. But Mr. Weisenstein had determined not to weaken. "Did you ever hear of a picture called 'Daphne's Dilemma' ? " Then with shame bow your head, Mr. Denny Fitzgerald, and take yourself out of my office !"

"Let's remember 'Miss Rosie Jones,' instead," Denny grinned.

Mr. Weisenstein softened almost imperceptibly. He liked to remember "Miss Rosie Jones." "Miss Rosie Jones" had been made by Denny at his zenith. The picture had grossed almost two million dollars.

Mr. Weisenstein sighed. "Ach . . . 'Rosie Jones' . . . that was a beautiful picture, Denny. A picture to tear the heart out. And it was clean ! Clean all the way through ! But you'll never make for me another 'Rosie Jones.' You've been a bad boy. Nobody is going to take chances on you. You've had too many already. And what do people get when they depend on you ? A kick when they ain't looking ! If it's money you want I'll give you a little, even if business is so bad, because of 'Rosie Jones.' "

Denny's bright blue eyes met the shrewd little shoe buttons through which Mr. Weisenstein gazed at the world. "You'll take a chance on me, Solly, because you're not only a swell little guy but you're a smart little guy. I've got a grand idea !"

Mr. Weisenstein pressed his palms to his aching temples. "That the day should come when I should listen to you again, Denny Fitzgerald. The man does not live who can twice make a fool out of Solly Weisenstein. So you say you've got a story ?"

Denny nodded.

"Well, let's have it. Let's have it. I'm a busy man."

"Well, it's about a girl who loves a guy . . ." And at that point Denny paused.

"Go on," urged Mr. Weisenstein suspiciously. "Such an idea I never heard before in my twenty-three years in the business. Hardly can I wait to know what happens next ! Or is it a serial you want to make ?"

"Well, I don't know just what happens," Denny confessed. "I just have an idea . . . anyhow, I want to make a picture."

Solly Weisenstein collapsed. "Please, get out of my office, Denny Fitzgerald," he begged weakly.

(*Continued on page 116*)

A best-seller on silence alone

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GET UP, JOHN! REMEMBER THE GENERAL MANAGER IS COMING THIS MORNING.
GOSH, SO HE IS— WISH I DIDN'T FEEL SO TIRED THESE MORNINGS
YOU KNOW WE'RE LIABLE TO A HEAVY FINE UNLESS YOU CATCH UP ON YOUR SCHEDULE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE BEST OUT OF YOUR MEN.
MIDLAND DEP
THE OLD MAN SAYS I'VE BEEN LETTING THE MEN GET SLACK. I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE —I HAVEN'T THE ENERGY THESE DAYS TO KEEP THEM HARD AT IT.
YES, DEAR, YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING VERY RUN-DOWN. IT'S HIGH TIME YOU SAW A DOCTOR.
THE DOCTOR TELLS HIM
YOU EVEN WAKE UP TIRED? H'M SOUNDS LIKE 'NIGHT-STARVATION.' YOU SEE YOUR BODY KEEPS ON USING ENERGY ALL NIGHT LONG. UNLESS THIS IS REPLACED WHILE YOU SLEEP, NATURALLY YOU WAKE WITH NO ENERGY TO FACE THE DAY. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I ADVISE FOR THAT—HORLICK'S REGULARLY EVERY NIGHT.
AFTER A FEW WEEKS
NOW, BOYS, WE'RE STILL THREE DAYS BEHIND SCHEDULE, WE MUST ALL WORK OVERTIME.
WHAT'S COME OVER THE GUV'NOR?
ROAD UNDER
JOHN VISITS THE HEAD OFFICE
WELL, YOU GOT THOSE COUNTY COUNCIL JOBS THROUGH AHEAD OF TIME AFTER ALL. CONGRATULATIONS— I'M GLAD OUR LITTLE TALK HELPED YOU ALONG.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH SIR.
THOUGHT
IT WASN'T HIM. IT WAS THAT GOOD ADVICE THE DOCTOR GAVE ME

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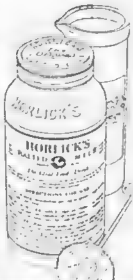

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

"I can't stand any more . . . with my stomach and the heat and censorship and my daughter in Reno. Don't forget I am an old man."

But Denny was not to be daunted. "I'll be here in the morning, Solly, with a story that will tear your heart out, make a new man of you! So long, Solly, and thanks! You're the same swell little guy!"

Denny was as good as his word, which hadn't always been the case. He broke the engagement he had with Mrs. Krause, and all night Denny's two typing fingers x'd out words and phrases on his typewriter. By five o'clock he had a story . . . a little like "Rosie Jones," a little like two others he had made, and a part that was brand new. He felt so good about it that he called Mrs. Krause. But when Mrs. Krause discovered that he wasn't ill she was ever so delicately annoyed and suggested that he really owed her, and particularly her hostess, an apology for disturbing the household with an unnecessary call at such an ungodly hour.

Denny was waiting, smug as a schoolboy who for once has his algebra done, when Mr. Weisenstein arrived the next morning.

He laid his untidy-looking manuscript before Mr. Weisenstein with a flourish. "There's your 'Miss Rosie Jones' with a couple of Belindas and Annie Smiths thrown in. You're going to love it."

Gingerly Mr. Weisenstein picked it up. "Why I listen to you and waste my time on you, Denny Fitzgerald, I wish someone would tell me."

For a space there was silence while Mr. Weisenstein read. Now and then he made a little clucking noise. Once he nodded his head and twice he shook it emphatically. Then Mr. Weisenstein was finished.

"It's good, Denny. It's so good it makes me mad, and it's so clean I can't believe it. I hate to say it, but it's a better story than 'Rosie Jones.' If you were the Denny Fitzgerald you were ten years ago it might be terrific. I'll buy your story, Denny, and pay you high, but you I don't want!"

Denny picked up his manuscript and started for the door, but Solly Weisenstein called him back. "What's your hurry, Denny? Give me a chance to change my mind. I've done it before. Give me an argument. Money we haven't talked about yet. No one can say that Solly Weisenstein is a little man except when he is standing up. All right, one more chance I give you to wreck my studio. More than that I will do for you. . . . Sari Sorel will play the girl in your story! . . . Sari Sorel, I give you, Denny, the biggest star I got!"

Denny didn't move from the door. "Sari Sorel you won't give me even if she comes all wrapped up in platinum gauze and tied with diamond ribbons. I've already chosen the girl for this picture."

Mr. Weisenstein rocked back and forth in his chair, a very angry man. "Already who is giving the orders in my studio? . . . Listen to him! Excuse me, Mr. Fitzgerald, but can I find out from you who is to play in my picture?"

"Sure. Mary Fox. I can't see anyone else in the part."

"Mary Fox? Who is Mary Fox? Ain't she a girl who got her nose broken?"

"Mary Fox," said Denny, "is a crazy little kid who got her heart broken, and it's sticking out of her eyes in a way that's worth a million dollars, and Hollywood's too dumb to see it."

"Except you, Mr. Fitzgerald. Always you are smarter. Already I have more arguments with you on a picture that isn't even ready to start yet than with all my other directors. With all the beautiful women getting paid good money on this lot. . . . I offer you Sari Sorel, herself . . . you must go out and get a girl with a broken nose. See, Denny, what I mean? It's just like I said. Already, even before the papers are signed I am afraid I have made a big mistake."

But the papers were signed that afternoon, and Solly Weisenstein grew very sentimental and demanded that pictures be made of the occasion. He patted Denny's shoulder and said it reminded him of old times, and that he hoped it would be the greatest picture on his programme; and, to insure that happening, wouldn't Denny be reasonable and not get any funny ideas about little girls with broken noses.

When Mrs. Krause heard the news she accepted it very calmly. "We might cruise up to Alaska," she said. "Leonard said something about shooting bears. I suppose you'll be ready to join us by the time we return?"

Denny said that would be perfect and that he was sorry he had disrupted their plans . . . but he just had to make this last picture . . . and did she understand how he felt?

The next morning he called Mary Fox. "Go down to the beauty parlour," he ordered, "and have your hair dyed that nice plain shade it is at the roots and have them take all that murderous red stuff off your finger-nails. Then come down to Invincible Studios so that we can make a test of you."

Mary hadn't seen the morning papers. She hadn't read the sentimental blurbs that announced Denny's return to the Weisenstein fold.

"What is the gag, Denny?" she inquired sleepily. "Anyhow, it isn't funny. I have just twelve dollars in the world, and that is to be spent in keeping the soul and body of Mary Fox from parting company. I can't afford to go to a beauty parlour, and I don't care whether you like the two-toned effect of my hair or my murderous paws. And now I'm going back to bed."

"You get down to that beauty parlour and you be at the studio at one o'clock. If you aren't there I'll send the whole Los Angeles fire department after you."

Small and plain and furious, Mary sat waiting for Denny at one o'clock. She hated herself with brown hair. She hated Denny Fitzgerald for tricking her into doing such a thing to herself. And her hands! After the vivid polish she was accustomed to, they looked like dead hands.

Denny took one pleased look at her. "Perfect! Absolutely perfect!"

"Perfect is right," Mary sighed. "I look just the way I feel."

That night Denny and Mr. Weisenstein and three executives of the company viewed the tests in the projection room. First there was Sari Sorel, glamorous and exuding sex appeal, even in the prim garb of Denny's heroine. Then tests of two other girls prominent on the lot were shown, and, last of all, came Mary Fox, her little face plainly a problem for the cameramen.

The lights went on. Denny turned to the guiding powers of the studio. "Well?"

"It will be something new for Sorel," one of the executives remarked. "I think it will do her a lot of good."

Denny ignored the executive. It was to Solly Weisenstein he appealed. "You got what I tried to tell you, didn't you, Solly? That kid's got something in her face you can't forget. She's carrying her own little bitter-sweet hell around with her every minute. Let me make the picture my way, Solly. I don't ever intend to make another one. I'm getting out of Hollywood the day it gets its final O.K."

Pointed, personal and bitter were the arguments that lasted far into the night. But a producer and three executives were no match for Denny. In the end Mary Fox was chosen to play the little school teacher who falls for a travelling salesman.

At first Mary refused to believe Denny when he told her. When she found that it wasn't a joke, she was frightened. "What did you want to do it for, Denny? You can't depend on me. Something's gone. I don't have to tell you. This is your chance to come back . . . you mustn't ruin it!"

Denny pushed her funny little nose flat against her face. "I don't want to come back. You're the one who's going to do that. God got sick and tired watching you waste your beautiful young life pining away for that guy, so He commissioned me to do something about it. (*Continued on page* 118)

FOR THE GIRL WHO

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OXO CUBE

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You weren't offering any competition to the glamorous Gwendolyn the way you were, you know."

Within the next two weeks, Mrs. Krause sailed for Alaska and production started on Denny's picture. An aura of suspense hung over the set. Everyone waited for Denny to fail to appear one morning, or to indulge in some maddening and costly prank. Mary Fox, flitting from her dressing-room to the set was an almost austere little figure that failed to impress many people. Even Denny waited for her to thaw out and get a grip on the part.

But Denny took her to all the best parties . . . all the best places. "It's good business," he told her with a grin that was half-mocking and half tender. "Besides, you never can tell who'll be there."

It was good for a girl to go out with Denny if she wanted to be noticed. Everyone gravitated toward him, and he was more than generous with the limelight . . . especially where Mary Fox was concerned. Some of his best sallies were adroitly shifted so that Mary received credit for them . . . but always Mary's eyes were seeking someone in the crowd or turning expectantly when a door opened suddenly.

Then one Sunday afternoon came a cocktail party . . . one of Hollywood's swankiest. Denny brought Mary. She wore a white organdy dress with a blue sash and a big white hat. She seemed no more than sixteen, and Denny said there was a sort of "scrubbed and village choir" look about her.

The party was in full swing when they arrived, overflowing on to the terraces, the gardens, the tennis court and the swimming pool. Picturesque as a gipsy in a big black hat and a trailing gown of scarlet print, Gwen Parrish sat under a tree that flaunted great white blossoms. She stared with fascinating, tragic eyes at the untasted drink in her hand, and at her feet lounged Welford Keyes. They didn't look like real people. They were both flamboyantly beautiful like the lithographs advertising their pictures.

Mary Fox saw them and stopped short. Denny could feel her nervous little fingers on his arm, and he could see her heart pounding under the white organdie dress. "Steady now," Denny whispered. "It's all part of the plot. You wanted to see him, didn't you ? Take it big."

Gwen smiled sleepily, intriguingly at Denny, and Welford rose to his feet. Then Mary said, "Hello, Welford," so nicely that Denny was proud of her. It had been a long time since they had met face to face.

"How are you, Mary ? Grand to see you again." He included Denny. "I hear you two are doing a nice thing at Invincible." Welford had arrived in Hollywood when Denny's Pan-like reign of glory was only a memory, but it was still funny to hear Welford Keyes, or anyone for that matter, take a patronising tone when they spoke to Denny Fitzgerald.

That was all for the first encounter, but later in the evening when the crowd had thinned and Gwen Parrish was having her palm read, Denny discovered Welford Keyes and Mary Fox talking quietly in a corner; and Denny imagined that there was about Mary a ghostly trace of the radiance she had worn when she first arrived in Hollywood.

She was very quiet that night when Denny drove her home, but she sat close to Denny, almost clinging to him, as if she were a frightened and bewildered child. It annoyed Denny slightly. And the fact that he was annoyed irked him even more, but the truth was that Denny Fitzgerald didn't relish the idea of any woman clinging to him trustingly while her thoughts were miles away and all for another man.

Mary was on the set, waiting, when Denny arrived the next morning. Her make-up was perfect. She no longer wore the bewildered expression of the night before. "Denny, from now on give me the works," she begged. "If I'm bad tell me so. If I'm good, remember I want to be better. I'll work day and night and then start all over again. If you really think I've got something, I want you to beat it out of me."

Denny stared at her. Again he was awed by the wonder of it. Mary Fox was glowing again . . alive again. " You mean you want to give a performance ? "

Mary nodded.

" O.K.," said Denny. " From now on the old whip cracks."

But for the first time it occurred to him that his job as self-appointed assistant to the Deity in affairs of life and love wasn't as entertaining as he had imagined it would be. He thought with a faint but pleasurable anticipation of the day when Mrs. Krause's shining white yacht would bear him away, this time permanently, from the crazy village where emotions were on such easy tap.

However, he took Mary Fox at her word and the whisper went about that Mary Fox was coming through . . but Denny no longer took her to parties or to dinner. Then about the time the picture was winding up Mrs. Krause returned from Alaskan waters.

In the old days the last shot on a Dennis Fitzgerald production was the signal for a party, and Denny invariably became very drunk and very much out of control. But the final shot on " Story of a School Ma'am " was an almost funereal affair.

" Well, that's that," Denny observed gloomily. Then Mary Fox came toward him. " There are a million words, Denny, but none of them are good enough to tell you how I feel. . ." And she hurried off the set. Denny watched her go. He had run into Mary with Welford Keyes at various night spots and they had rather sullenly and stupidly ignored each other. Denny couldn't explain it, but it seemed to have been a spontaneous impulse on both sides. With a ragged little wave of farewell and a rueful grin, Denny left, too, but in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Krause's yacht lay in the harbour waiting for the O.K. on Denny's picture, and Denny and Mrs. Krause were again seen night after night in the gayest places. And a movie chatterer queried one morning : " Is the romance between Gwen Parrish and Welford Keyes cooling ? " Farther down the line the same writer christened Mary Fox the typical girl of the new era in motion pictures. . .

Then came the night of the preview of Denny's picture. So many celebrities came because they were curious concerning Denny that it assumed the proportions of a première. After the preview there was to be a party on the yacht and some time in the small hours before dawn Denny and his party were to sail away.

Denny sat far back in the theatre. . . Mrs. Krause, cool and expensively fragrant, was beside him. He felt sick and nervous, although he impatiently demanded of himself why he should be so concerned when it really didn't matter except to Mary Fox and Solly Weisenstein. By to-morrow it would be an incident so remote that it might never have happened at all. Then he saw Mary Fox enter, walking slightly ahead of Welford Keyes. Welford wore the possessive and flaunting expression of the young man about Hollywood who is squiring the girl of the hour.

" Story of a School Ma'am " was flashed on the screen. " An Invincible Production." And once again there was the announcement, " Story and Direction by Dennis Fitzgerald." Applause swelled. There is about Hollywood a sort of loyalty, sentimental and impractical, but deathless, especially where her legendary figures are concerned . . and Denny would always be part of the Hollywood legend.

" Story of a School Ma'am " was hokum naked and unashamed. Denny had used all of his old tricks, but somehow they were new again. And whatever it was Denny had tried to tell Solly Weisenstein about the rare something in Mary Fox's face needed no explaining to the preview audience. It was a lovely, sloppy, tearful orgy . . but it was exactly what the producers had been seeking. There

(*Continued on page 120*)

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wasn't a single censorable situation . . and the audience had loved it.

Denny stood in the lobby afterwards with Solly Weisenstein literally hanging from his neck. "You can't go, Denny," Solly was insisting. "Not now when I need you so bad. Nobody in the business can make clean pictures like you can, Denny. Remember when you asked me a favour I helped you—now you do as much for Solly Weisenstein."

Denny shook his head. Mrs. Krause, standing at his side, was exhibiting signs of well-bred impatience . . there was the party waiting on the yacht. "I told you I would never make another picture, Solly. In fact, you'll recall it was a promise. This is my swansong."

Mr. Weisenstein looked at him in disgust. "You . . a swan! You, Denny, who could be cock of the walk again!"

Then from a flock of autograph seekers Mary Fox emerged. She came over to where Denny stood with Mrs. Krause.

"You were charming, Miss Fox," Mrs. Krause smiled. "I congratulate you. Of course you're coming to our little farewell party."

Mary didn't look at Mrs. Krause. Her smoked pearl eyes were fastened on Denny. "No, thank you. I can't come to your party. I just wanted to say good-bye to Denny."

Denny patted her shoulder. "Well, Mary, it's your big night. You gave a great performance."

Swiftly, awkwardly, she kissed Denny. "Yes, it's my big night all right. I suppose I'd better make the most of it. So long, Denny. Good luck." Then she was gone, Welford a close and persistent shadow.

HOLLYWOOD is a lonely place at four o'clock in the morning, and little places like Willie's are loneliest of all. A bar tender was doing a very uninspired job of mopping up the floor when Denny entered, and the place was deserted except for a girl who sat at the bar, her chin cupped in her hands.

Denny ordered a drink. When he glanced up, the girl sitting at the bar was staring at him with smoked pearl eyes that had suspicious-looking smudges of mascara all around them. "I came here to-night expecting to see a ghost," the girl said. "I haven't had a drink—so is it a ghost I'm looking at, or is it Denny Fitzgerald?"

Denny shook his head. "I couldn't be telling you because I'm seeing things myself. If I didn't know that the typical girl of the new era in motion pictures wouldn't visit a place like Willie's alone at four o'clock in the morning, I'd swear I was looking at Mary Fox. No . . . I take that back. Mary Fox wouldn't be alone. She would have the gallant protection of a gleaming youth named Welford."

Mary Fox smiled. "What makes you so sure she would? I could tell you that when Mary Fox met Welford Keyes at a cocktail party a couple of weeks ago she found out that it was all over. Mary Fox waited for the world to pound in her ear-drums when she talked to him again, and not a thing happened. It frightened her. And, if you're interested, I could tell you that Mary Fox lay awake all night asking herself 'Why?' It was almost morning before she knew the answer. She discovered that for quite a little while she'd known a really beautiful person. So Mary Fox made up her mind to show this beautiful person how much she appreciated what he was trying to do for her by giving him the best performance she was capable of . . . And how was Mary Fox rewarded? Except during working hours she didn't receive a pleasant look! No wonder she went out a few times with Welford Keyes!"

Denny glowered at her threateningly. "Is that all true, Mary Fox? About you and Welford?"

Mary nodded. Her smoked pearl eyes were almost black. "It's gone, Denny. Even after I knew it was all over I thought I liked having Welford hanging around because it was good for my pride. Then, all at once, to-night it seemed so cheap . . . so futile . . . even the new contract . . . when you weren't any part of it. The only party that seemed real was that night at Willie's when it all started. So I ran out on Welford's party . . . and here I am."

Denny grabbed her to him and kissed her. "Do you remember the first and only other time I did that? Well, believe it or not, from that day on I must have been in love with you!"

The sleepy waiter laid Denny's change before him. Happily Denny extricated the two pennies. "I save them for dead men's eyes," he explained to Mary . . . and Mary Fox laughed the way girls were supposed to laugh at Denny Fitzgerald. Then: "And I've an idea that I'm giving to Solly Weisenstein the first thing in the morning. You'll be a circus girl in this one . . . cute as a bug! There'll be an old clown . . . maybe your father . . . a swell character. A society guy falls for you, but his family. . . ."

Mary Fox was clinging to his arm as they walked out of Willie's. "Denny, what did you tell those people when you didn't sail with them?"

Denny grinned down at her. "I'm bad luck on boats."

END

A Room for Music

(*Continued from page 31*)

Gramophone records of the music one is mastering can also be of immense assistance.

From the listener's point of view, the music room needs furnishing more or less as an ordinary sitting-room.

A settee and comfortable easy-chairs are essential, and, as complete physical relaxation is necessary to full concentration and enjoyment, it is advisable that at least one additional settee should be built-in against the walls beside the chimney-breast.

The music room in a country house I visited recently had a large semi-circular settee across the north-west corner of the room. This was big enough for at least half a dozen people and was as restful as modern methods of upholstery and scientific design could make it. It was used in addition to a movable chesterfield.

This music room was designed primarily, however, for the pleasure of the actual musicians. It included an up-to-date radio set, but its chief glory, from the musical point of view, was a pair of large cupboards which, when closed, looked like flush built-in wardrobes.

One cupboard housed two 'cellos and a violin, and the other was filled with shelves for music scores and gramophone records. There was also a grand pianoforte in stripped rosewood to harmonise with the modern scheme of interior decoration and, on the floor beneath the piano, a viola and second violin with their cases.

Thus in extremely little space were stored the means for playing anything in the whole range of chamber music excepting works scored for double-bass or wind instruments.

In another music room an extremely unusual decorative effect has been obtained by using two shaped rugs for the floor. These rugs, which are dark green with scarlet and white rings, repeat the curve or "shoulder" of the grand pianoforte case, thereby proclaiming the instrument as an essential feature in the decorative scheme—a by no means easy achievement.

Instead of being stripped, the pianoforte in this music room has been repolished semi-matt, the other hardwood furniture being in ebonised mahogany with a semi-matt finish, which is in perfect keeping.

The scheme was completed with walls and ceiling in pale primrose, specially designed curtains in rich cream and scarlet silk, and chair upholsteries in grey with details in black.

The lighting is from troughs painted in with the walls and with the addition of a floor standard in ebonised mahogany and chromium, with a pleated silk shade piped with scarlet.

(*Continued on page 122*)

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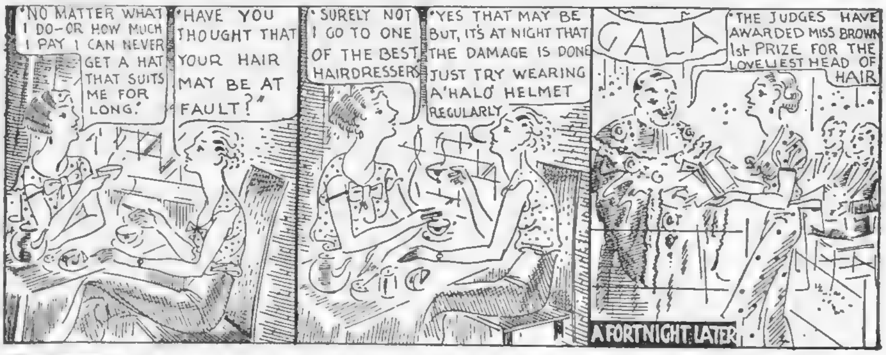
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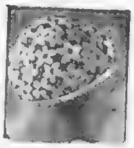

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A third music room which, from every point of view, is in the utmost contrast with the foregoing, has been designed primarily for listening rather than performing.

Its most remarkable feature is an exceptionally large loud-speaker which had been carried up through three floors of the house and down again so that the mouth of the horn occupies the greater part of the ceiling, the result being marvellous purity and delicacy of tone.

This music room has a black ceiling and carpet, curtains and upholstered furniture in lemon yellow, and walls panelled in double-rolled cathedral glass with black marble columns.

A notable feature of this room is the fact that the glass panels are all illuminated with concealed three-colour lighting which can be operated in sympathy with the music being played, in order to express a correlation between colour-tone and sound.

The question of acoustics, though not nearly so important or so complicated as in a large concert hall, is another factor which demands consideration when furnishing and decorating a music room.

Better results are generally obtained if the room is fairly lofty, for in a low, rambling interior with, perhaps, an open-beamed ceiling, there is a danger that there may be echoes.

The excessive use of deep-pile carpets, heavy curtains and fabric wall hangings also tends to absorb and muffle sound, while on the other hand hard surfaces, especially where there are cavity walls and floors, may produce too hard a tone.

You have to strike a balance between surfaces which tend to absorb sound and surfaces which tend to amplify it.

In one of the music rooms illustrated, for example, this balance has been achieved by having glass-panelled walls and an all-over fitted carpet for the floor.

The scientific acoustic plaster now frequently used for concert halls and public buildings also has its uses in the domestic music room when special treatment is necessary to correct acoustic defects.

In cases where one has to allow for possible disturbance to neighbours, it may be necessary for the walls and floor of the music room to be lined with sound-proof composition boards.

If there are hollow floors and cavity walls, it is sometimes practicable, as an alternative, for the spaces to be filled with sound-absorbent slag-wool or cork chips.

If, however, there is a ceiling underneath, it will be necessary to make sure that this is strong enough to bear the extra weight. If the pianoforte is stood on a dais of rubber or other sound-proof material, it will prevent contact-borne sounds travelling along the floor boards and perhaps being amplified or distorted in the process, while at the same time it will improve the quality of tone in the music room itself.

When neighbours have to be considered, a good place for the music room is at the top of the house, as the sound-vibrations have a tendency to pass upward.

The method of artificial heating is also of supreme importance. In winter it is desirable that, as far as possible, the music room be maintained at a steady, even temperature, with the minimum of fluctuation, and for this reason some form of central heating, or an enclosed stove which will keep in both day and night, is to be recommended.

An up-to-date type of gas or electric fire, however, is satisfactory, if it is used to warm the room gradually. A moderate heat should be turned on at least half an hour before you use the room.

Otherwise if you turn the heat full on at the last minute, the atmosphere is warmed more quickly than the furniture, and condensation occurs on the piano-case. In time this affects the action of the mechanism.

END

S.O.S.

(*Continued from page 53*)

have meant is to be gleaned from the sober pages of the *China Pilot* for the same date, whose compilers were not people given to literary embroideries. September gales in the China Sea, we learn, "mostly commence at N. or N.W., and veer to W., S.W. or S., blowing strong from all these directions, with heavy rain and a strong, turbulent sea". . . . And again, "In September and October the wind generally blows from the W.S.W., with dark, cloudy weather; and squalls, sometimes blowing with great violence, succeed each other rapidly, and are accompanied . . . ." So that on the whole it seems more than likely that Captain Carter's salver, spyglass, and sympiesometer (whatever the latter instrument may be) were well earned.

Then there is Captain Charles Robertson, of Glasgow, who received a gold chronometer and chain from the President of the United States "for his generous and effective service in saving the crew and 35 passengers of the American ship *May Queen*, discovered in a sinking state September 1st, 1853"; and Captain Robert Garner Wilson, to whom was presented "a handsome testimonial, consisting of a tea and coffee pot, cream ewer and sugar basin, by the owners of the American ship *Continent*, for his gallant and humane conduct on falling in with that vessel in a disabled state at sea, on October 21st (of all days in the year), 1853." Just a little more detail is vouchsafed in the account of the presentation of a medal and silver cup to Captain Thomas William Green, a Geordie skipper not possessing a certificate of competency, "by Captain John Davis, formerly chief mate of the *Don Ve Gan Castle*, of Exeter, that was wrecked on the Leman and Ower Sands, April 26th, 1838, for his heroic conduct and daring spirit in a gale of wind, in an open boat with four of his crew, rescuing Captain Davis, six officers and 24 of his men from a watery grave; after which Captain Green and his boat's crew were cast away two nights and one day in the German Ocean with nothing to subsist upon."

Others there are whom space does not suffice to name.

Plain men, most likely, one and all; quite possibly, all but illiterate in some cases. But the sight of the reversed ensign in the rigging was to them as the cry of a distressed maiden to an errant knight, to be answered without another thought or question, without, be sure, any consideration of possible salvers, spyglasses or sympiesometers to come.

THE China Seas are a little less imperfectly charted nowadays than they were when Captain Carter of the *Equator* snatched the crew of the *Titania* from death, but in most other ways they were pretty much the same when fifteen years ago Captain, now Admiral, E. R. G. R. Evans—Evans of the *Broke*, of war renown—earned the award (the only one of its kind ever made) of Lloyd's medal for saving life at sea, struck in gold.

The steamer *Hong Moh*, a vessel owned by a Chinaman but under the British flag, was proceeding northwards up the China coast with eleven hundred coolies on board, when, during the night of March 3rd, 1921, she ran on the rocks to the north-east of Hong Kong. Captain Evans's ship, the *Carlisle*, was not far away at the time; but for some reason it was not until two days later that he received an urgent call to the scene of the wreck.

All that night he steamed at a steady eighteen knots—and what that means in the way of daring navigation anyone who knows the China coast can endorse—until at daybreak, the sea being rough and the weather very bad, the *Hong Moh* was sighted in the distance, hard and fast on the rocks with her back broken, and the forward half listing dangerously to port. It was impossible for a vessel of the *Carlisle's* draught to get at all close to the raffle of rocks and shoals and broken water where the ship was lying, so the boats were at once ordered away, Captain Evans himself taking charge of the motor launch.

It was plain that there was no time to be lost. The seas were breaking right over the fore part of the ship, and the mast—to whose rigging a few shivering Chinamen were clinging, waiting for death with the helpless fatalism of their race—was sprung and might come crashing overboard at any moment. Manœuvring the motor boat as near to the wreck as possible, Captain Evans plunged into the water with the line and struck out towards the rock on which the *Hong Moh* lay.

The sea, as always where the waters of the great rivers of China come flooding down from the Tibetan highlands, was bitterly cold, and, powerful swimmer as he was, it was only with great difficulty that Captain Evans was able to make any headway against the strong current and the additional undertow from the wreck—to say nothing of the risk he ran of being dashed against the jagged gap in the ship's side. But at last he reached his goal and succeeded in getting a footing on the *Hong Moh's* deck. The men in the rigging were by now so paralysed by cold and fear that they were unable to help themselves. Securing the line to the mast, Captain Evans fastened two of them to the buoy, by means of which they were hauled into the motor boat, and he himself, with a third Chinaman in tow, swam back to safety. More men were now hauled across from the wreck till the boat had a full load. It was then discovered that the propeller was fouled by a rope, and that the boat was in danger of being stove either against the rocks or against the remains of the *Hong Moh* herself. Not hesitating for a moment, Captain Evans once more plunged into the ice-cold water to try to clear the propeller, and was hauled back into the boat at last completely exhausted. The motor boat then returned to the *Carlisle* with her load, and the work continued until every soul alive on the wreck had been brought into safety.

ANOTHER notable rescue which gained for those concerned awards of Lloyd's silver and bronze medals was carried out by the officers and lascar crew of the British India steamship *Oolobaria* early in the present century. The *Oolobaria* fell in with the sailing vessel *Fathal Rahman* in the Indian Ocean. She had evidently had the worst of an encounter with one of the cyclonic gales blowing at the time, for all her masts were gone, her boats smashed, and she was drifting helplessly in-shore. The captain of the *Oolobaria* at first thought of taking the vessel—which was a " county " ship owned and manned by Arabs, formerly the *County of Lancaster* of the well-known County Line—in tow; but after the second officer with a volunteer crew of lascars had striven for five hours to get a line on board, it parted before the hawser could be passed, and they were obliged to return to the ship. The only thing now to be done was to take off the crew, and this the chief officer undertook to do with another volunteer crew of lascars. Two trips had to be made, in high cross seas which frequently hid both ships from view entirely, accompanied by fierce cyclonic squalls and blinding rain, before the whole of the *Fathal Rahman* ship's company were safely on board the steamer.

THE dramatic rescue of the crew of the steamer *Antinoe* by the American vessel *President Roosevelt* is matter of recent memory, like the still more recent incidents in connection with the loss of the *Usworth* in the North Atlantic. A still more eloquent demonstration of the freemasonry which in normal times unites the seafarers of all nations in one great world-brotherhood was afforded on the occasion of the burning of the *Volturno*, the year before the outbreak of war, a stirring episode which the events of the next few years tended to thrust into the background of the public memory.

In the early days of October, 1913, the Canadian Northern steamship *Volturno* was halfway across the

(*Continued on page* 124)

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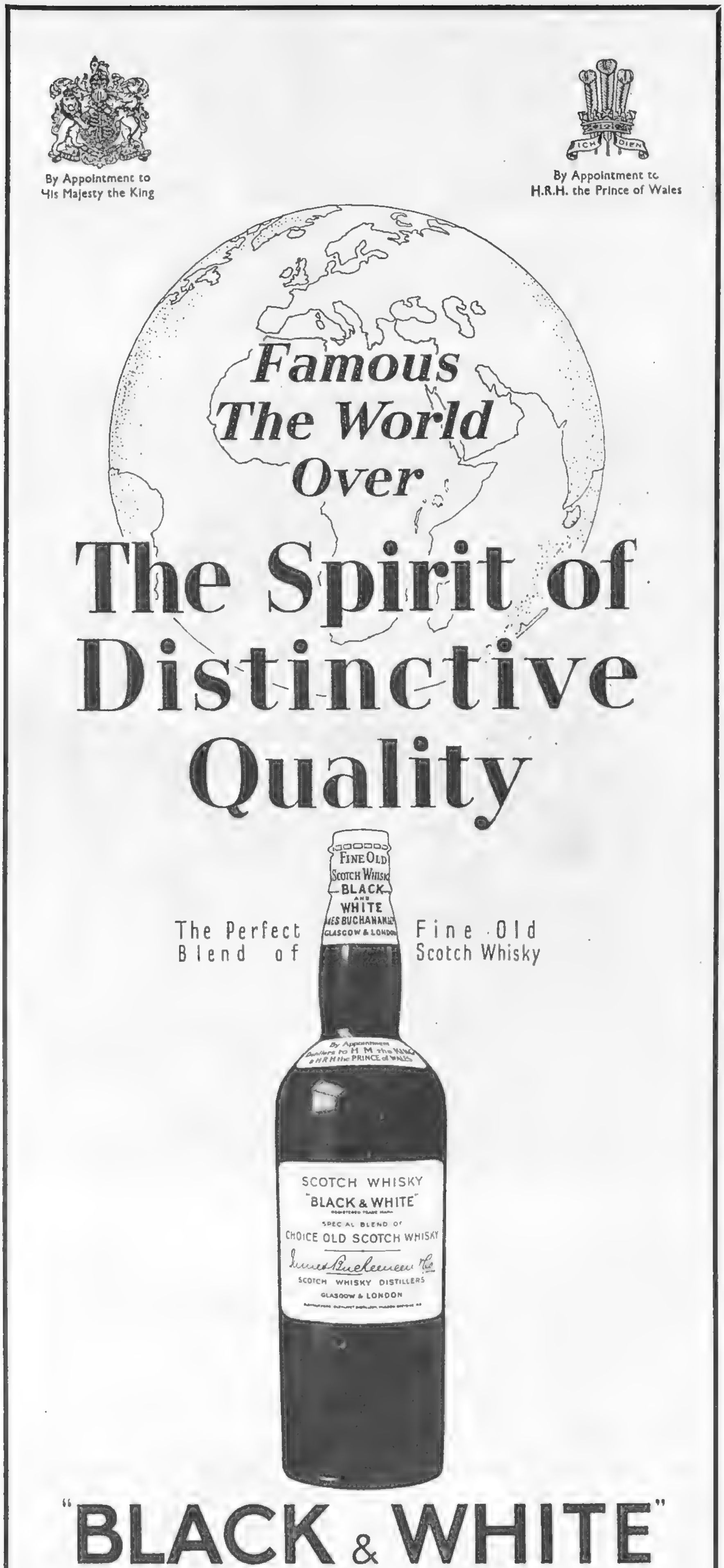
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SCOTCH WHISKY

Atlantic, westward bound, with a crew of 39 and 561 passengers, mainly Galicians from Central Europe, when fire was discovered in the forward hold. How it broke out can never be actually known. The ship's cargo was highly inflammable, consisting of barium oxide in drums, and such materials as peat moss and straw. Probably the heavy weather the ship encountered resulted in the breaking of some of the drums and the consequent firing of the cargo; but, however that may be, the fore part of the vessel was very soon a mass of flames, while a tremendous explosion almost immediately put the steering gear and compasses out of action and killed several of the crew who were below at the time. To add to the terror and difficulty of the position, a heavy gale was raging, and Captain Inch soon realised that his ship's plight was hopeless.

It was not long after the *Titanic* disaster, and the *Volturno* had boats enough and to spare. But by an irony of chance they were to a great extent useless, and the difficulties of launching them in the prevailing weather were increased tenfold by the panic among the passengers. Of six which were hoisted out four were immediately capsized and all in them drowned, while the two which got clear were never heard of again.

All this time Captain Barr, of the Cunard liner *Carmania*, whose ship—eighty miles away—had been the first to pick up the doomed vessel's frantic wireless calls for help, had been tearing through the storm to her aid. He arrived on the scene two hours after the "S.O.S." had been heard, and at once asked for volunteers for a lifeboat. Six seamen and three stewards took their lives in their hands in a gallant effort to reach the burning ship, but the great waves swept the boat away again and again, until at last, battered and exhausted, they were forced to give up the attempt. Other ships in the meantime had heard and answered the call for help, and soon a fleet of eleven vessels of all nationalities had gathered round—German, American, French, Dutch and Russian.

Both the *Carmania* and the Red Star liner *Kroonland* approached so closely to the burning ship that the terrified faces of the passengers crowding against her rails could be plainly distinguished, but they were powerless to bridge the narrow distance between. As dusk fell one of the *Kroonland's* boats succeeded in getting almost alongside. The officer in charge yelled to the passengers to jump, but they were too paralysed with dread to understand, and before they could gather their wits and obey a sea swept him out of reach again.

The oil tanker *Narragansett* had now arrived on the scene, and by discharging a large quantity of her cargo on the surface of the water she was able to make the work of rescue easier. The *Volturno's* second officer managed to reach the *Grosser Kurfurst* with a boatload of passengers, and during the night more than five hundred souls were saved and taken on board one or other of the ships present.

Captain Inch himself, almost blinded by the heat and smoke, was the last to leave his ship. He carried his pet dog in his arms, and as soon as he arrived on board the *Kroonland* he presented it to her captain as a token of his gratitude.

The loss of the *Titanic* was one of the first important occasions on which the value of wireless in case of disaster at sea was fully demonstrated. Since then it has come to be an essential part of the equipment of practically all ships, even fishing craft: and how essential it still is, no matter how many safety devices of all sorts are carried, has been dramatically shown quite lately in the case of the mishap to the *Doric*. For the sea still remains, as it has ever been, the place where the unexpected always happens. Its dangers are a long way from being entirely eliminated: until they are, the signal of distress, whether the tap-tap of the wireless or the flag in the rigging, will still have its claim in the pity and courage of seamen.

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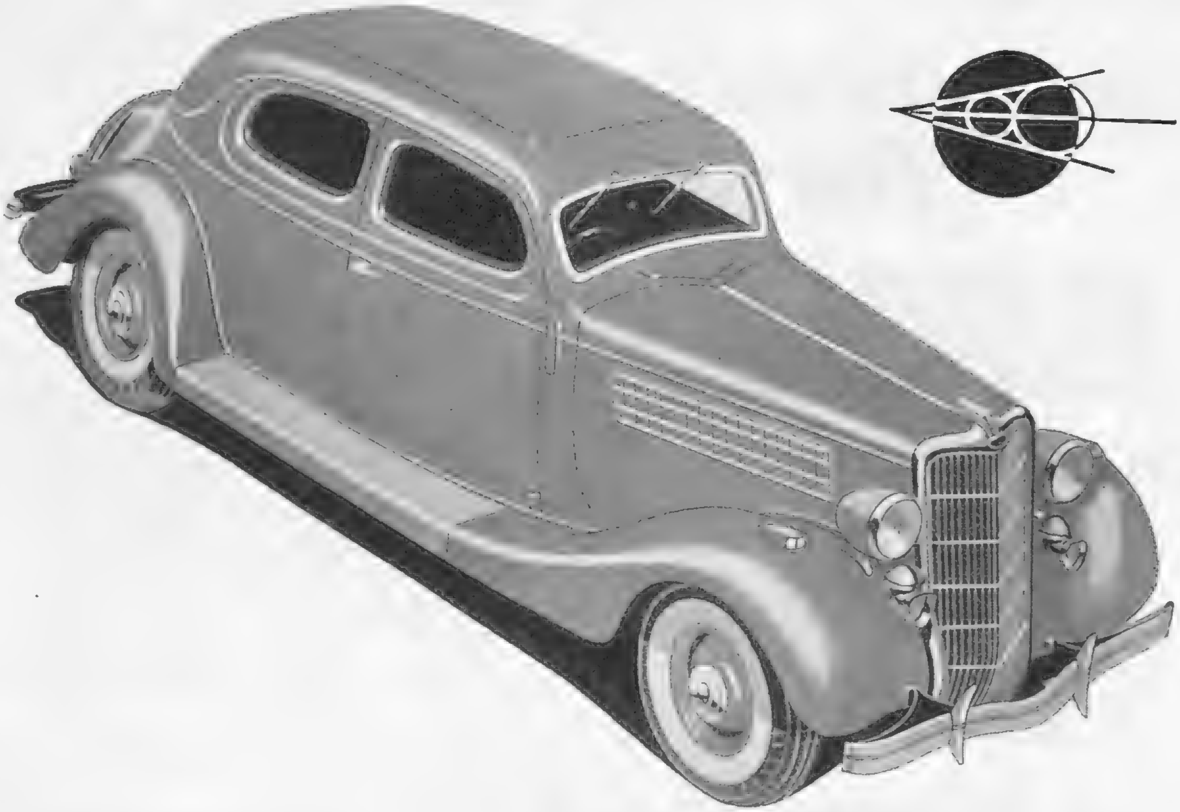
FORD V-8 (£16 10s. TAX)



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DESPITE its low taxation and economical running, its acceleration, power on hills, traffic-docility and open-road speed stamp it just as much "a car with a thrill" as the larger-engined V-8, revealed a super-super car by the experience of over 2,000,000 owners.

Just as roomy, just as nicely finished, with the same Centre-Poise New Riding-Comfort, finger-light steering, wonderful suspension and adequate but noiseless brakes, it was outstandingly the sensation of the 1935 motor exhibitions. A Dagenham product, it is fully worthy of the best-equipped, most self-reliant motor works in Europe. Literature on request. Dealers everywhere.

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No other food compares with it for creating energy

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Eat Bread at Every Meal

The best ready-to-serve food and the cheapest

(C.F.H.133)

"OUR RESPONSIBILITIES ARE GREATER..."

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales speaking at the British Legion Conference on June 11th said . . . "the responsibilities of the Legion are growing, and the calls upon our funds—owing to the advancing age of ex-Servicemen—are not diminishing." It is, therefore, incumbent upon each and every one of us to give the utmost financial help possible to ensure that not a single legitimate call for aid goes unanswered.

Please give Generously for your Poppy !

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

All donations should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 29 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7

Ladies willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committee or to the above address.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

The date of the capitulation was indefinitely postponed.

Sir Alexander Ramsay, not content with this success, wanted to strike a blow at Salisbury on his own account. As the sun rose in the sky he made a sudden unexpected sally against the besiegers and wrought such havoc among them as to hearten the onlookers in the Castle.

That same night he was able to leave the harbour, with all his men safe and sound, in the same way as he had come, in spite of the fact that they knew that he was there and were watching for him.

At long last Salisbury realised that he was wasting time, money, and human life on the impossible. He finally decided that it was wiser to acknowledge defeat and retire.

Never before had a departing army received so many cheers and waving handkerchiefs as the army of Salisbury. In perfect order, men, banners, tents, animals, engines of war and baggage slowly wound, like a vast snake, towards the line of the horizon.

Every man and woman in the Castle, at last released from duty, gave way to a joy that knew no bounds, to rest no horn would interrupt.

On the ramparts of Dunbar the solitary figure of a woman, clearly silhouetted against the sky, looked at the vast, dark landscape from which all the fires of the English camp had disappeared but over which a new flame, a flame of the spirit, kindled by her, fed by her, fanned by her, a flame of hope, of enthusiasm, of patriotism, glowed with an almost holy light.

Black Agnes had written her glorious page in the history of Scotland.

END

The Decorative Value of Glass

(*Continued from page* 30)

for flower vases, also for finger-plates on doors. Plate-glass is quite cheap, and there is usually no difficulty about procuring pieces cut to any reasonable shape or size.

Vitrolite, a new glass alloy, is now being extensively used for panels for fireplace surrounds, dados and wall panels.

It may be obtained in various colours, in black and ivory, and decorated by the new processes.

There are some interesting opalescent glasses on the market which may be used in conjunction with polished plate or with vitrolite.

Only, if you are going to add glass to your decorative scheme, be restrained. Wise use of decorated glass will make an ordinary room into a personality room. Unwise, indiscriminate use of glass means one word—gaudiness.

END

The Swedish Match Miracle

(*Continued from page* 13)

documents involved would fill a roomy corner of the British Museum.

The experts responsible for this reconstruction at the Swedish and American ends are: Professor Martin Fehr, one of the Kreuger and Toll trustees; Herr J. Wallenberg, managing director of Sweden's leading bank and a director of Swedish Match; Herr Bjorn Prytz, chairman of the board of Swedish Match and head of the Swedish S.K.F. Ball Bearing Company; Mr. J. C. Traphagen, chairman of the Bank of New York and Trust Company, also of the Committee of Creditors of International Match; Mr. Paul Mead, vice-president of the Irving Trust; Mr. James N. Rosenberg, counsel for the Trust; and Mr. Nathan Katz, counsel for the Trustees and European representative.

To help them in the delicate financial negotiations they had the assistance of thirty chartered accountants

(*Continued on page* 128)

NEATER HEATING for Modern Homes

An Economy also . . . .

. . . a double economy—in space, for "Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters project only 6 in., and in the cost of installation and of heating. No flue arrangements are required, and the gas consumption is low. Radiant heat, adequate for all purposes, is supplied by the black panel, and the flames behind the glass door create a cheerful, comforting impression. Obtainable from all Gas Companies, High-class Stores and Ironmongers.

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Stovemakers since 1777

"Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters may be seen in our Showrooms *The Welbeck Street Fireplace Galleries.* Please address all enquiries:—

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Eighteen lovely finishes to tone with your rooms

Beautiful Art Colours, Shaded Gold and Shaded Silver, Wood Grain and Marble Effects now enable you to choose "Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters in shades or finishes to tone with the surroundings of your rooms.

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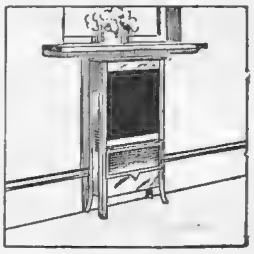
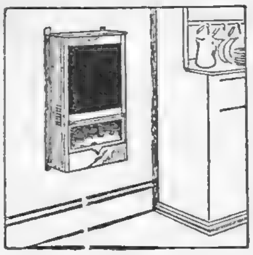
Standard or Dwarf-pattern Heaters. Dwarf "Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters solve many problems. They are only 26 in. high. Prices from £3 0 0.



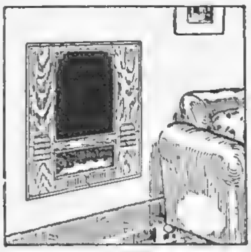
For the KITCHEN

Elevated "Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters do not encroach on floor space. They are provided with suitable lugs and can be screwed direct to the wall or panelling. From £3.



For the LOUNGE

Built-in "Radiant-Panel" Gas Heaters convey an air of luxury and planned comfort. Installation is a job for a builder, but presents little difficulty. Prices from £6 0 0.



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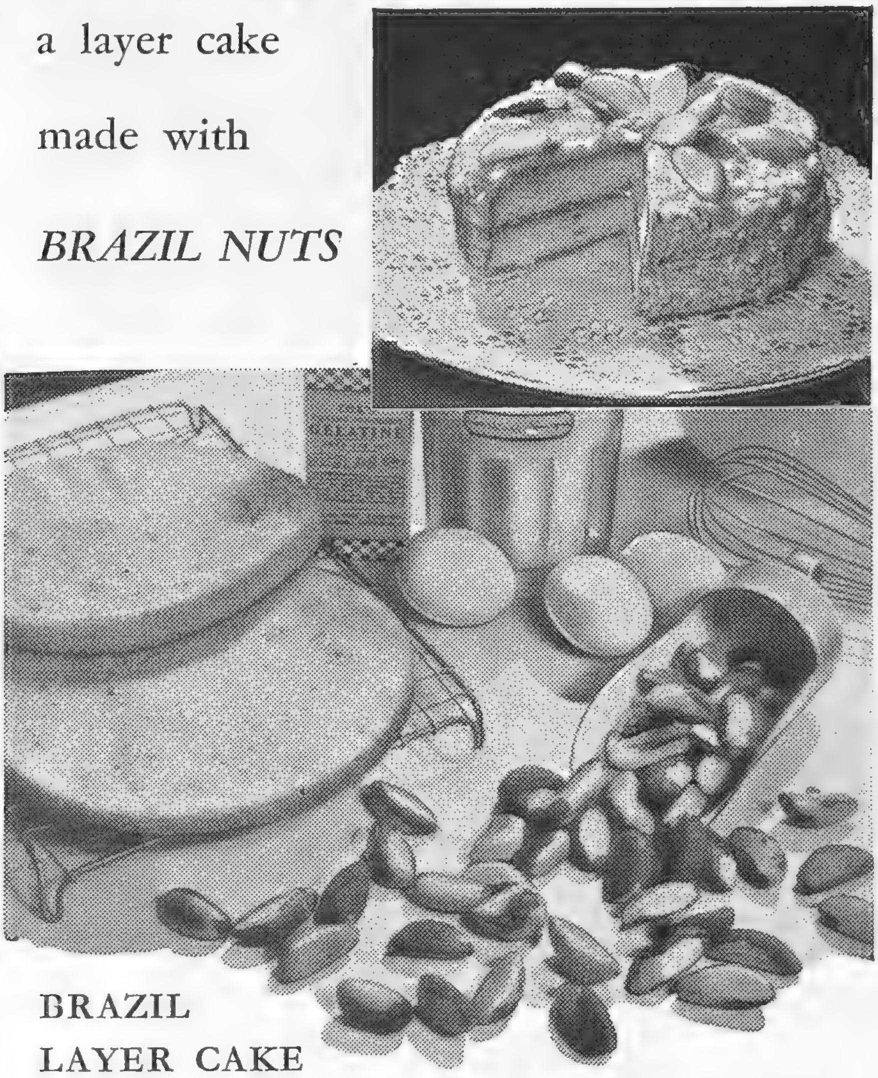


New taste thrill..

a layer cake

made with

BRAZIL NUTS

BRAZIL LAYER CAKE

½-lb. shelled Brazil Nuts.

¼-lb. castor sugar.

2 tablespoons gelatine.

4 egg whites.

Sponge, Genoese or any preferred cake mixture for which filling is used.

Cook two separate sponge rounds in shallow tins, or one large cake to cut into two, and leave until quite cold, then make the filling in this way. Soak the gelatine and set in gentle heat until dissolved. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, whip in the sugar, add the dissolved gelatine and the chopped nuts. Spread thickly on the lower half of cake and press on the top piece, keeping the edges even. The cake can be served as a sandwich one, or covered with soft white icing and decorated with Brazil nuts cut lengthwise into thick slices.

You'll enjoy Brazil Nut Confectionery too—buy some to-day

BRAZIL NUTS

MAKE DELICIOUS DESSERT

of the English firm of Price, Waterhouse, who were originally brought in by the Swedish Government Commission and afterwards retained by the three corporations concerned.

When the Kreuger crash ceased to be news these experts quietly and patiently carried on solving the most baffling financial riddle of our time, gradually letting daylight into darkness. Theirs is a creditable achievement if not a spectacular one.

It is interesting to review the output of International matches both before and after the Kreuger crash. In 1933, compared with 1929, domestic match sales decreased about 9 per cent., export sales 80 per cent. This year there has been a slight improvement. The purely Swedish output from the Jonköping factories has dropped from 90 to 40 per cent. capacity; 90 per cent. production is for export, only 10 per cent. for home consumption.

The most important factor in these changes has been Russia, whom Kreuger could never bring into his monopolist schemes. Russia, with a plentiful supply of aspen wood and up-to-date plants, has not only organised an internal supply but invaded European markets; and in this she has been aided by political and economic considerations, as well as by the Kreuger muddle which compelled the Swedish concern to retrench and economise, cut salaries of staff, and shift its administrative headquarters from Stockholm to Jonköping, its manufacturing centre.

A VISIT to those headquarters to-day is a melancholy experience. Kreuger's proud Match Palace in Västra Trädgårdsgatan, which was designed by a leading Swedish architect, Ivar Tengbom, and comprised about 125 rooms, is sublet to various firms, Swedish Match retaining only a suite on an upper floor. It was indeed a palace where a monarch held court as well as a great industrial chief.

Entry from the street is by way of a beautiful wrought-iron gate and granite colonnade. Beyond is a semicircular courtyard paved in veined granite, with a Carl Milles fountain in the centre. A lovely bronze Diana rises out of a basin of white marble decorated with figures of forest creatures lured from their lairs by the cool plash of water; near by are a bronze hind and wild boar, also part of the fountain pageant, and a design showing Prometheus with the torch which gives fire to mankind.

Office boys now trip up and down the elegant marble staircase and dodge in and out of the nickel-and-glass elevator which so impressed Kreuger's distinguished visitors.

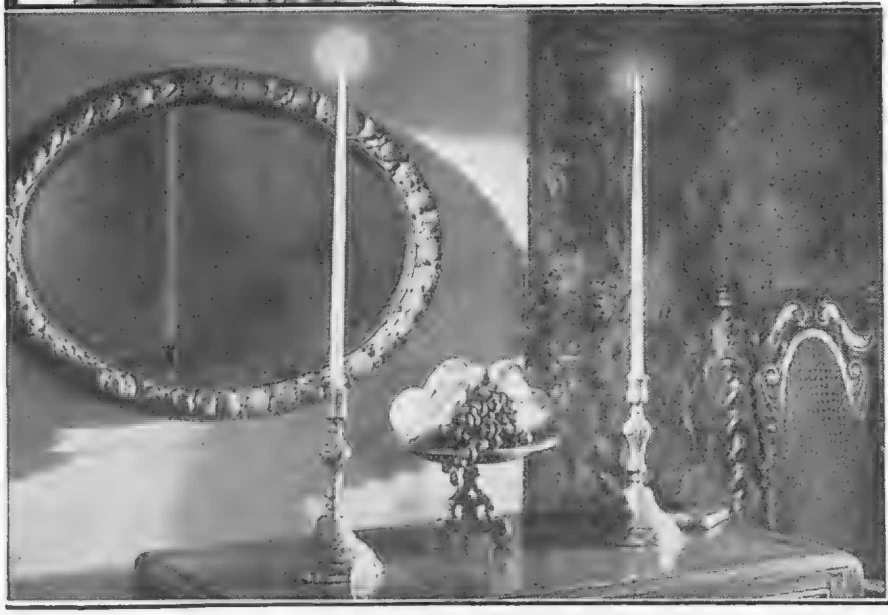
Kreuger's board room is hired out for business conferences to the various firms occupying the building; and it is one of the most elegant board rooms in the world, gracefully curved in shape with a curved table down the centre following its architectural lines. The inside wall is divided into panels decorated with a fine colour composition by Isaac Grünewald representing "Dawn"—the bringing of fire to man by a Prometheus descending to earth through a rainbow on a winged horse, while nude earth-bound figures, symbolical of humanity, waken out of their trance and reach rapturously towards the bringer of warmth and enlightenment.

The colour scheme is warm and vital, comprising raw Sienna, terra de Pozzuoli, Venetian red, blended with ochre tones of raw umber, burnt umber, yellow ochre and gamboge. The panels are divided by a slender colonnade, the rest of the wall decoration being of mahogany inlaid with walnut. At the ends of the long room are fireplaces of marble with panel decorations representing the Five Continents worshipping fire and Thor's struggle with the giants.

This was a facet of the Kreuger dream of Industry which should also be Art. You can hire it now, as you would a commonplace room in Basinghall Street or Austin Friars.

I asked one of the match chiefs in Stockholm: "How do you

(*Continued on page* 130)



says Miss Jeanne de Casalis:

"Here you see me pictured in the costume of the Court of Charles II—period of frills and flounces, of wigs and patches. Those were the days when tall candles in elaborate sticks and sconces alone lit the romantic scene. Nowadays I love to recapture in my own home something of the charm of that fascinating period. So, at an intimate little dinner party, my friends relax and gay conversation bubbles with wit and wisdom in the tender gleam of candlelight. By day the flashing colours of my antique candles strike a vivid note in my decorative scheme . . . yes—

my antique regd. candles are supremely decorative

Nell Gwynn regd.

SOLID DYED

candles

and I insist on Nell Gwynn candles because

I know that their beautiful colours—Old Gold, Maize, Dragon's Blood, Flame and a host of others retain their original shade and lustre. They do not chip at the surface, nor, being solid dyed throughout, do they reveal an ugly white ring or 'cup' immediately below the flame. Thus, their beauty remains unsullied whether unlit or burning. *Your* home must not lack the touch of gaiety and charm which Nell Gwynn Candles, alone, can bring."

*

* Boxes of Nell Gwynn Candles, in 36 colours, are obtainable from leading stores, stationers and chemists everywhere at prices from 1/-. They form inexpensive and most acceptable gifts. Write to Dept 1a, Messrs. J. C. & J. Field Ltd. (est. 1642 in the reign of Charles I), London, S.E.1, for a free and beautifully illustrated book on Nell Gwynn Candles in the home.

Why catch a cold?

Year after year Public Health Enemy No. 1—the common cold—invades and ravages at this season. You must protect yourself—be cold-proof—kill this horrid enemy whose germs abound in the air.

Always carry the Little Victor and inhale it a few times each day.

It is not only a sure and safe protection against the common cold, but a definite cure.

Use anywhere without embarrassment.

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Fountain-Pen size in nickelled-case. From your Chemist, or direct, post free, from

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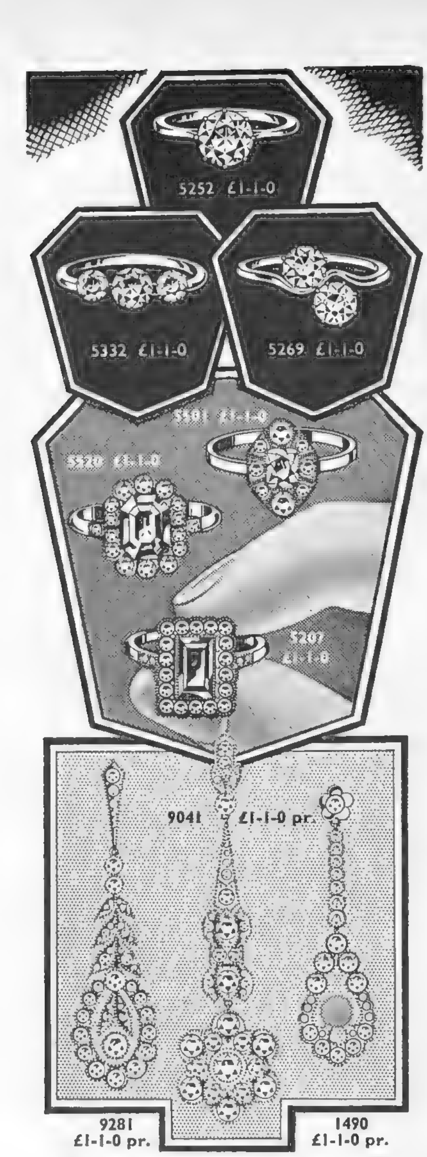

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(J. S., Harrogate)

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Prove for yourself that Ciro makes no exaggerated claims. Choose any article from the Ciro collection, wear it for a fortnight—longer if you wish—and make any comparison you like. If you are not more than satisfied in every way your money will be refunded.

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regard Kreuger now? Have you found anything among his private papers which might indicate that he was more sinned against than sinning?"

"Nothing," he replied. "We still look on the creative side of him with a good deal of respect, but the other—well, he did things no man had a right to do—criminal things for which there was no excuse. He became unbalanced and went right off the rails. Our main object has been to ensure that no one man shall ever again have such vast interests at his mercy and caprice. There will never be another Match King in the Kreuger sense. It is too much for one brain to carry. It invites disaster. In future his work will be carried on by a team of directors and experts mutually dependent and mutually safeguarded against any tendency to individual excess. That is the only way with vast international corporations. We have learned our lesson."

Kreuger left little documentary evidence of a private nature behind him, but sufficient has been discovered to confirm the view that he became not only a paranoiac with a Napoleon complex which overtopped all rational judgment, but a sex-mad pursuer of women. His associates know now that on many occasions when he was supposed to be travelling on vital Match business of the utmost secrecy he was clandestinely pursuing some beautiful protégée across Europe and letting business go hang.

THERE is a former actress in Stockholm who maintained a discreet silence all through the sensational disclosures following his death, but who now makes no secret with her friends of her association with the Match King. Her story is symptomatic of many, and reveals Kreuger's typical technique with women he coveted.

When she was young and ambitious and working at a theatre in which Kreuger had a financial interest she asked him to help her get to Paris to study; there seemed then no other way of attaining her goal, and she thought he was rich enough to give her disinterested help. He agreed to pay her fare and other incidental expenses; the matter was fixed up impersonally through an intermediary, for neither knew the other intimately.

She booked to Paris third class, wishing to save as much as possible for her expenses in Paris. The road to fame and triumph was now open ahead of her; she was earnest and happy. When she entered her compartment at Stockholm she found it filled with expensive flowers—the whole of it had been reserved for her. That was surprise number one. She had not been long on the train before an attendant came along.

"A friend of yours is travelling on the train, madam," he announced, "and has arranged for you to transfer to a first-class compartment. If you will please come this way—"

The girl was mystified.

"A friend?" she asked. "What name?"

"He will not give his name, madam, but everything has been arranged.."

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "I'm afraid I can't accept. I'm quite comfortable here."

"Very well, madam. . ."

Later the attendant came along again, but she still refused the offer and even showed some annoyance. When she changed trains at Sassnitz on the frontier a station official came along and escorted her to a reserved first-class carriage.

"But I have only a third class ticket," she protested.

"It has all been arranged, madam," the official explained. "A friend who is travelling in the next compartment insists on it.

This time she submitted. She peeped into the next compartment and saw her benefactor—Ivar Kreuger. Later he came into her compartment and apologised.

"But you must travel in comfort," he explained graciously. "Comfort means so much to a woman. I happen to be going to Paris on business, too."

He accompanied her to Paris, looked after her every want, paid her every attention there. They became close friends and remained so for a year. "He was the most wonderful lover any woman could wish," she said. "He did everything he could for me, and broke away from business and came and saw me regularly." When she returned to a Swedish coast resort for a holiday, Kreuger visited her two or three times a week.

ONE man I spoke with in Stockholm this visit was the actor Knut Martin, now an official of Svensk Filmindustrie, Sweden's leading film corporation. "At one time," he told me, "we had a top flat right opposite Kreuger's in the Villagaten and could see through his windows. Naturally, we were interested in so famous a man, my wife and I. One night we couldn't help watching, for we saw an astonishing thing. There was Kreuger, the Match King, busy arranging stacks of ladies' silk pyjamas on a table—and vanity cases. They were presents for charming ladies. It was like a shop. No doubt there was jewellery, too. He was handling the things, running over them admiringly. Kreuger, the Match King! . . ."

Sex of the adventurous kind means much more, I think, to the Swedish business chief than it does to the British. The latter, when he has a few hours' leisure, will play his round of golf, then return to the bosom of his family or his club in the evening. The former is inclined to go sailing or motorboating on Stockholm's enticing waterways, and finish up at one of the attractive dance-restaurants where there are lights and music that weave a glamour—and beautiful women.

You find a well-known Stockholm industrialist, one night, at the Summer Restaurant at Saltsjöbaden, the romantic yachting and motor-boat resort among pinewoods; the next, at Hasselbacken, summer rendezvous of Stockholm's smart set; the third, at Bellmansrö, gay haunt of Stockholm's *demi-mondaines*. A rather forlorn figure, perhaps, he is just sitting there mooning away his time, drinking and gazing at the "lovelies": and you say to yourself: "Here is a business chief with serious responsibilities; the fortunes of big undertakings and of thousands of investors are linked with his, and depend on his balance and integrity; and this is all he can find to do, night after night! It may be quite harmless diversion; it may not. In any case it seems to be a pretty futile form of dissipation for a man of intelligence."

I do not imply—it would be silly to do so—that the majority of Swedish business men have not family ties which keep them out of temptation. All I know is that there is much more of this kind of thing in Stockholm than in London; and possibly it helps to explain the Kreuger streak.

They still talk in Stockholm, I found, of the fantastic possibility that Kreuger's was a fake suicide and that the Match King lives to-day under a changed identity. There is a cemetery official in Stockholm who still cannot understand why Kreuger's remains were the only ones ever committed to the crematorium flames in a *lead* coffin instead of a wooden. There is a Match official who still says: "I viewed the body in Paris. I never saw the face, but I specially noticed the hands. They were not like Kreuger's hands. They were big and rough like the hands of a farm labourer, a working man. I shall never forget those hands."

But the chief thing is: the good Kreuger did lives after him, thanks to the men who have built order out of chaos, and will continue to live long after the evil has passed into limbo.

When I visited Stockholm shortly after his death it was a city of gloom. To-day it is again a city of sunshine and smiles, elegantly dressed women, renewed prosperity, and no unemployment.

Part of the credit for that is due to the men who have helped to build again, on sounder foundations, the financial fabric of a world industry which was shaken by a Napoleon of commerce, a Cagliostro of finance, a Casanova of love, whose dreams and schemes exceeded the bounds of human ambition.

END

So Red the Face

(*Continued from page 17*)

hyacinths." And it was his invariable habit to present her with a hyacinth on sentimental anniversaries.

When the cab stopped, Henry noted in a detached way that he had arrived at 24–14, Dennison Parkway. The driver helped him in, and turned him over to Willa.

She spied the hyacinth, and extracted it from his numbed clutches. "A significant sign," she observed. "Why do you feel it is necessary to remind me that you are a devoted mate ?"

"I," said Henry, eyeing a chair, and tensing himself to pounce the next time it went past, "was with Ukrainia Pultawa."

"What a bun !" marvelled Willa. "There's a half-bottle of sherry in the sideboard. Guess I'll drink it and go the pace with Gary Cooper."

Henry tried for the chair, but it was a failure. When Willa helped him up, he said, "Ukrania'n I had our pic-hic-tures ta'n."

"Indeed. On top the Empire State ?"

"No. 'N the ice-box."

"It's bed for you, Master," said Mrs. Plum decisively.

"But Willa, I wanna *tell* you abow it. Was with Uke—Uke—waz wi' her *rawll* af'noon. Wazziner *room*."

"And what did you there, you rake ?" asked Willa, assisting her husband to the bedroom.

Henry concentrated. "I'll tell you," he said. "F'r one thing, we played marbles."

"Sapristi !" ejaculated Mrs. Plum.

A lot of people wondered why Willa had married Henry Plum, among their number being a friend of hers who had carefully isolated and wed a well-heeled burgher of Hoboken. "What for," she inquired, "d'you want to hook up with a punk like Henry ? With your looks, Willa, you could snag yourself somebody who would be a feather in your cap."

"You mean in my nest," said Willa.

"And a florist ! Doesn't seem like a job for a real man even."

"It's as close to being a farmer as you can be in the city," Willa told her sweetly.

At first, Henry himself had wondered why Willa had deigned to accept his proposal. Her "yes" nearly startled him out of his wits. But if Willa wanted him, she should have him, and that was that.

Willa was the only one who knew exactly why she had married Henry. She loved him.

WHEN she saw the head-lines next morning, she remained unconvinced until she saw the picture ; then with the paper under her arm, she marched into where her husband lay moaning in his sleep. She looked at him a long time. Then she read the paper again.

"Now," she said piously to herself, "I believe in the sea-serpent of Loch Ness." And she woke Henry. This took quite a long time, and included handing him a lovely cool ice-bag for his brow, and forcing a few drops of tomato-juice between his fevered lips.

"Pay attention to me, Henry," she said at last. "There's not much time before you have to go to work, so pull yourself together. When did you meet Ukrainia Pultawa ?"

"Yesterday afternoon," said Henry, not caring.

"How ?"

"She came into the shop to get away from reporters. I helped her up to her apartment."

"And why did you stay there ?"

"I couldn't get out on account of reporters." With an effort, he swallowed another sip of tomato-juice. "She's a lovely woman, Willa," he said feebly. "You'd like her."

"No doubt. But what were you doing in the refrigerator ?"

Henry closed his eyes. "I'd forgotten about that . . . It was so hot," he added with a sigh. "How hot *did* it get yesterday, Willa ?"

(*Continued on page 132*)

Miss PATRICIA ELLIS
First National Star

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Fashion, dictated by those of unquestionable discrimination, has definitely set her seal of approval on necklaces in which the "Diamond weds the Pearl." Ciro, who originally sponsored this charming mode, now presents a number of new and exclusive models with Ciro Pearls united with motifs of Ciro Diamonds in pleasing harmony—in perfect taste. You have only to ask, and Ciro will assemble any necklace in the length and graduation best suited to your personal needs. This will be done gladly—without the slightest obligation—for we are anxious to demonstrate how well Pearls suit YOU.

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Plate Powder In boxes 6d., 1/- and 2/-. Also in 1lb. Canisters 3/6.
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LIQUID Plate Polish In tins 9d. and 1/3 from your usual suppliers.

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NESTOL Medicated Toilet Powder Large Tin 1/3

"Pretty warm," said Willa, opening the paper and handing it to him. "I'll get your breakfast."

There was no sound from the bedroom until Willa returned with the tray. Her husband's face was crammed with expressions, consternation, horror, pride, and headache being among those present.

"Funny how they get these things," he said, "isn't it?"

"Eat your toast," said Willa.

"It's not such a very good picture," said Henry. "I guess we were both kind of surprised."

"The camera caught that nicely," said Willa. "The mail's here. There's a letter for you from the flower company." Noting his startled expression, she added drily, "Oh, it was mailed at six last night. They could hardly have seen the morning papers."

Henry opened the letter and read it. Wordlessly, he handed it to her.

> Dear Mr. Plum—
>
> The assistant manager of Hotel Biarritz has telephoned me that he has had eight complaints this afternoon that there was no one in attendance in your branch of our shop. With so many unemployed eager to work, and since you apparently feel no inclination to do so, I have adjusted this situation in the obvious way.
>
> Enclosed find salary for July 1–6 incl.
>
> Very truly yours,
> ENOCH JAFFE.

Well," said Willa, "thank God for the FERA."

Henry did not answer. Hopefully, carefully, he took the tumbler from his breakfast-tray and watered the hyacinth which stood on the table by his bed.

Being out of a job and having a holiday have only a surface similarity, Henry discovered. In his heart he reviled the name of Ukrainia Pultawa. But Henry was only—perhaps particularly—human, and when the next morning he heard those well-remembered tones over the telephone his reactions were entirely normal.

"I certainly hope you didn't—uh—get into any trouble on account of the . . . icebox," said Henry. "I guess it was kind of a dumb idea."

"So red was my face," said Ukrainia.

"The reporters bothering you, I bet," said Henry indignantly.

"Yes. All day yesterday I do not go from my room. I sit by the window. Now I think I go home."

Henry made the kind of noise one makes when comforting an infant which has abrased itself.

"This one thing I wish," continued Ukrainia. "I am not so good to find trains. In the stations everyone goes a different place. I was wishing you would help me. It is such a length to Hollywood, for me it would be quite terrible not to find the right train."

"I'll be right down," said Henry.

"Yes," said Pultawa, hanging up.

WHEN Leo Bryan arrived at the Hotel Biarritz from the airport, traces of Pultawa's recent departure were still discernible.

"Who went to the train with her?" he demanded of the doorman.

"The new boy friend," grinned the doorman. "Gosh! I've seen that fella ever' day for three years, but I still don't make out what he's got . . . Shows yuh never can tell about these little guys."

But Leo did not hear this reflection; he was already in a cab and hell-for-leather for the Grand Central. "If you can't kill it, build it up," he repeated to himself . . . The train was about to pull out when he raced through the gates, ignoring the petulant shouts of the officials. He saw a little man surrounded by photographers looking expectantly up into one of the car windows.

Leo leaped into the train and banged down the corridor, interrupting many a touching farewell, trampling small children, and bowling over red-caps. Pultawa turned calmly when he rampaged into her compartment.

(*Continued on page* 134)

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SLENDENE-VALETTA SLIMMING TONIC
the safe, positive, extremely pleasant and inexpensive method of reducing superfluous adipose.

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WEAR A Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET

No Slumber Helmet can compare with the Ladye Jayne for retaining the waves in perfect order during sleep—and in particular after a wave-set. *The secret is in the cut.* See the tab marked "Ladye Jayne Regd. Design."

2/- to 6/6 From HAIRDRESSERS and STORES (including HARRODS, SELFRIDGES and BOOTS).

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"Can eat and drink anything now"

For nine long years, Mr. Harry White, of Widcombe, Bath, suffered the agony and torture of stomach trouble. For nine years he searched for a cure in vain. Yet only a trial course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder made him so much better that he feels as though he is "in heaven!" Read his amazing letter:—

"For nine years I have been under doctors and several times in hospital, but got no satisfaction until a friend told me of a bad case which Maclean Brand Stomach Powder had cured. So I decided to give it a trial, and everyone is amazed at the difference in me. I can eat and drink anything now, and feel as if I am in heaven—after suffering so long it does not seem true!"

Such an experience as this must convince you that Maclean Brand can bring you the relief you long for. Get a bottle to-day, but refuse to have anything to do with cheap substitutes for the "signature" brand which have arisen through its wonderful record. Ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see that the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" is on the bottle and carton. Never sold loose. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course "It's the Tobacco that Counts," also in size, packing and all desirable features Player's predominate.

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT
FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW
PLAYER'S PLEASE

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3 WAYS BETTER
3 YEARS
GUARANTEED

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Mummy, how lovely and soft it feels!

GUARANTEED — All these points are Guaranteed for 3 years, by our dated Guarantee attached to every Blanket. It ensures you complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

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All pure lamb's wool; cellophane wrapped and sealed; and in beautiful Colours as well as White.

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Ask to see the MODERNA range at your Store or Draper. From 17/6 a pair, Coloured, or White, or Coloured Borders.

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Now, when you want quick, safe relief from pain, you can get it in this convenient, inexpensive form. Genasprin does not disturb your digestion, or harm your heart. Obtainable from all Chemists. Made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

"Get offa this train, you dummox!" shrieked Leo. "Get offa this train and wrap yourself around the neck of that ice-box man."

"Yes," said Pultawa. "The train will go," she added mildly.

"And *you* won't," said Leo, hustling her down the aisle.

"No," agreed Pultawa.

SLAV STAR CAN'T TAKE IT.
Two Minutes Away from Her Florist Are Two Too Many; Pultawa Delays Departure.

New York, July 9 (INS). Two minutes after bidding farewell to Henry Plum, the New York florist who has captured her heart, Ukrainia Pultawa jumped off the train into his ready arms—and stayed there. Leo Bryan of Titan Talking Pictures was throwing up his hands one after the other when he talked to reporters late today.

"I can't do a thing with her," he wailed. "We're ready to start shooting her new picture—production costs mounting up daily—and Miss Pultawa refuses to budge from Manhattan. Great artist that she is, when she's in love she behaves like a schoolgirl. Like an old-fashioned schoolgirl," he amended.

WILLA did her best to maintain her sanity amid all the tumult, "but," she said to herself, "what is the use of staying sane when everybody else is crazy? I feel like a freak." She muttered to herself that she must be very calm, when she came in from marketing and found a note from Henry saying he was seeing Ukrainia off. And she was quite exhausted with the effort of keeping calm when Henry arrived home in the afternoon.

"Well," said Willa in a tone which she knew was falsely cheerful, "I hope you got Miss Pultawa off all right."

"I got her on the train O.K.," said Henry. He looked a little queer. "We were in plenty of time."

"Are you going to correspond?"

"Well, no," said Henry. "You see, Ukrainia decided not to go, after all."

"Oh."

"And, well, there were a lot of cameramen down there on account of her being a film star, and I guess they got a picture of her *not* going."

"Where was she when she was not going?"

"She seemed to have her arms around me," said Henry uncertainly.

Willa was engrossed in the progress of a fly up the lampshade. "Hand me a newspaper, Henry." She did in the fly. "I *wish* you'd fix the hook on the kitchen screen."

"I fixed it yesterday. . . Uh—I met a man at the station."

"*A man?*"

"This was a man that was named Bryan. He is Ukrainia's manager. He said he was going to keep in touch with me."

"Probably wants you for the films."

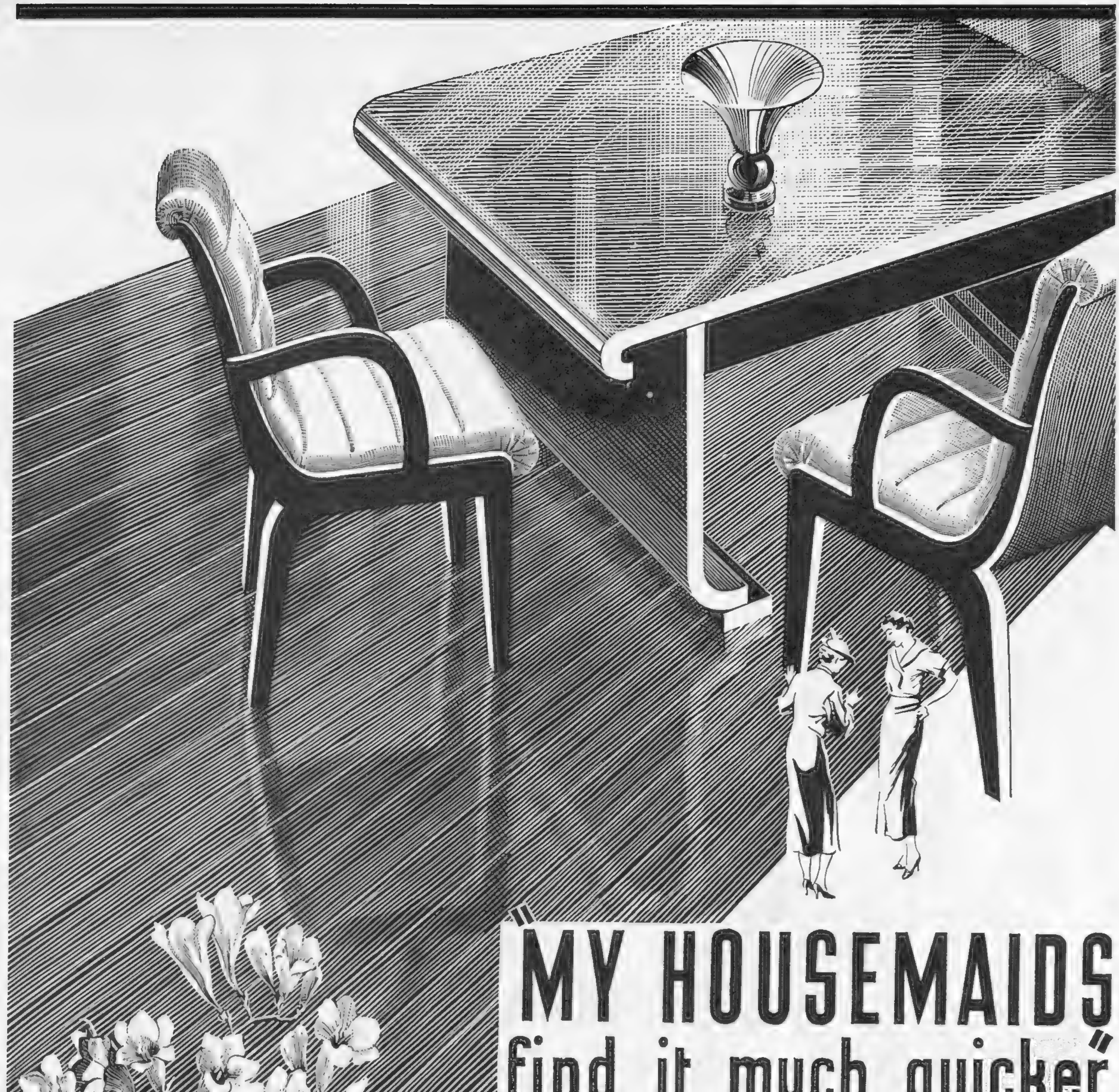
Henry looked to see if she was joking. "Oh, I don't think, do you, Willa? . . . What could I do?

"I haven't the vaguest notion," said his wife, with such obvious sincerity that Henry was chilled. He said no more, but later Willa missed her hand-mirror and found it on a table by the looking-glass in the hall.

LOS ANGELES JULY 10 LEO BRYAN HOTEL BIARRITZ NEW YORK SIGN UKRAINIA'S FLORIST SIX-WEEK CONTRACT KEEP PLUGGING ROMANCE HAVE BOUGHT RIGHTS THE SECRET GARDEN FOR FLOWER ANGLE AND WILL LAY STORY IN GREENLAND FOR ICE-BOX ANGLE TITLES QUESTION-MARK NORDICA

NEW YORK JULY 10 A.B.C. NORDICA TITAN PICTURES HOLLYWOOD SUGGEST TITLE MUSH STOP LOVE LEO.

(*Continued on page* 136)



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The quickness of 'Mansion' is one of the reasons why—in millions of homes—this fine wax polish is regularly used for the floors and furniture. With 'Mansion' so little rubbing is needed to obtain a *lasting* brilliance that *keeps* floors looking bright and fresh. And as it spreads its brightness and beauty it leaves a clean, germ-free surface that ensures a healthier home. Think of the trouble you save by using Mansion Polish for floors and furniture.

Tins 6d., 10½d., 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2-lbs., net 3/-.

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Every pound of healthy flesh your baby gains now will affect his physique in later life—the first 14 lbs. is the foundation 'stone.' If he must be artificially fed take care his growth is not just flabby fat. Take care his food is COW & GATE—the purest milk from the world's finest pastures—made SAFE, and just as digestible as breast milk.

COW & GATE is so rich in vitamins and the essential minerals that every COW & GATE baby grows as he should grow—with firm flesh, strong bones and sound teeth. Let COW & GATE build the foundation 'stone' of *your* child's future. Get a tin to-day and have the happy knowledge in years to come that you gave Baby the best that money could buy.

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LOS ANGELES JULY 10 LEO BRYAN HOTEL BIARRITZ NEW YORK MUSH COLOSSAL NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SO LINGUISTIC YOU HAD ESKIMO AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS NORDICA.

"Well, Ukrainia," said Leo, putting down the telegram, "when you stepped into that ice-box you carved yourself a bigger piece of ham than you can chew. Yours will be the pretty duty of romping through your next nine-reels with your who'll-buy-my-violets guy. And I will lay you eggs to bricks you will flop like a fish."

"So red is my——"

"So red is the face, huh? So red is the bank balance."

"I go out only once. I stay in the room——"

"Have you never heard of locking the barn after the horse has been stolen?" inquired Leo as sarcastically as possible.

"Whose horse?" inquired Pultawa.

Leo lit a cigarette. "When you say something like that, Ukrainia," he observed, "it makes me feel a tiny bit humble. When you say something like that, and I remember how I have built you into a national figure, I feel just like Frankenstein."

"Yes," said Ukrainia. "But was it the horse of a friend?"

Henry was not difficult to handle, Leo discovered. In his way he was as docile as Pultawa, and you only had to tell him once. After he had signed the contracts, Leo sent him off to the tailor's, with instructions to come back and take Pultawa out to dinner. Then he summoned the creatures of the press.

"Here's the lay-out," he said, when everybody had a drink. "Pultawa came east just for the ride, see, a breath of air between press releases. She dropped in downstairs to buy a daisy, and—well, she stuck in her thumb and pulled out a plum."

"More likely, she put in her whole foot," somebody suggested.

"Pultawa's keen sense of the theatre," continued Leo, "at once informed her she had unearthed a perfect type for her next release which goes into production in two weeks. We have signed on Mr. Plum at a fantastic figure. So what else is troubling your pretty heads?"

"What about heart interest?"

"Fill in goo as needed."

"Are they going to be married?"

"Miss Pultawa cannot be reached to confirm or deny that rumour. Mr. Plum's statement: 'Ukrainia and I are great pals and I think she is the most wonderful woman in the world.'"

This assertion appeared in the papers before Henry did at home. He had telephoned Willa from the tailor's, but he was too excited to go into any details except that he wouldn't be home for dinner. And he found a note from her, attached to the clipping, saying that she had gone to stay with a friend of hers, Lois Marten, "until this all blows over."

Henry called her at once. "I *didn't* say that about Ukrainia," he protested. "That was just attributed to me. It's what they call publicity."

"With reason," said Willa.

"My contract," Henry continued, "is only for six weeks, but I get five—er—grand, and they could hardly pay me more because they do not know how well I act yet."

"Well," said Willa, "save some of the five—er—grand."

"Why Willa!" exclaimed Henry. "You sound as you weren't coming with me."

"It doesn't seem worth while just for six weeks."

"But this is just the beginning. Why, with Ukrainia to show me the ropes——"

"Give a man enough ropes," said Willa. "No, Henry. I intend to stay away from you as long as I would be compelled to play the rôle of the dog in the manger. I've no wish to be pointed out as Henry Plum's wife, poor wretch."

"I don't think that would happen," said Henry.

(Continued on page 138)

NEW GIANT SIZE

Made in England

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
MADE IN ENGLAND
Double Size
1/9

QUANTITY: You get twice as much tooth paste and save 12½% on cost.
QUALITY: No dentifrice equals Listerine Tooth Paste for whitening the teeth and freshening the mouth.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
The Phosphate Dentifrice

OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES. Prices 6d., 1/-, and the new double size, 1/9

Cut out colds Gargle regularly with Listerine Brand Antiseptic and you *won't* catch cold—or 'flu either. Of all chemists, 1/6, 3/- & 5/6 per bottle

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"Look! I've brought you some Brand's Essence . . . the doctor said you could have it"

That condition of extreme weakness after a bout of influenza should never be left to cure itself. At this critical time, let Brand's Essence stimulate interest, give strength to throw off the last traces of illness and ward off danger of relapse.

In sickness give

BRAND'S ESSENCE
BEEF OR CHICKEN

Brand's revives strength

From chemists everywhere

The World's finest sleep compeller
Vi-Spring

The Soft Luxurious *Vi-Spring* OVERLAY *Mattress*

There's nothing like a 'Vi-Spring' for inducing sound, restful sleep. As soon as you lie on its soft, resilient surface you feel composed for a good night's rest. For more than 30 years this famous overlay mattress has been acknowledged as the height of bed luxury. The reason for its great supremacy lies in the care exercised in manufacture. Every 'Vi-Spring' is the hand-work of skilled craftsmen. Its hundreds of springs are made only from the finest British steel wire, tempered to ensure permanent resiliency and galvanised to prevent corrosion. Every 4 ft. 6 in. 'Vi-Spring' contains 1,056 of these soft, resilient springs, even the 3 ft. size has 672. Superbly upholstered in the finest quality materials and covered in handsome damask tickings, the 'Vi-Spring' is a joy to sleep on and a joy to look upon. Nothing but a genuine 'Vi-Spring' can give you years of such restful luxury. When buying look for the registered name 'Vi-Spring.'

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers. Write for illustrated catalogue fully describing the 'Vi-Spring.' Post free on application to Sole Manufacturers:

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97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT BEDDING

A spring-centred overlay mattress can never give the maximum comfort and service unless every spring is fully maintained. Care should therefore, be given to the support on which an overlay mattress is used.

To correctly sustain the 'Vi-Spring' we recommend the 'Vitoflex' or 'Vibase' Supports, fully described and illustrated in our catalogue. These efficient supports by sustaining *every* spring in the overlay ensure the utmost comfort and durability, and eliminate any possibility of sagging.

When little ones

CATCH COLD

. . it's no time to experiment

Play safe with children's colds, Mother! Use the remedy that thousands upon thousands of other mothers have tested and proved safest and best—Vick brand Vapour-Rub.

There is nothing to swallow—nothing to upset delicate little stomachs. You just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime.

The instant it is applied, it begins to warm the chest, to "draw out" the tightness, like an old-fashioned poultice.

At the same time, its healing, medicated vapours go, with every breath, direct to the air-passages—where colds lodge.

By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK
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FREE SAMPLES of New Companion-Product—Now you can *prevent* many colds. Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula — Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament — specially designed for the nose, *where most colds start*. At the first warning sneeze or stuffiness, quick! — a few drops up each nostril! It stimulates Nature's own efforts to throw off a cold before it can develop. For a free sample, write Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1.

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Smoked by connoisseurs the world over for nearly 50 years. Now available in fresh condition to all those who appreciate that extra touch of pleasure which choicest leaf and skilful blending produce. Here are two popular sizes:

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7s. 6d. per 100   36s. 3d. per 500

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All goods guaranteed of highest quality.
POST FREE. Money returned if not satisfied.
Write for catalogue of above and other cigarettes, cigars, smoking tobacco and pipes.

The Albany Tobacco Co.
10, BURLINGTON GARDENS,
LONDON, W.1

"I shan't chance it. I'm serious, Henry."

"But——"

"I don't even want you to come and say good-bye. Say it now. . . . Good-bye, Henry. And don't burn yourself out."

When she hung up, Lois observed, "You *are* a fool."

"Then," said Willa, "Henry and I are not as ill-matched as you thought."

Seeing Stars
with THE ASTROLOGER
(Copyright, 1934, Hearst Features)

Hollywood, July 20. To-night was a night which will shimmer long in the memories of the elite of filmdom who dined at the palatial mansion of A. B. C. Nordica. Aside from the beauties of Mr. Nordica's gigantic chateau—which is furnished in characteristic Merovingian of the best period and has three swimming pools and fountains to burn—and the excellence of his table which is the longest in Brentwood by two feet six inches and is made from more than twenty-seven rare woods from all over—everyone was very anxious to attend because this affair marked the debut into Hollywood society of Henry Plum, protégé (shall we say?—tee-hee) of Ukrainia Pultawa.

THREE STARS IN THE SUN

Sun-bathing after a dip in the sea at Malibu are (left to right) Mary Lawford, Henry Plum, and Joan Richards. Plum is rumoured engaged to Ukrainia Pultawa, exotic Slav star, and Miss Lawford and Miss Richards were once related in some complicated way. All are in films.

SCREEN JOTTINGS

This week has been made noteworthy by the frequent appearance at local joy-joints of Ukrainia Pultawa who is tops for glamour in this glamour-glutted burg. Ukrainia has been going to bed at nine o'clock for so many years she feels naked without a mattress on her back after sundown. Henry Plum, the Slav's swain, is responsible for the resurrection.

THE LISTENING POST
(Copyright, 1934. Yellow Network Features)

The word is dribbling amidst the ears of early settlers of the film-colony that things are neither so hotsy or so totsy on the Titan lot. The new Pultawa flicker is under way there now and with George Brangwyn and Lubelle Reingold in the cast, the opus should be sure-fire. But since Pultawa the Peerless has been making a doubleheader out of the w.k. candle what with working all day and carrying the torch all night, the dope is she can't get going in front of the camera. The verdict seems to be: too much Plum duff.

"We'll have to face it, A. B. C." said Leo. "We have a turkey. We couldn't get away with this Plum, not even if there were swarms of Barrymores in the cast. We've had to cut every darned one of his sequences, and Brangwyn and Reingold won't stand for any more retakes. It isn't only that Plum's bad—he throws everyone else too.'

"We've sunk too much money in this here picture to can it," said A. B. C. Nordica. "And we ain't never had a better publicity break than with the Plum-Pultawa business. We *can't* cut him out now. You gotta think up an angle or I'm gonna unleash my temper on you."

Leo pondered. "Plum has to be out, and Pultawa has to have sleep, and we want to keep the romance angle . . . How's this? We release the story that Plum and Pultawa are in a bad auto crash. Plum is too bunged up to continue work in the production and to go stepping with Pultawa, but we still have the romance: Pultawa at his bedside. Plum'll have to stay in his apartment until we finish shooting . . . Quick-thinking, huh?"

"That is not terrific," said Nordica grudgingly. "But also, it is not awful."

"HELLO, Henry," said Willa.

"Why, Willa . . . Why, Willa." Henry rose so abruptly that he knocked over a card-table on which he had laid out a game of Patience.

"I'm relieved to see you looking so well. It said in the New York papers you'd sustained internal injuries, a broken leg and a scratched finger. There was a ring of truth about that scratched finger which decided me to take a plane and see if I could elbow in around your bedside."

"The story was a little exaggerated," said Henry.

"How's your career?" asked Willa.

"My—why, why, fine. How is—everybody?"

"Fine. Well, I won't keep you. You must have a million and one appointments."

"Why, I——"

"Oh, you needn't be polite just because I'm your wife. I'm staying at the Wilshire—under my maiden name, of course. I was planning on staying a few days, so if you ever have a minute——"

"But I——"

"I know. You're booked solid."

"To-morrow night," said Henry desperately, "I'm not doing anything—uh—much. Could you have dinner with me?"

"I'd love to, if you're sure you're free. It'll be a thrill, really, though I hate to admit it. Will you take me to Mayfair or some place like that where we'll see everybody?"

"Why—uh—wouldn't you rather have dinner right here in my apartment? We could—talk better."

Willa sank down in a chair. "Henry! . . . Then you really *have* gone Hollywood! . . . Are you ashamed to be seen with me?"

"Now, Willa! . . . It's—it's doctor's orders."

"Henry Plum, you've never been better in your life—and you've never lied to me before. Listen to me! I let you come out here by yourself because I thought it would only be a matter of days till your producers came to their senses, even if you didn't. I thought I knew you well enough to——well, what's the use? If you won't take me to dinner, I'm stepping off at Reno on my way back to New York."

"Willa, that's not fair. You don't understand——"

"Don't I? I understand this. Either you dine me, or I divorce you. And if you hesitate, I may add, you are lost."

Henry had heard Willa use that tone only once or twice before, but he recognised it. "All right," he said miserably, "I love you, Willa. I'll pick you up about seven."

Willa patted him on the cheek. "Until to-morrow, Butch," she murmured.

SCREEN JOTTINGS

Have Pultawa and Plum busted up? Who is the little redhead Henry the Heartless was flaunting in innumerable joints last e'en? And where are all Plum's broken arms and legs? Pultawa, according to a reliable source, has gone back to her old habit of going to bed with the sun, and has not combed her hair off the set for days. . . . Does anyone else see some fine Italian handwriting on the wall?

Henry had spent the night and day preceding his dinner with Willa in an agony of indecision, enduring torments that Dante Alighiri would have been pleased to include in his masterpiece. He had not been able to muster up courage to face his employers with the news that he was breaking his pact, and would soon knock their nicely balanced apple-cart galley-west. So the paragraph in "Screen Jottings" caught Mr. Leo Bryan unawares, and he repaired to the office of A. B. C. Nordica mouthing oaths which would be distinctly out of place in a magazine story.

"Calm down, Leo," said A. B. C. Nordica. "I am having an intuition." He sucked noisily at the straw of the double chocolate golliwog flip with extra thick whipped cream with which he broke his mid-morning fast. "Get a inkly o' this, Leo. Have you seen this redhead? I hear she ain't tremendous, but she's usable. Write a part for her in the picture, see; bill 'er as the dame that chiselled in on Ukrainia, an' it raises the thing to the plane of a grudge-fight."

"Yeah?" said (*Continued on page* 140)

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SMART? *Rather!*

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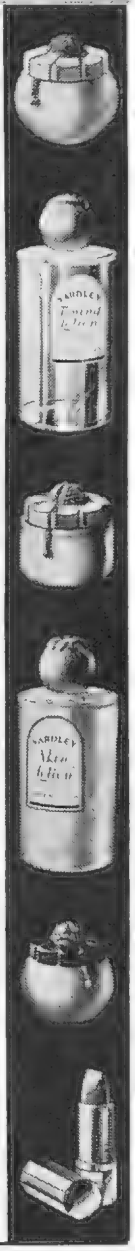

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Leo drearily. "Consumed with the fires of love and scorched with the flames of jealousy, La Pultawa gives the most blazing performance of her——"

"Cut," said A. B. C. Nordica. "An' plenty dope about hair-pullings on the set." He plugged in on one of the numerous devices which made his desk look like part of a ship's radio room. "Send 'er in," he said. "It's the redhead," he explained to Leo. "Name's Willa something."

HENRY really did not see very much of Willa before the première. She said she was too tired to go out after working all day in the studio. Henry's days were less exhausting because his contract had expired. He had explained to Willa that he was not going to be in the picture after all because of the accident and "because a lot of the pictures they took of me did not turn out so well. But I guess not many will notice because they patched up the film so cleverly."

Willa had promised to go to the première with him, and on that night he was feeling particularly happy because of the nice note he had got from Mr. Jaffe of the flower company. Mr. Jaffe wrote that ever since Miss Pultawa had posed for her picture with him in the ice-box they had almost more business than they could handle, and this was undoubtedly Henry's doing. So Mr. Jaffe wished to thank Henry very much, and if he could ever be of any service, he was very faithfully his, Enoch Jaffe. And Henry had written back that, yes, Mr. Jaffe could be of service to him, as he was quite eager to take up his old work in the floral business.

On his way over to Willa's he became quite excited at the thought of telling her. "The life of us picture folk," he reflected, "is not normal. I'll bet Willa will be glad we have the opportunity to renew our home life." . . . It would be nice to be home. He had banked better than five hundred a week: they could have new curtains. And they might take one of those holiday week-end cruises.

But Willa was not in when he called her on the house telephone. When he inquired at the desk, the clerk gave him a note.

> "Dear Henry,—Be a lamb and forgive me, but Mr. Nordica called me at the last minute. He wants me for dinner and the premiere. He is taking me and Ukrainia. If it weren't for my career, I shouldn't dream of breaking an engagement with you at the last minute like this. I know you'll understand.—Willa."

Mechanically Henry turned out of the hotel and walked up the street to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon Tea-room. With the air of a condemned man, he ordered an applejack cocktail.

Nuts, yes, nuts to Willa, thought Henry—after two hours of washing his sorrows in the extract of the grain and the juice of the grape. Who, after all, was Willa? If it had not been for him she would have been a nobody. Wasn't it through him that she had landed a job with Titan? Because they had thought she was his girl!

Breaking a date with him at the last minute like that! Ukrainia would never have done a thing like that. No, sir! A great star like Pultawa was a hell of a lot more understanding because she wasn't so petty . . . There was nothing, thought Henry, worse than a jealous wife. And that was what ailed Willa; she was jealous. It had been clear as the nose on his face from the first, but he'd just been too big to think it. . . And hadn't Willa virtually pushed him into Pultawa's arms by refusing to come to Hollywood with him?

Well, he'd show her! He'd go down to that première—he just had time to make it before it was over—and he'd take Ukrainia the biggest, finest basket of gardenias his money could buy. After all, had he been quite fair to Ukrainia? *She* had given him *his* chance. To-night he'd make it up to her.

Leaving the tea-room, he instructed a taxi-driver to take

(*Continued on page 142*)

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FOR DAY Rachel Nacré FOR NIGHT Gitane	AUBURN TYPE Rose Franc Persan	Invisible Moyen
FOR DAY Rachel Foncé FOR NIGHT Rose Chair	TITIAN BLONDES Rose Cendré D'Orient	Capucine Vif
FOR DAY Gitane FOR NIGHT Rose Chair	MEDIUM BRUNETTE Pêche Cendrée Rose Renoir	Foncé Moyen
FOR DAY Ocre FOR NIGHT Ocre Rosée	BRUNETTES Rose Saturne Rose Incarnadin	Moyen Vif

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C.F.H. 61

him to a florist's before proceeding to Grauman's Chinese.

"JUST one more, please," said the cameraman. "With maybe Mr. Nordica holding the car-door and you two ladies arguing over who gets in first."

"My arms are aching from holding up these orchids," said Willa.

A little man wiggled between the hips of two policemen, and rushed full into the glare of the spotlights, a potted hyacinth clasped to his wrinkled dress-shirt front.

Several hundred dollars' worth (wholesale to Mr. Nordica) of orchids slid to the sidewalk with scarcely a rustle.

"Why, Henry," said Willa, taking to her bosom, hyacinth, Henry, and all.

When the uproar had calmed to a mere din, Henry found himself in front of a microphone. "Make a statement," hissed A. B. C. Nordica, hate in his eyes.

"Well," quavered Henry, "I just want to say that Miss Pultawa and I are great pals, and I think she is the most wonderful woman in the world, but"—and his voice took on new strength—"my wife and I are great pals, and I think she is the most wonderful woman in the world, too——"

END

Told *in* Confidence

(*Continued from page* 51)

bade the others good morning and, taking Dawn by the arm, drew her outside.

"What on earth . . . " Dawn began.

"It's all right! Don't worry!" he paused—his eyes half closed. "I wish to heaven I knew a bit more of what's behind all this!" he continued thoughtfully. "But I think we've made a good beginning. You see, if it's what I think it is—some variation of the confidence trick—the last thing on earth they want is for anyone to start making inquiries. I'll stake my life Norrowborn's no more a millionaire than I am. He didn't know what the hell to say when I invented his blessed biscuit."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Stay here this morning and do your damnedest to keep uncle out of the way. We must play for time—until we can force the enemy's hand or get uncle to talk. And one other thing! One of our precious pair is pretty sure to try to pump you about me. Tell 'em my father is uncle's solicitor, or anything you like, and that I am over here to inquire about an important deal, as uncle's bank is a bit anxious for some reason. That's all you know—but try to make it seem as though you are really being a bit indiscreet in talking about it."

Dawn sighed. "If by any chance we're making a mistake about all this, uncle will be simply livid when he hears all the things we're saying," she demurred.

"Never mind! We must risk that."

"When are you coming back?"

"Before lunch. Keep uncle quiet if you have to strangle him!" He ran down the steps and strode off down the drive.

AT twelve-thirty he was back again—and sighted Dawn on the sloping lawn that led down to the hard tennis courts. He waved to her, and a moment later was asking eagerly for her news.

"Everything's splendid!" she assured him, "Hullins and his friend left in a car almost immediately after you did, and there's been no sign of them since."

"Did they say anything to you before they pushed off?"

"Yes—just as you anticipated. Norrowborn stopped for a moment as they came out of the breakfast room, and said what a nice young man you were"—she made a laughing grimace at him—"and wanted to know whether you were just on business or would be staying some time. I answered as you told me to, and he seemed very interested. He tried to pump me some more; but I suddenly remembered something I wanted upstairs and left him standing."

"Good girl! We've got 'em guessing now. They'll

(*Continued on page* 144)

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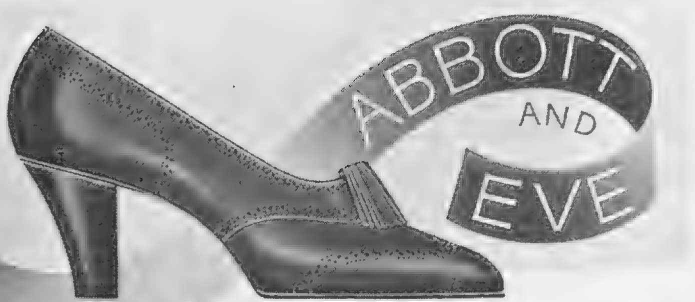

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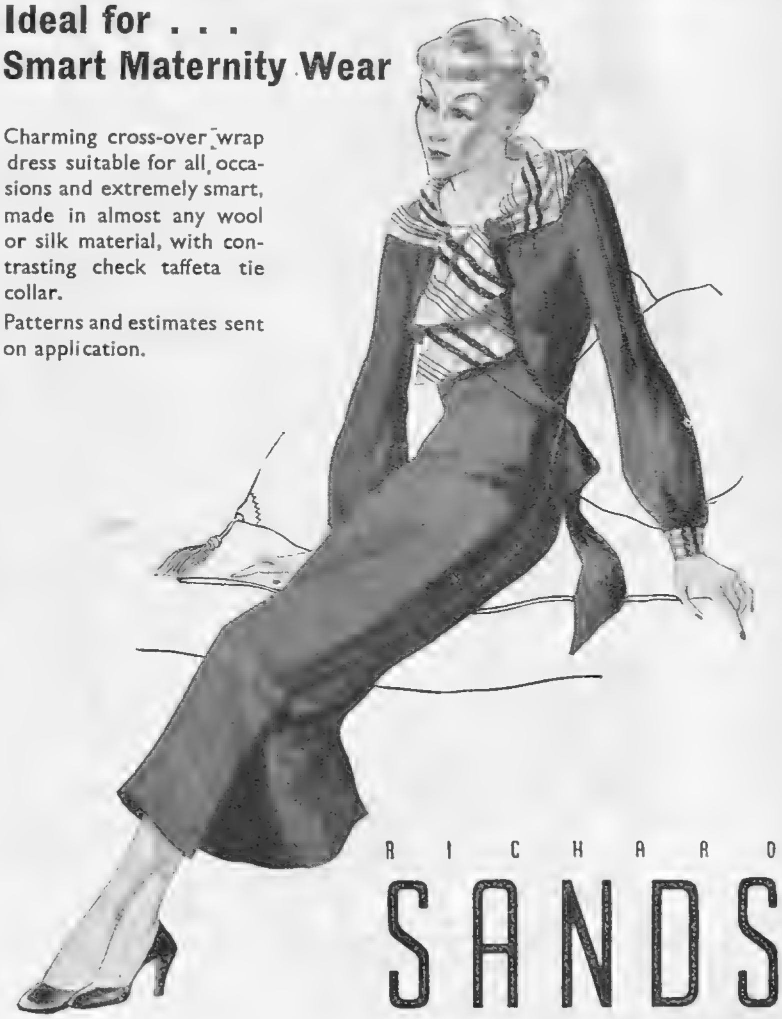

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either get cold feet and vanish, or else I think they will act at once before there's a chance of further publicity."

"What do we do now?"

"Nothing! It's their move! We stick close to uncle and pray for a little daylight into what it's all about. And, by the way, I found out from the bank that the money's arrived—so we may expect things to start happening pretty soon."

But events moved even more quickly than George anticipated, and in an entirely unexpected direction.

They had just finished lunch and had returned to the sitting room. Sir Horace was maligning the hotel coffee in libellous terms and fidgeting irritably with his cigar.

George was just rising to replace his cup when there was a sudden knock on the door. He stopped as though shot—the cup poised in mid-air. Sir Horace started and looked round expectantly. Dawn broke the abrupt silence.

"Come in!" she said in a queer little voice.

The door opened and two dapper Frenchmen, in dark suits, entered. The leader, hat in hand, addressed Sir Horace in French.

"Have I the honour of addressing General Hore-Cosham?" he asked.

"You have!"

"Ah!" he breathed with an air of relief and advanced further into the room. "I beg of you to forgive this intrusion, but we have something very confidential to discuss with you," he glanced quickly at Dawn and her companion.

Sir Horace caught his look of interrogation and answered testily—"That's all right! My ward and my nephew. Now fire ahead!"

"Eh bien!" he put his hand into an inside pocket and drew out some papers. From amongst these he selected two which he handed to Sir Horace. "Mon Général! Please tell me if you recognise either of these men."

Sir Horace looked blankly at the two photographs in his hand. "Of course I do," he frowned. "This is my friend Mr. Hullins from New York, and—and this one is a friend of his called Norrowborn."

The other smiled mirthlessly—"Pardon! But Monsieur is mistaken! These are police photographs of two of the cleverest swindlers in Europe."

Sir Horace jumped furiously to his feet.

"What infernal balderdash! These men are my friends," he raged, waving the photographs under the Frenchman's nose, "And who the devil are you, sir?"

"We are members of the Special Branch of the Sûreté Général," he replied quietly.

"But, I don't understand!"

"Listen, Monsieur!" he persuaded gently, "I will explain, and then perhaps you will understand more clearly."

He sat down and returned the photographs to his pocket. "These two men—their real names do not matter—have been operating in the fashionable resorts for some considerable time. In criminal circles they are known as 'confidence men.' We have been after them for a long time, but they are very hard to catch and their victims, rather than face the ridicule of their friends, often prefer to lose their money rather than give information to the police."

"I knew it!" Dawn gave a delighted cry.

"Their favourite scheme," the detective continued, ignoring the interruption, "is to introduce themselves to their victim as a stockbroker on holiday and a millionaire client of his.

"They may discuss between themselves the possibilities of various big deals, asking the victim now and again for his opinion, and finally narrow it down to one particular gamble. The broker then hurries off to the nearest stock exchange—usually at a town some little distance away—where, he explains, the chairman is a personal friend and will help him put the matter through. He returns next day, in great elation, to say that he has completed the deal without having to put (Continued on page 146)

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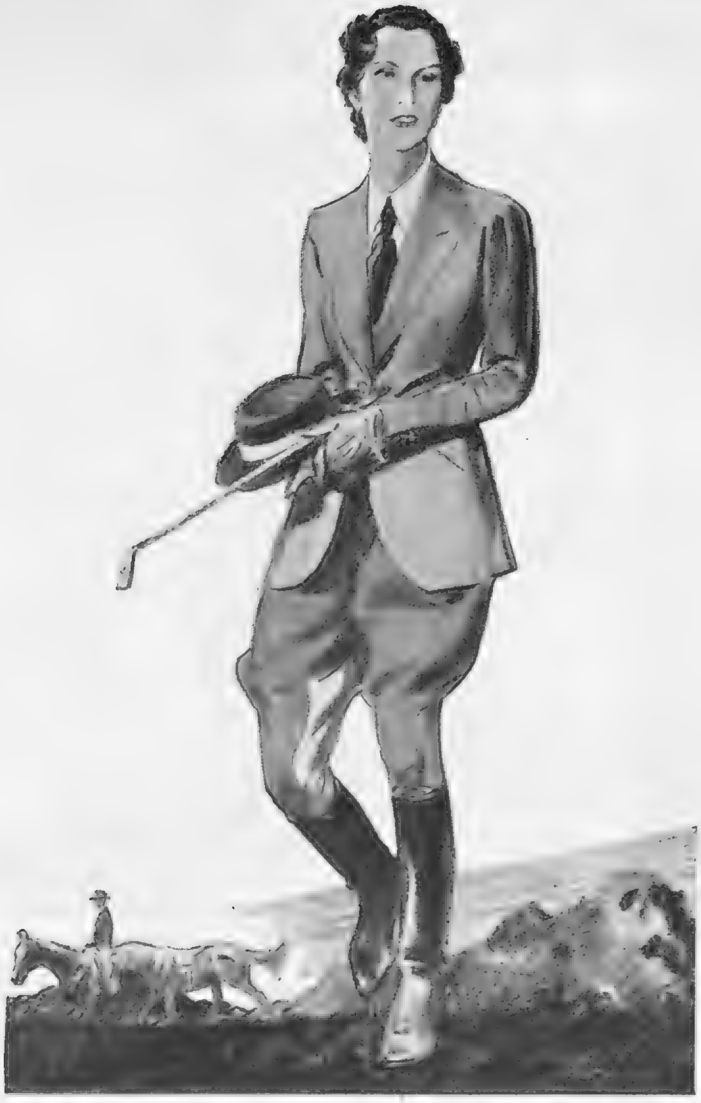

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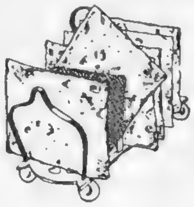

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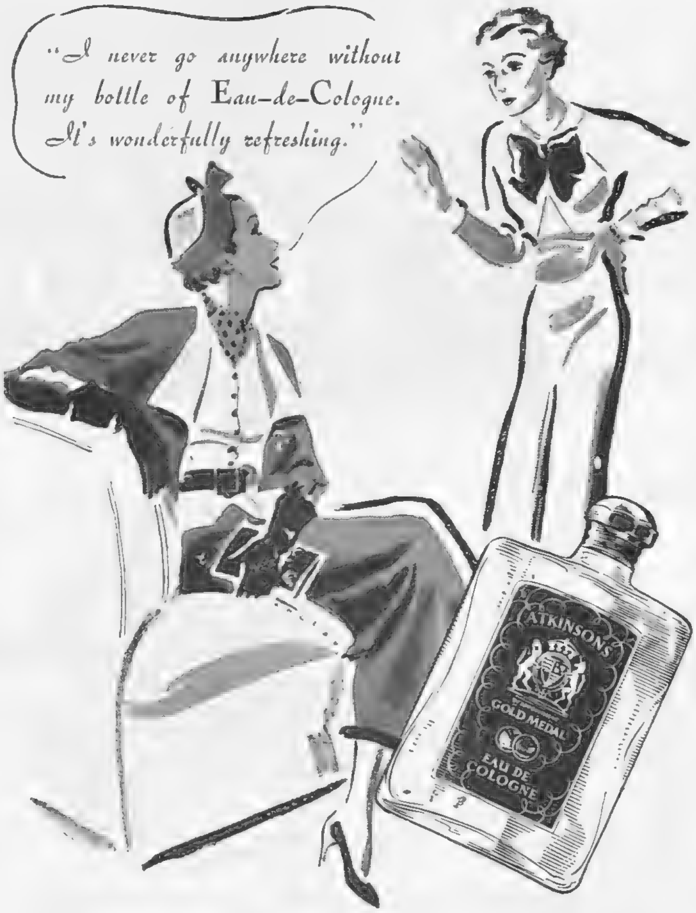
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up the usual margin; and that the market has moved in their favour. He then produces a large sum of money, which he says they have made. This he divides into *three*, and, much to the amazement of the victim, who has had no thought of coming in on the deal, offers him a share as though taking it for granted. It is a grave temptation—and usually the conscience is easily satisfied."

He paused a moment—and then continued:

"Our friend congratulates the broker and leans forward to pocket his winnings. At that moment, a man enters hurriedly. He is introduced as the chairman of the stock exchange. He explains apologetically that before they can take the money they must prove that they could have put up the margin necessitated by the rules of the exchange. He is sorry, but adamant. The millionaire immediately produces the required amount, and turns to the broker. The broker can get it next morning from friends in Paris. Now it is the turn of the victim. He thinks wildly. Yes! He can get the money. Very well! Their winnings are handed over to the chairman, who announces that he will lock them up in the hotel safe. Everything is all right! All they have to do is to produce the required margin, and they can take the money out. But absolute secrecy is necessary—as it is all very irregular."

"Thunder and damnation," roared Sir Horace, "That's exactly what they've tried on me. Gad! Wait till I get my hands on that little rat and his oily friend." He banged the table, "I was going to pay over my share, and that cur Hullins's too, because the supposed friend in Paris couldn't be found in time, *this afternoon*.

"And if you had, mon Général, you would never have seen them again."

"Monsieur! I have a plan," the Frenchman interposed excitedly. "If you will help us we promise that your name will never appear and that we can convict these men without asking you to give evidence or disturbing you in any way."

"Good man! Let's have it!"

"Monsieur will go to the bank this afternoon and bring the money here. He will then proceed with the meeting as though nothing had happened—and pay the money over. My colleague and I will be concealed in the next room; and the moment the payment is made we shall appear and arrest the men red-handed. We shall then take them to Paris with us and you will hear no more about it," he paused expectantly. "Ma foi!" he ended, "It is simplicity itself. Do you agree?"

Sir Horace did agree—and said so emphatically.

It was quickly arranged that the two men should return at three o'clock and take up their position in the small room—with the door just ajar. George was detailed to accompany Sir Horace to the bank, and would then join the detectives. Dawn insisted, much against everybody's advice, on being with George and the others, and was determined not to miss any of the fun. As they departed—the plan agreed upon—the Frenchman turned at the door.

"Mon Général," he admonished, "Remember that we are the Special Police, and have no connection with the local Gendarmerie. And remember—give no sign to anyone that we have been here."

EVERYTHING went according to plan. At three o'clock the detectives were duly installed, and a few minutes later Dawn came in to say that Hullins and Norrowborn had returned from their morning excursion.

"Did they see you?" Sir Horace asked.

"No. They couldn't possibly," she assured him.

Sir Horace drew from his pocket a thick packet of French banknotes of high denomination, and threw them on the table.

"More than seven thousand pounds in that heap—and I damned nearly made a present of it . . ." he broke off.

"Get to your (*Continued on page* 148)

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places!" he ordered curtly. "They may take it into their heads to arrive early." He bustled Dawn into the smaller room and pushed George in after her. He then had a few final words with the detectives, pulled the door nearly to, made sure that nothing could be seen through the crack left open. He then sat down and silence descended.

They waited impatiently—the minutes dragging by. Sir Horace could be heard occasionally fidgeting about in the other room. The tension gradually increased. Dawn found herself holding her breath, and just as she began to wonder how long she could endure the suspense voices were suddenly heard outside, and a moment later a loud knock came on the outer door.

They heard Sir Horace's voice, unnaturally loud, telling someone to come in.

The door was opened. "Say, General!" a voice announced cheerfully, "here we are, right on time."

"Good afternoon, Hullins. Good afternoon, Norrowborn. I think you will find all the money here. Better count it."

There was a rustle of notes, and a thick voice counting. After a minute or two these ceased.

"Well, General, that's all O.K. Here, Mr. Norrowborn, put the money in this envelope. General, I'm certainly indebted to you. When I failed to find Judge Norton in Paris I sure thought the deal had flopped; but, thanks to you, everything is now jake. We'll just take this to my friend the chairman and by to-night we shall all be celebrating a very nice little profit."

The detective made a sign, and like lightning he and his colleague flung open the door and confronted the little group by the table, with drawn automatics.

Hullins drew back with a cry of dismayed astonishment, but before he could do anything a detective was beside him and a cold hard ring of steel jabbed into his ribs. With practised fingers the detective removed a loaded revolver and threw it on the table. Norrowborn, his unhealthy face a picture of despair, dropped the long blue envelope he was holding and submitted to a similar search. Dawn watched in thrilled silence from the doorway, and Sir Horace, supercharged and about to burst at any minute, recovered the envelope and began to count its contents. Only George took no apparent interest—and stood looking thoughtfully out of the window.

Sir Horace finished counting, and thrust the notes back into the envelope.

"Excellent, mon Général!" came the exultant voice of the detective. "We will now take these men with us. The affair is finished." He paused, "I suggest that you bring that envelope with you now and place it in the hotel safe. It is now too late to return it to the bank. We shall be happier if we see you put it somewhere secure."

"Very well, I'll come down with you."

"Just a moment, sir," George interrupted, suddenly coming to life. "Better stick it down properly before you do that." He took the envelope from Sir Horace and examined the flap. "Rotten gum; have you got any?"

"Yes, yes, boy. On my desk!" he replied testily.

George departed, and there was the sound of opening drawers from the other room. "*On* the desk, I said," shouted the now thoroughly incensed General. A moment later George reappeared.

"Here you are, uncle!"

Sir Horace snatched the bulging envelope and the party filed out. The two prisoners went first, with the detectives in close attendance. Sir Horace came next with the envelope in his hand. Dawn clutched George's arm—determined to see the play through to the bitter end.

As they crowded into the lift Hullins turned violently to Sir Horace. The detective jumped between them and forced the man back. There was a slight scuffle and the envelope was knocked from Sir Horace's hand on to the floor. The other detective bent quickly and picking it up handed it back to its owner. George held the girl back and the lift went down without them. They sprinted down the stairs and were just in time to see the detectives and their quarry climb quickly into a waiting car. A grateful, and somewhat humbled General stood on the hotel steps and waved good-bye.

As they were finishing dinner that night Dawn turned inquiringly to George. He had been unusually silent throughout the meal, and his thoughts seemed far away. She was vaguely puzzled by something in his manner that she could not understand.

"Cosh!" she demanded—Sir Horace winced—"You've got something up your sleeve. What is it?"

George was silent for a moment—and then he suddenly addressed his uncle.

"Look here, sir!" he urged, "I want you to do something that may seem very odd to you." He paused. "Will you get that envelope out of the safe again and have a look at it?"

After some argument they found themselves once more standing at the inquiry desk, while a clerk went to fetch the manager. The envelope was in due course handed over, and the General made a movement to tear it open.

"Not here, uncle! Bring it out on the terrace!"

They sat down and Sir Horace, considerably irritated and not a little mystified, ripped open the tough paper and shook out the contents. A second later he gave a long groan of horrified amazement.

In his lap lay a bundle of plain white paper.

His face went grey, and he suddenly looked a very tired old man. "My God!" he whispered brokenly, "All gone! I'm just a damned old fool."

"It's all right, sir!" George broke in hastily, "I was a little suspicious of those detectives all along. For one thing, they turned up at a peculiarly critical moment—you won't understand that, but I'll explain later. For another thing they were altogether too secretive; and as that is one of the hall-marks of the confidence trick the coincidence seemed rather odd. Finally, I thought their anxiety to see the money safely deposited was a trifle overdone. Anyway, when I went into your study I took the money out and . . ." he coughed deprecatingly ". . . shoved in something to take its place. When I saw the scuffle by the lift, I was morally certain that the envelope handed back to you was not the one you had dropped. I . . ."

"Yes—yes! But where's the money?" barked Sir Horace, unable to contain himself any longer.

"At the back of the middle drawer in your desk."

"What!" he roared, "D'you mean to tell me that you've left nearly seven thousand pounds lying in a drawer!" He jumped to his feet and rushed into the hotel.

George laughed happily. "He's his old self again now."

"But why didn't you say something before? We'll never catch them now?"

"I know! But you see uncle's got his money; and now he's got no bother giving evidence, or fuss with the police, and doesn't have to explain things for the rest of his life to Aunt Hannah. It's best as it is. Now let's forget it and go for a walk by the lake. There's a lot I want to talk to you about."

She looked up at him and felt her heart beat quickly. She saw before her a man that was strangely different—and very dear. Together they vanished into the shadows.

An hour later George gazed dreamily over the moonlit water and tightened his arm about her. A stray hair tickled his cheek; and the warm ecstasy of her lips still lingered on his own. She stirred, and bending back her head studied his face.

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

"Oh, nothing important. Just that perhaps at this very moment our late friends may be opening a large blue envelope. I would give almost anything to see their faces when they find twenty-five pages of Uncle's History of the Fortieth Division."

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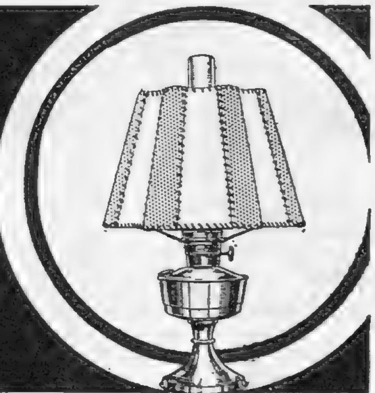

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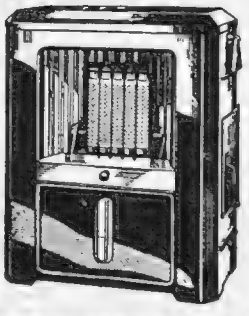

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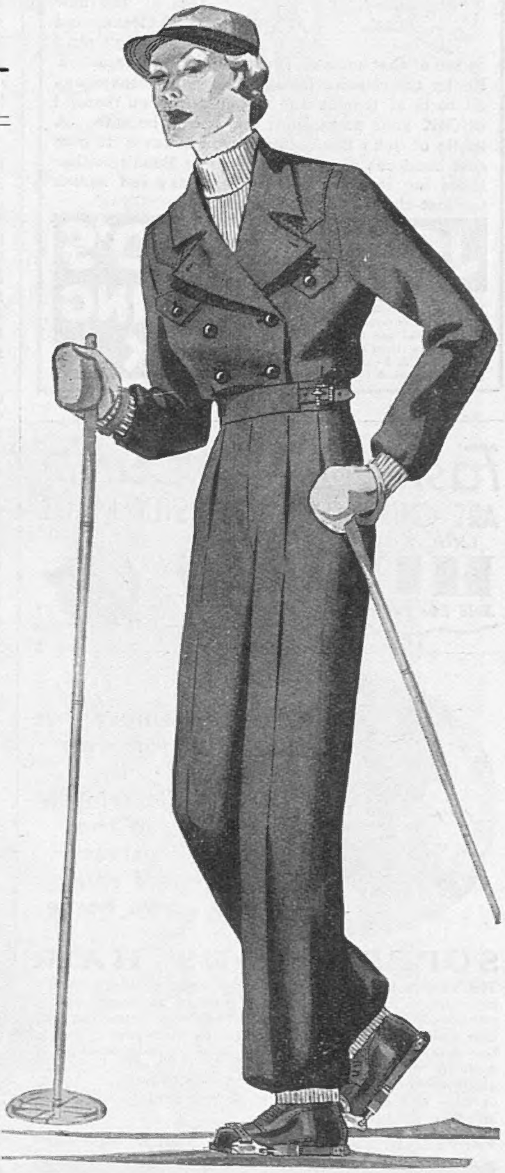

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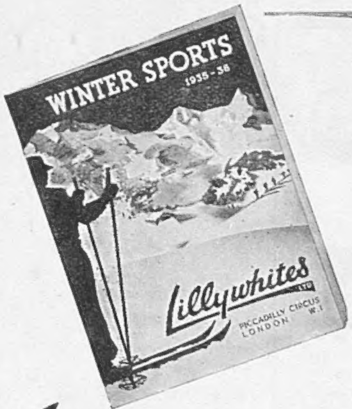

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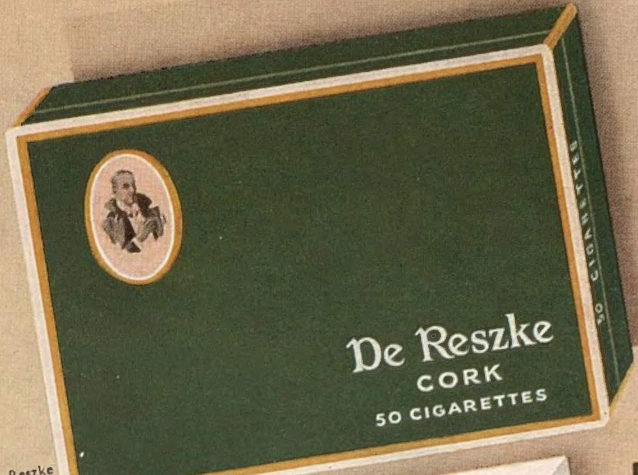
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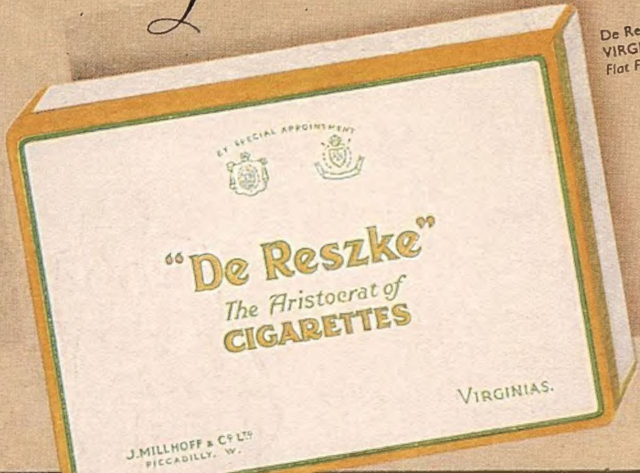
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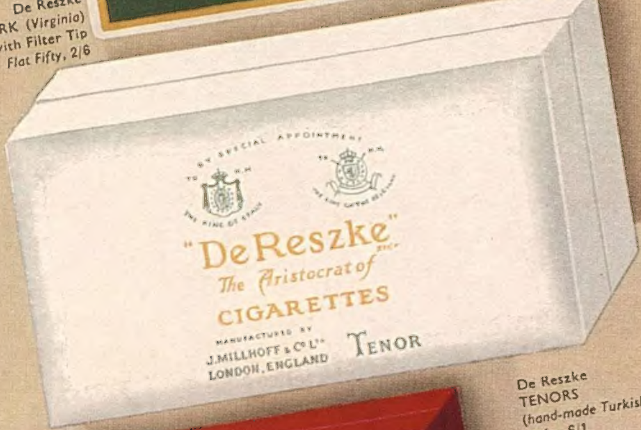
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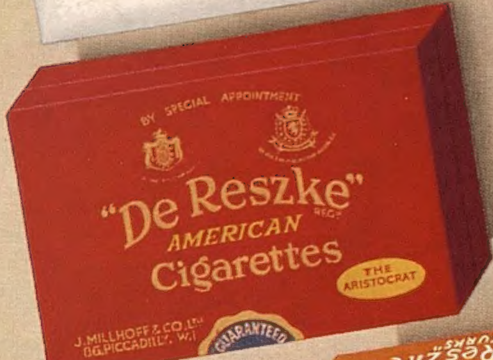
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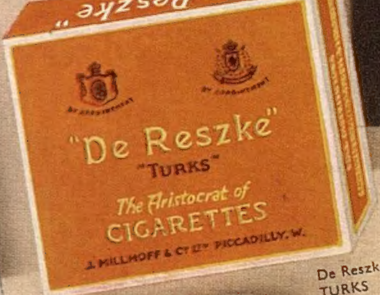
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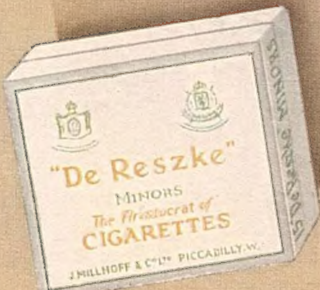
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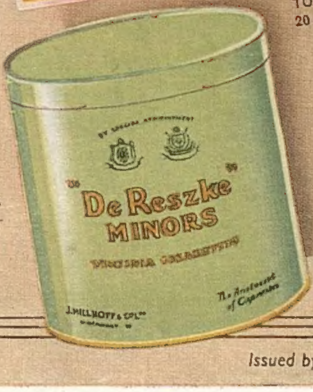
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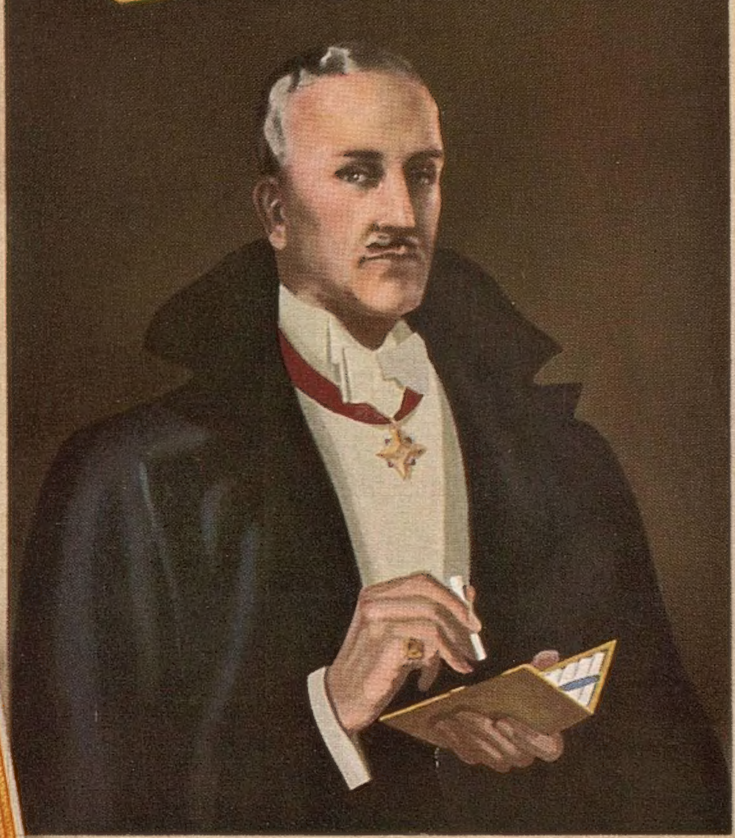

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